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THE SOLID SOUTH.

(Prize Oration in the Websterian Contest.)

In the founding of the American republic no section had a greater part than that south of the Mason and Dixon line. The liberty loving men of North Carolina drew up the famous Mecklenburg declaration long before the other colonies dared to think of such a deed. In the struggle for independence that followed, these patriots fought shoulder to shoulder with those of other states against a common foe. No braver soldiers ever bared their breasts to an enemy than those who fought at King's Mountain and Guilford Court House. Patrick Henry voiced the sentiment of Virginians when he said: "Give me liberty or give me death;" nor did these brave men shrink from facing death in order to obtain this priceless heritage. George Washington, the commander in chief of the army, Daniel Morgan, who fought at Quebec and twice turned the tide at Saratogo, Mercer, who led the attack at Princeton and Trenton, are among the many generals whom Virginia gave to the cause of liberty. Her soldiers fought over a wider area than those of any colony and her heroes are scattered on the battlefields from Quebec to Savannah. South Carolina may well be proud of her part in the revolution. Her daring riflemen under Sumpter, Marion and Pickens, so weakened the British forces that they gave up the campaign in the South. When at last the price of liberty had been paid the Southern States adopted that great document, the constitution, and assumed their part in the building of the nation.

From the beginning of the republic in 1789 until 1830, the South was nationalistic; voters divided on economic issues;

political competition was keen; there was no all-absorbing questions, nor one party system. Gradually Southern interests grew different from those of other States. Tariff laws were enacted which were ruinous to the export trade of the South. Then came the bitter disputes on States rights and slavery; the threats of incendiary abolitionists; and the disregard for fugitive slave laws. Under such conditions as these the South began to solidify and in the movement for secession and the terrible struggle of the sixties the distinctions of Whig and Democrat were for the time forgotten.

Then followed the fiery trial of reconstruction. Scallawags, carpetbaggers and ignorant negroes literally over ran the country. The federal government disqualified southern white men from holding office and at the polls the negro majority hopelessly outnumbered them. During this age of negro domination, half civilized Africans and criminal carpetbaggers filled the legislative halls. Officeholders and legislators governed for what they could get out of it. They issued state securities by the million, sold them, pocketed the money and heaped up taxes beyond endurance.

In such times as these the southern man had no time to think of national issues. The supreme task before him was to recover his state government from the hands of the alien and the savage; to decrease the enormous expense of the state; to rescue his country from criminal fraud and barbarism, and to restore a decent local government. Only one course was possible, political union of the whites, fraud at the ballot box and intimidation of the negroes. By these means which, after ten years of misrule, political extravagance and oppression necessity justified, the government of the southern states was once more in the hands of those "native to the soil and to the manner born;" and to keep it there they have stood together "like a stonewall."

The last decade of the 19th century ushered in another era in the political history of the south, the era of suffrage restriction by law. Such legislative enactment has made the question of negro domination a dead issue and has guaranteed white supremacy to the southern states.

Solidity was forced on the south by negro rule. Now that the negro has been removed from the political arena the cause for solidity has passed away. Still the south remains solid and her political unity is proving a detriment not only to herself but to the whole nation. Before the civil war, southern men voted for those men and measures which they believed to be of the best interests of the nation. Political independence was characteristic of southerners. Competition between parties was keen; no party remained continually in power. To-day how changed are these conditions! The average citizen votes according to the traditions and sentiments inherited from his father rather than by his own best judgement and from his own conviction. Like the Hindoo who refuses to break cast, he sticks to the one party. Southern manufacturers support the party favoring low tariff when they are anxious for protection in their business.

In former times each party strove to nominate its best men and to live up to high political ideals. In some southern states this wholesome competition is now crushed and instead there is the intolerant one party system. Solidity has destroyed political liberty.

The south once had her proportionate share in determining the national policies of our republic. Southern men held the highest offices the nation could bestow upon her citizens. It was a southern man who led the Continental army to victory and won for American citizens that liberty and freedom which they have handed down to posterity; it was a southerner who was called to be the first chief justice of the nation; a southern president bought Louisiana and added to our country the fertile Mississippi Valley. That bold and defiant doctrine, which says no foreign nation shall interfere with the affairs of American republics was formed by a southerner; and during the administration, of a southerner, a native of the Old North State, Texas and the vast section of southwest territory was added to our domain. In the past, southern men were the guiding genius in directing the affairs of our nation. But to-day, where are our southern presidents? Where is our influence in national affairs? Since 1857 no southern man has

been nominated for the presidency (by either leading party); the destiny of the nation is shaped by men from other states. How was this condition brought about and why does it continue? It is true that the south lost her prestige because of the great civil strife; but the one party system, political solidarity is the agency which has kept her in the attitude of a conquered province, which excludes her from political communion and strangles the political genius which was once the basis of her power.

The bitter disputes on the slavery question, the terrors and sufferings of the civil war, and the horrors and humiliations of reconstruction have engendered feelings of hatred which still smoulder in the breasts of southern people. These days of trial were almost beyond the power of human endurance; but they are forever in the past. The time has come for both north and south to forgive and to forget. Sectional lines should be obliterated. Voting by section and sentiment rather than by judgment and reason has kept alive hard feelings and has prevented the wiping out of the better memories.

These then are the effects of political solidity; it is destroying freedom of political action; crushing wholesome competition; dwarfing political genius; excluding southern men from high office and influence in national affairs; and keeping fresh in the minds of southern people the wrongs of days gone by. The time has come when true Southerners are saying, "Let us walk by thought and not by formula, and act from conviction and not by tradition. Let us free ourselves from the shackles of the one party system and achieve our political independence."

Political solidarity is a disaster to any state and to any section. Witness the corruption and fraud in Pennsylvania. In this state the Republicans are so firmly entrenched in power that they have nothing to fear from the other party. They have become intolerant; all opposition has fallen into contempt; consequently the government has become corrupt. The one party system is depriving not only Pennsylvania, Maine, but New Hampshire and Vermont and other states, from having any constructive influence in the political thought and

progress of the nation. Not only the "Solid South," but the "solid" north must be broken—not for the sake of the Democrat party, nor for the sake of the Republican party, but for the sake of freedom in political action and in order that the will of the people may find full expression at the polls.

Negro domination was the cause of our political solidity. But today the negro as a voting factor is largely eliminated and federal authority will not interfere with southern suffrage laws. Still, political demagogues take for their campaign text, "The Negro" and "Social Equality," and by this means appeal to ignorance and prejudice to keep the southern electoral vote solid. This concentration of thought in a single question is obscuring the vision of southern people, and destroying their perspective in the consideration of real issues. The time has come for the south to wrest herself from the thralldom of a dead issue and to proclaim herself politically free.

Then will return those days of open-mindedness and freedom of action which once existed; the days when men were Whigs or Democrats according to their conviction. Instead of one party the south will have a Democratic party of tolerance and a Republican party of character. Free discussion of important issues will enlighten the voter, educate the people and develop statesmen. When finally the south enters on a period of political liberty, the day is not far distant when once again she may boast of her Jackson, her Calhouns and her Clays.

Sectionalism and the last vestige of the civil war will vanish with the passing of the solid south. It will mean much to our people to feel themselves drawn into the full tide of national affairs which sweeps on to greater development and prosperity. Then there will be no north, no south, no east, no west, but one mighty nation of forty-six states whose motto shall be "union and liberty now and forever, one and inseperable."

When political solidarity, that barrier to progress, has been broken who can foretell the destiny of the South. Her growth is already surpassing other sections; her people are becoming rich and only the surface of her wealth has been touched. With the opening of the great waterway to the east, and with

her manufacturers peculiarly adopted to oriental markets, the South will enter upon a new period of prosperity, the results of which are beyond estimation. Then shall the south resume her rightful position in the sisterhood of states; her commerce rivaling that of the east; her iron foundries equaling those of Pennsylvania and her cotton manufacturers surpassing those of New England. The voice of the people shall find full political expression; southern men will once more hold the high offices in the nation; the south shall again become nationalistic, a land of political freedom, justice and liberty.

E. S. KING.



THE HEART OF WOMAN.

BY WADE CALDWELL.

The day was worn to the shank, and the day was the last of commencement days at Guilford in the good year 2009. Out on the campus, where the vistas struck a way to the sunset, sat a boy and a girl. The grass was soft and green beneath them, and the leafing maples purred above them, and Zephyrus laved them with her odorant breath. Yes, the time, the place, and all things about them were congenial to that psychological hour when the human heart, sweet with the ardor of youth, is fain to feign love with all the world and his dogs. And so thus it was just so when there chanced by them a very venerable maiden lady. The two young people and the one of mature years knew each other well, and they asked her to sit a while on the grass with them and tell them a story of life around Guilford in the times when she was a girl. And, as they were kind to her and she loved them, she willingly complied with their request.

The aged lady did not speak at first, but sat slowly running her seamy hands over her sere face as if clearing her memory of the linters left by the loom of time through a century of years; for she had rounded the cycle of the seasons an hundred and nine times. Yet, however, hers was a chaste and vigorous mind, and she was as full of wisdom as of years; and rife was her knowledge of the days when the world was young—comparatively.

"All things are so changed, so very, very changed since my girlhood days!" directly began the ancient maid. "And, while the old life had some very likable features, I can appreciate most of the change being for the better, for life back in the old days was rough and rugged, and it was harried and cumbered with many ills."

"Why was life so troubled in that day?" asked the girl.

"Ignorance, my child! Ignorance of self, of the life we lived, of those we lived it among, and of the world we lived it in.

"Why, there were no near-Sundays in those times. Indeed,

the people then would have hearkened queerly at talk of a day of each week being set apart by law on which no gainful labor should be done, but the time to be spent in recreative pleasures. No, it was work from sunup till sundown, six, and sometimes seven, days a week. And the labor was for the most part muscular—not mental as today; and it was poorly compensated. And then, the taxes were very grievous.”

“What made the taxes so grievous?” queried the boy.

“It was in great part because of the body of the government being so pestered by parasites in the name of lawyers, doctors, judges, insurance agents and the like, and the consequent ulceration in the form of asylums, prisons, poorhouses, military schools for the training of warriors and so on.”

“Training warriors! How strange!” exclaimed the girl.

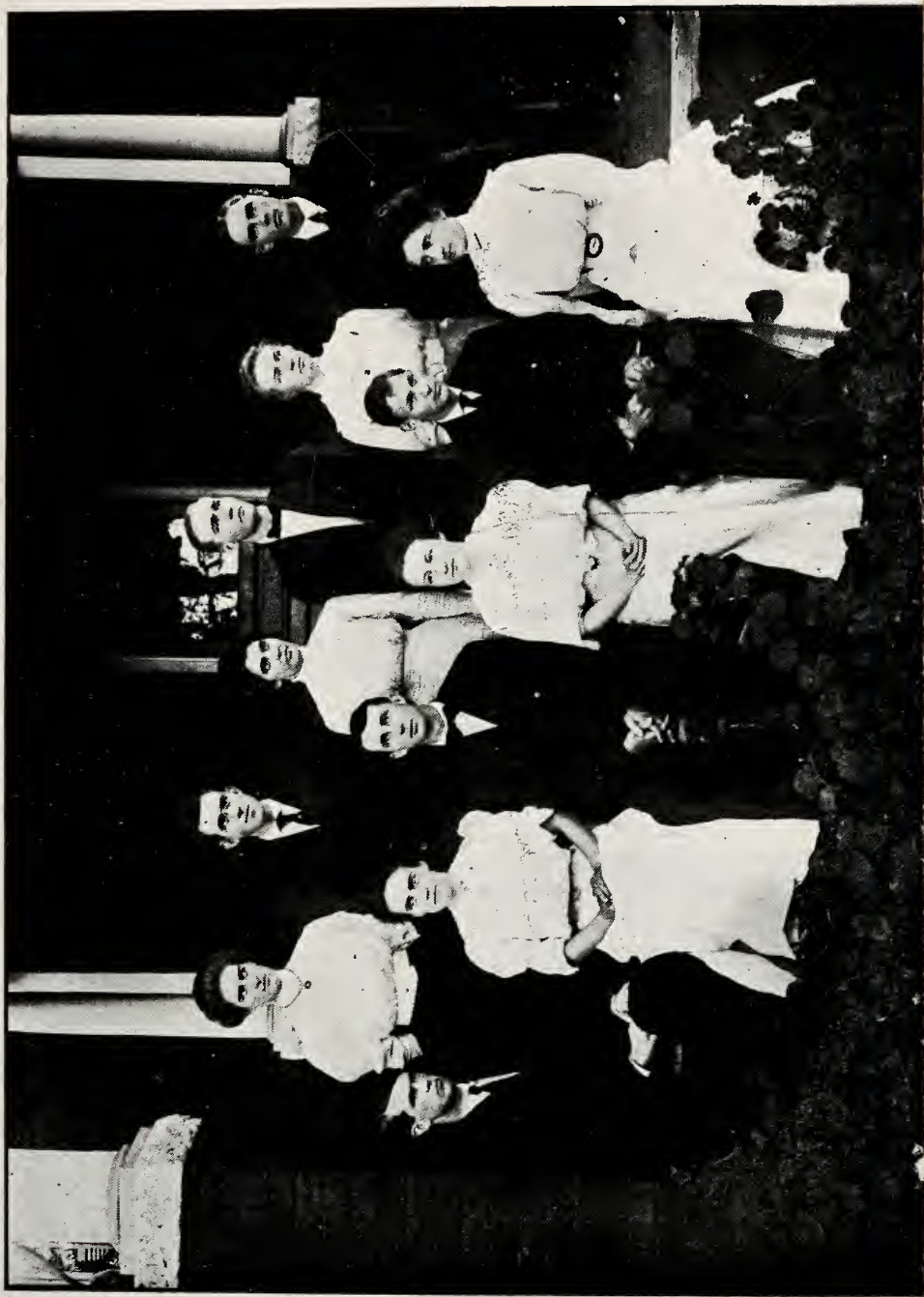
“Yes, training men to kill and be killed; for rumors of war were ever rife in that day, and large armies and navies had to be maintained for the public safety.

“Then again, the negro question was a bitter pain in the stomach of the nation till science solved the servant problem and left him without a job—for he could not enter the higher intellectual life, so had to be colonized.

“Yes, my children, there were many thorns among the roses of life in that day. And they were most all the fruits of ignorance. Why, a majority of the people could no more than read and write. The methods of teaching were so crude, and the various branches of study were not codified and classified. And then, owing to their ignorance of the subject or course of study the mind of the individual child was most suited for, when one managed to get what they termed an education it was more than likely of but little benefit. You see, English wasn’t then a universal language as ’tis now. Each nation spoke a different tongue. In sooth, I remember the day when as many as twenty-seven different tongues were spoken in one industry near this place.”

“Indeed, social intercourse must have been a kind of ‘mask ball’ in that wilderness of lingo!” commented the girl.

“And,” continued the old lady, “mastering those various languages made the major part of what they called an educa-





tion—the more tongues, the more learned. Then, as if the several thousand living tongues were not enough, they had several old dead ones which they reckoned it very wise to be able to say 'Howdy do' in."

"Wasn't it funny!" postulated the young woman.

"Not if you'd had it to a-done," assured the old one. "Nor, was our English phonetized and revised in that day. One-third of it spelled twice as much as was necessary, and one of the other thirds spelled one thing and was pronounced another. And, moreover, be it minded, mental electivism was but little known about in those times. There were no mental classifications then as now, when each child is started its first day at school on the course of study its intellectual endowments are most suited to. No, they could not tell what a child's mental electives were, so they had to let it go it blind till it was old enough to elect for itself—a time quite often too late to repair the wrong already done. And the natural result was, the human family was sore with failures, disappointments, mental wrecks, paupers and suicides.

"Further again, in that age specializing in education was little thought of. Each individual of a community wasn't then, as now, compelled by law to make a special study of some certain twig of the tree of knowledge, so that in all social or business gatherings each member is able to tell something new and interesting to all the others. No, then everybody supposed him or herself to know more about everything than anybody else. Yes, the less a person knows, the more they think they know—it is one of the morbid affects of ignorance.

"Still further, it wasn't a tenet of our philosophy of life then, as today, that every child must have installed in its being the duty of doing some good deed or act each day of its life—such as planting a seed of some useful tree, a flower or shrub, or learning the meaning of some word, memorizing some wise quotation, writing or speaking some word of help and encouragement, or do some act of help to man or beast. In short, do something that will directly or indirectly make the world a better abode for the coming generation of mankind.

"And talk of our present condition of things, in which a

man has to present a diploma from a specific institution of learning to get a job—even on a farm, would have been regarded then as only the affects of a bad dream.”

“No concert of thought, no harmony of plan, no unity in action! Indeed, what did you really do and talk about?” inquired the boy.

“In a manner we did a lot, and in another manner we talked a whole lot. And, as to what our talk was about, it was about money, fashions, eating, drinking, doings of the mighty, and stirring the latest scandals.”

“Stirring scandals! What kind of a game was that?” spoke up the girl.

“It was a very bad game. So bad indeed I’ll not explain it to you.”

“And you spoke of fashions?”

“Yes, fashions was one of the powers that ruled the race in those days. You see, the people then, especially the young ones, did not, as now, have only one manner of dress and toilet for work and play. That is, have but one best, and that best their very best, and make it do for all times. No, ah, no, then they had a Sunday manner and a week-day manner, and the two manners made quite two different persons of the same individual. At social functions they all looked very much alike; it was only at work they could be classified. And, such a dual life was the agent of much domestic infelicity, for when boys and girls were able to see each other only on special occasions they knew nothing of each other’s every-day manner and looks. So, just so, when such couples married (as they frequently did) and threw off their masks, and the boy’s manner proved to be beardy and slouchy, or the girl’s touzzly and slovenly, friction was almost sure to generate in that household sooner or later.”

“And you mentioned money?” said the boy.

“O, yes, money with us then was a sort of catholigon for all social ills. It was the supreme criterion of social success. The social world was not then, as now, ruled by virtue and intellectual culture. No, no matter then what a man’s vices were, if he had the money he was fitted for the king’s daugh-

ter. So thus, life was strained and strenuous. The little suckling villages aped the ways of the towns, the towns the cities, and so on up to the metropolises. Society was divided into many classes; the members of each class struggling to get money enough to enter the one just above them, and so on and still on. It was a strife in which satisfaction was never attained. It became a mania that rushed the race on and wore it out and sent it to the grave when it should have been only in its prime."

"And what did you find to say about eating?" asked the girl.

"Lots. Strange as it may seem to you now, eating and drinking was one of the greatest social pastimes then; for, bear in mind, the pellets of concentrated food that we use now, a few of which are sufficiently daily diet for a laboring man, were then unknown, so large amounts of the crude food had to be constantly eaten to supply bodily nourishment. And, like many other virtues, eating and drinking was continually overdone until it became an awful vice. It was the way they kept Sundays and holidays. Invited, or uninvited, a man's neighbors come in and they had a 'big dinner'—any mention of things were eaten, unmentionable things were drunk. And then they fell about on beds, pallets, etc., and for a few hours such snoring, sweating, belching! They called it, 'taking a siesta'—whatever that was."

"Such gormands! Why didn't they all die?" asked the boy.

"They did; and most of them long before their allotted time; for when one escaped the quagmires by the highway of life, into which their understuffed heads and overstuffed stomachs stumbled them, he was soon overtaken by so many ailments he come to think he was ailing entirely. So he called in a medical parasite (who knew no more about the proper treatment of the human body than the merest school boy or girl of the present time) who drugged him until he became of such a choleric temperament he had to be put in jail. And then, the medical parasite having taken all of his (the patient's) money, his people had to take all their money and hire a law parasite to get him shifted from jail to the asylum; they (his people)

themselves going on to the poorhouse, from which two resorts the patient and his people were soon reunited in the graveyard—the only really friendly friend they had fallen in with since leaving their mother's bosom.

"And then, apropos, as to the vice of eating. Those piles of rations had to be fried and baked and boiled by the girls and mothers of the household over red-hot stoves, in sweltering cook-rooms, among all manner of legged and winged things that crawled, and webbed, and flew."

The two young people belonged to the working class of their age. And, just here the girl caught the boy looking thoughtfully down at her smooth velvety white hands, unseared by hot steams and gravies. And she looked up at him, showing a face the ethereal beauty of which was unpimpled and unblanched by cosmetics and bilation, and revealing a set of even white teeth, unaffected by narcotics, acids and hot, rankly seasoned foods.

"But, with all their shortcomings," resumed the centenarian, "brave and courageous were the men of those by gone days. And, if they did not know that Tennyson was a greater poet than Shakespere, it was through their heroic spirits we are enabled to enjoy the brighter light of a better world." She was gazing thoughtfully, sadly off at the great monument, towering high over the gilded domes of the splendid institution of learning.

The monument was erected to the memory of the fifty boys of Guilford's student-body who died in the Great War. The war was between the Mongolian hosts of Asia under the lead of Japan, and the Caucasian nations. Having left enough men at home to hold all Europe at bay, the yellow conquerers crossed the Pacific Ocean, effected a landing in Mexico and swept up over that country to the American frontier. And there, in the valleys of the Pecos and the Rio Grande, the American armies met them. And there for six days and six nights the Stars and Stripes strove, indecisively, with the Yellow Dragon for the supremacy over the human family. But on the seventh day Anglo-Saxon valor and Christian faith tri-

umphed over Oriental fanaticism and pagan fatalism, and the latter's power was crushed forever.

It was the cinders of the long burnt out passions of youth, inflamed by the radiant thoughts of those momentous days, flickering up within the old lady's soul that caused her to continue after a short pause in a half-to-herself way: "Though it was ninety years ago, yet I see him as plain as if it were but yesterday. . . . He looked so noble and manly in his new lieutenant's uniform. . . . All we Guilford girls were out there at the depot telling the boys goods-bye. . . . I heard from him but once, and that was on the eve of the great battle. . . . It was on that last awful day when, it is said, most a million men fell. . . . When the captain had fallen, and the colors shot from its staff, and our men were giving way, he seized the flag, wrapped it over his body, and cried to the boys to follow him, and rushed upon the heathern lines. . . . And, it is said, it was there first the heathern lines were broke!" And the venerable maiden closed her tear-suffused eyes and leaned her head over in her hands.

Very softly said the girl: "How all things have changed!"

"All save one," amended the boy.

"And what is that?" asked the girl, lifting her soft hazel eyes up to his, so firm and gray.

"The Heart of Woman!" he replied. And she nestled confidently, trustingly closer to him—just as Eve did to Adam, and, just as the last woman will do to the last man as they sit beside the equator and watch the rayless sun go down to rise on the cold earth nevermore.

THE Y. M. C. A. CONFERENCE.

BY AN OUTSIDER.

To be at Montreat at the time of the Conference for the young men of the various colleges of the south is to be very fortunate. Coming early in June as the conference does, before the summer visitors have begun to flock to this mountain retreat, the arrival of the boys is a very decided matter of interest. Not but what the coming of 350 people within twenty-four hours would make a sensation at any time.

The two hotels were reserved for the exclusive use of those connected with the conference, so those who could show no credentials were pleasantly and comfortably housed in Hickory Lodge. Now this Lodge is within a few yards of the gurgling Swannanoa, but with the "board walk" leading to the hotels intervening. The tramp, tramp, tramp of squads of delegates made the day of arrival interesting—and their chatter and laughter made the woodlands ring as they had hardly done since the boys were there the year before.

Each day outsiders were admitted to only two sessions of the conference, what was known as the "platform" service at 11 a. m. and the "hillside" service at 7 p. m. Of course in either case the boys had the front seats and "outsiders" were on the fringed edges. To be on the fringed edge and to see 300 boys, earnest Christian young men, all intent 'on securing inspiration, instruction and power, by which they might go back to their respective colleges and thus work most effectively for the young men of the various institutions represented; to see the earnestness, the enthusiasm and the devotion of these young men was worth a trip up there, to say nothing of what one heard or the interesting characters met. Dr. E. O. Brown, of Vanderbilt University, was the moving spirit of the conference, though Mr. Weatherford was of course the executive head. After hearing the opening sermon by Dr. Brown, an outsider was heard to remark after this fashion: "Tell me about Dr. Brown, does he have charge of a church or does he have charge of boys." When told of his work at Vanderbilt, the outsider continued, "Well, I'm glad for I'd love for a boy

of mine to be under a man like that." Of course the outsider enjoyed Dr. Zwemer and Dr. Smith, and others, but nothing surpassed the pleasure of seeing the boys in all their eagerness to learn and to do. But there was yet another phase of especial interest. The athletic afternoons were full of enthusiasm and college spirit, and while South Carolina carried off the state championship, other states were not so far behind.

Demonstration night was especially interesting, when each college had its inning on "stunts." While Wake Forest won the prize with its forest and worthies as the fruit thereof, and its ladder of fame, etc., yet Guilford was not lacking at this time, in uniqueness at any rate. For the Guilford College boys reproduced the old fashioned Quaker meeting, with Edward King as the minister, discoursing upon "simplicity and moderation," and much of what was so frequently the burden of the early Friends. Worth Anderson made a very demure Quaker lady and really looked quite womanly in the neat Quaker bonnet and shawl.

With the admixture of fun and frolic, of mountain climbing and camp life, of mission study and Bible study, of methods of work and plans for making themselves most useful to their home college, all this with the marks of genuine Christian character to be seen on almost every face of the whole three hundred boys, can but belie the idea too current that college boys are not Christian boys, and certainly can but fill one with a "lively hope" for the future, for such an army of Christian young men must necessarily make itself felt in the world.

REFLECTIONS.

Have you forgotten the big mirror which rested for so long over the parlor mantel in Founders' Hall? I trow not, for few Guilford students in the last two decades have failed to enjoy (?) or at least *look* at its reflections. When the mirror was first placed there, the parlor was a gloomy, cold, dark room opened up at a Trustees' meeting or perchance on one or two other state occasions beside commencement. During these times the mirror seemed doomed to reflect but pictures of the Guilford worthies which adorned the walls, and no doubt it felt as much out of place as it would had it hung in a family vault.

But a happier day came when by chance a maiden discovered that by simply standing in the hallway, the parlor mirror would reflect herself in full and enable her to see herself as others saw her. And then the parlor door was often open, for *all* the maidens soon learned the possibilities of the mirror and each true to maidenly instinct, paused to see how she was being seen. On Sabbath mornings the mirror would have quite a rush season but that by no means equalled "social" night; for the Sabbath reflections were most frequently sober browns and grays or pure white, while on social night the prettiest ribbons and prettiest dresses, in pinks, and blues, and lavenders made the surface of the mirror bright—provided—well, a girl seldom puts on her prettiest looks unless she is going with the fellow she likes best.

But yet another time there was, when the mirror found much to do—namely when the girls would receive either of the boys' literary societies. The boys collected in the parlor and just before summoned into the society hall, how popular the mirror was then! For every boy must see that his hair is *just* right and give a finishing adjustment to his necktie and assume his most pleasing *expression* so that his best girl may view him with admiration as he walks into her presence. Has not such "fixing" been true ever since the red bird first assumed a richer color when he would woo his mate, or since a "gentler iris gathered on the breast of dove"?

But now that Founders' Hall is so transformed the mantle in the parlor has a stationary mirror above it and the doors are moved so far out of line that—alas! for the girls, though the boys find the new one as well adapted to their purpose as the old. But the old mirror is by no means relegated to the garret but now hangs in what is to be the reception room, but which is now serving as the reading room. It has by no means lost its magnetic power, for while dreaming of the days when it reflected the gayety of the college life and tiring perhaps of reflecting as it has done for a year now, the work-a-day world of books, books, books, yet however intent the youths and maidens may be on finding the latest news, or the most interesting magazine, or on delving into the lore of past and present, instinctively, almost, they now and then cast furtive glances at the mirror. The poor mirror reflects little else but thoughtful brows these days, and so far as it is concerned Guilford seems to be belieing its reputation for match-making. But—the *mirror doesn't know all*. Do you think so? S.



THE INTERCOLLEGIATE BIBLE STUDY INSTITUTE.

In the beginning of the fall term of every college year the Young Men's Christian Associations of the different colleges and schools in the State hold an intercollegiate Bible study institute. Last year it was held at the University of North Carolina; this year it was our privilege to have it held at Guilford College.

The conference began on Friday night, September 24th, and lasted through the following Sunday. Though the number of delegates was not as large as was expected, ten of the schools and colleges in the state were represented. The list of speakers was especially strong. We had with us W. P. Weatherford, International Student Secretary in the South; Charles R. Townsend, International Secretary of the Industrial Department; Rev. R. W. Hogue, of Chapel Hill; Dr. Martin, of Davidson College; E. E. Barnett, Student Secretary at U. N. C.; J. W. Berathold, student at the A. & M., and J. E. Johnson, traveling secretary for the Carolinas.

The opening address of the conference was given by Dr. Martin on the subject "The Message of the Bible to Modern Men." Most of the time on Saturday was given to training the men in the methods of conducting and teaching group classes in Bible study. Such topics as, Why College Men Should Study the Bible, How to Enroll Men in Bible Study, and How to Maintain Regular Attendance, were presented by the leaders, and all were at liberty to take part in the discussion.

On Saturday night Mr. Hogue presented "The Call and Claims of the Christian Ministry." In a simple but masterful way Mr. Hogue told of the abundant opportunities for service in this field and the need of men to enter this work. After the address the delegates and Guilford students were served a delightful banquet in the dining room at Founders' Hall. The college yells and songs and the feeling of good fellowship which prevailed along with the good things to eat made every one enjoy the occasion.

Sunday morning at 10 o'clock Mr. Barnett spoke on the "Ultimate Aim of Association Bible Study." This he said is to bring men into the right relations with Jesus Christ. At the regular 11 o'clock service Mr. Weatherford occupied the pulpit. He preached on the Messages of the Prophet Hosea, as They Apply to Modern Times. In the afternoon Mr. Townsend gave us a glimpse into the great work which the Association is beginning to accomplish in our industrial centers, especially in our cotton mill towns.

At the closing session on Sunday night, Mr. Weatherford gave an account of the remarkable progress the Association is making in promoting daily Bible study in American colleges and other educational institutions. As an example of how difficulties are being overcome he gave us the case of West Point where the men have only 45 minutes a day to themselves, and yet a great number of the men are enrolled in Bible study classes. He tried to impress it on the minds of the men that there are no insurmountable difficulties in the way of successfully conducting Bible study classes in our North Carolina schools and colleges.

Although the number of delegates was small, still the entire conference was a success and the Guilford Association is indeed glad that it was held at this place.

The Guilford Collegian

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VOL. XXII.

OCTOBER, 1909

NO. 1

Editorials.

We are publishing in this issue pictures of last year's COLLEGIAN staff and of our track team which won second place in the state track meet. These cuts would have been in the commencement issue but for the fact that they were not finished in time.

Another year's work has begun at Guilford under conditions which point to the best year in the history of the institution.

With the steady increase which is being made in equipment, has come an increase in the number of students. It is very gratifying to know that a larger per cent. of students have entered the college classes this year than ever before. Consequently the student body is stronger than heretofore. Although Guilford has been well abreast with the other colleges of the state, it is plainly seen that a new and a larger spirit of development is upon her and when in the course of the next few years the plans which the board of trustees have in mind are carried out, a larger and more useful institution will be the pride of the many who feel the true spirit of loyalty to Guilford.

Prizes. Last year the COLLEGIAN offered two prizes, one of five dollars to the Guilford student who submitted the best story for publication and a similar prize for the best poem submitted. Having found this to be an advantageous idea both to the students and to the COLLEGIAN we again offer such prizes with the hope that they will aid in stimulating interest in our magazine. Every member of the four societies which publish the COLLEGIAN should share his part of the responsibility by writing something for the magazine.

Lectures. "I don't want to go to the lecture tonight, I hear that teacher as much as I care to, in class." How often and how thoughtlessly students use these words. We forget that teachers do not lecture for the fun of hearing themselves talk, and that they have something of value to give us. If we do not receive any good from hearing these public talks, it is because we do not go with that purpose in view, not that there is no good to get. Even though the subject matter does not please us, we may become more cultured by merely being attentive. At any rate let's not cause any one to miss the benefits by our unkind and uncalled-for criticism.

Humility. He, who said "nothing so becomes a man as modesty," instituted a precept which has ever proved to be commendable to any man in any situation. It is a trait of character which self tries to keep out of our lives, but when it has once been acquired through cultivation and through sacrifice to selfish ambitions, it becomes one of man's greatest gifts. The tendency is in nearly every man and especially in college men, to appear before their companions as being a greater factor than they really are, a tendency to put themselves forward instead of waiting until the proper situation demanded their services. Such a course may apparently lead us into large and useful places in life, but generally we awake and realize that our friends have not multiplied and what appeared to be a very important and useful life, unfolds in all its littleness and insignificance.

It is most often the unassuming man who is really hard at work bearing the heavy burdens and meeting the responsibilities. He does not advertise his deeds but steadily and surely men find him out and bestow all merited credit, and more than that, such a life attracts the love and admiration of men.

Our New Library Building. Ever since the burning of King Hall our rapidly increasing library has been kept in a small room in Founders' Hall. The size of this room has been a great inconvenience to both the students and the librarian. Seeing this, the trustees and faculty went to work at once to raise funds for the construction of a suitable library building. Mr. Andrew Carnegie promised us \$9,000 if an equal amount could be obtained by the trustees and friends of the college. So faithful and persistent were the efforts of our beloved president, and the other members of the faculty that now only a little over a year and one-half after the burning of King Hall, we have an elegant building consisting of a large reading room, vault, and a fire-proof apartment in which our books may be safely kept. The building is made of nice brick, and is finished only with the best of material. It is without doubt the finest building on the college grounds.

Thus with this splendid building and the good library therein, it should be not only an opportunity but a pleasure for us, the students, to add to our small store of knowledge those things that will benefit us in after life. Furthermore it is due those who have labored so earnestly that we might enjoy these opportunities that we help to keep this building as nice as we possibly can, for it is only through the combined efforts of the students that the finely polished floors and elegant furnishings will be kept as they should be.

COLLEGIANS WANTED.

Since we made our "wants" known in these columns, the file of the COLLEGIAN is beginning to near completion. We still lack, however, the following named numbers and would be glad to get them as early as possible: Volume 13, Nos. 4 and 5; Volume 14, No. 5; Volume 15, No. 7. To volumes 12 and 19 we have no number 8, but whether there were eight issues in those years we are unable to determine.

Who will be the first to help us? Please send us a card in reference to the matter as we do not care for more than one copy of any of them.



Y. M. C. A. Notes.

At the opening of each school year there is a call for Association work. This fall the Association bids fair to accomplish much.

Each member of the cabinet has returned eager to make good in this year's work.

On Thursday evening, September 9th, a welcome prayer-meeting was held at which almost every girl was present. Through the membership campaign seventy out of the eighty students joined the Association.

Thursday evening, September 23d, an echo meeting was conducted by the four delegates who attended the Asheville conference, Lizzie Snipes, Jennie and Lillie Bulla and Pearl Gordon. These reports were very helpful indeed and added enthusiasm to the work.

Through the kindness of the Y. M. C. A. the Y. W. C. A. enjoyed the privilege of attending the Bible Institute held at this place September 24-26. We received not only enthusiasm, but helpful ideas for our Bible and mission classes.

The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. gave an informal opening reception to the new students on Saturday evening, September 11th. After a few words of welcome by President Hobbs and the presidents of the Associations and a selection by the quartette, every one was invited to drink lemonade and meet every one else. All seemed to enjoy themselves very much.

On Saturday evening, September 25th, the first birthday party was given in honor of the September and June girls. These parties give the girls a better opportunity to get acquainted and are always very enjoyable.

Three Bible classes and six mission classes have been planned. These classes will begin work in November.

On October 2nd, the Association is planning to take its annual picnic to the Battle Ground. We expect to go in hay wagons and return after an early supper on the grounds.





Y. M. C. A. Notes.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

To make the work of the Young Men's Christian Association effective, we must first get a vision of the opportunities there are for the Association to be of real service to men in helping them to overcome temptations, to surmount difficulties and to develop strong Christian character and manhood. The next thing to do is to formulate plans broad enough to accomplish those things which we have seen ought to be done, and then to resolutely set ourselves to the carrying out of these plans.

We feel that our Association is awake to the opportunities that lie open to it, and that in a large measure the plans for making our work effective have been made. So far we have worked with enthusiasm. Most of the new men have joined the Association; ninety men have been enrolled in Bible study classes; the Intercollegiate Bible Study Institute has uplifted and inspired us. Everything looks prosperous and encouraging. This is not a time, however, to begin to take things easy. Our work is hardly yet begun; the greater part lies before us. The Bible study classes must be made effective; those who have not yet joined the Association must be shown the necessity of doing so; our religious meetings must be made vital and interesting. To do this work will require persistent effort throughout the whole year. It will require time and thought. But is it not worth while? Then let every man give himself to this service of developing in himself and in others strong Christian character.

Locals and Personals.

Student (at store)—“You must keep my bill down.”

Bob Doak—“I do, but it’s always running up.”

A visitor from a great metropolis passed by the college a few days ago and inquired of a native of this place:

“People don’t die very often over here, do they?”

“No, only once,” replied the Quaker, calmly.

“Here’s a mighty little question,
But it causes lots of worry,
Why do shoe-strings never break
Except when one’s in a hurry?”

A. M.—“I’ve got a good story to tell you. I don’t think I’ve ever told it before.”

E. B.—“Is it really funny?”

A. M.—“Yes, indeed it is.”

E. B.—“Then you haven’t told it to me before.”

Skinny—“Just think of it—turkey, rice, gravy, cranberry sauce, etc., all for 30 cents.”

Big Rich—“Where?”

Skinny—“Oh, I don’t know, but just think of it.”

One of the joys of college life: The box from home (C. O. D.)

Prof. Couch—“What is the center of gravity?”

(A voice in the rear)—“The letter *v*.”

Fitzgerald (reading German)—“Hat der vadder auch (auch) inen Hund.”

Prof. Davis—“Anything hurting you, Mr. Fitzgerald?”

“Oh, tell me your favorite air,” he cried,
To a maiden demure and fair,
And the maiden sighed as she replied,
I guess it’s a million-aire.”

Conundrum—“Why is a convivial man like a Quaker?”

“Because he is fond of the Society of Friends.”

THE QUARREL.

(Extract from Shakespeare)—“Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast *hazel* eyes.”

There have been several changes in the faculty this year. Professor Wilson is again at the college. The new members of the faculty are Miss Annie Gordon, Messrs. Dudley Carroll, David Couch, Wilson Hobbs, and Miss Craig, of Greencastle, Indiana, who has charge of the music department.

The new library is finished and will be in use in a few days.

The following members of the class of '09 have been welcome visitors at the college recently: Annie Mendenhall, Ethel Hodgkin, Amanda Richardson, Charles Benbow, Alfred Dixon, and Rush Hodgkin.

D. W. A.—“Say, Gertrude, do you wear that black band around your neck to keep your head from swelling?”

✓ Margaret Davis, '09, left on the 28th for Bryn Mawr College.

Elsie White, '08, visited at the college recently on her way to Lansdown, Pa., where she is going to teach.

A new student was asked which literary society she was going to join, replied “I am going to join the Y. W. C. A. Society.”

✓ Lucy White, '09, is at Earlham College this year.

✓ Henry Davis and Alfred Dixon are at Haverford College; the latter has a position as an assistant instructor in physics.

✓ Charlie Benbow, '09, has a position with a manufacturing firm in Illinois.

James Anderson shows his great loyalty to the college by coming out here every Sunday.

Work on the section of the new King Hall which is being

erected, is progressing rapidly and the building will likely be finished by Christmas.

The total enrollment of students is 235.

John Whittaker says his room is for rent. Reason: Briggs has purchased a clarionet.

Professor Lindsay visited at the college Sept. 28th-29th.

Did you attend the "fire sale" in Judge's room?

The Preps. are making a rush for seats in the new "collection" room (?).

Miss Craig gave a piano recital the night of October 1st.



The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XXII.

NOVEMBER, 1909.

NO. 2

TO —————

It sets me wild to think of her,
One so womanly, pure, divine.
She is too noble and too kind
For such as I.

Just like the fresh wild rose is she;
With blushing cheek and beaming eye,
She is too lovely, sweet, and shy
For one like me.

Her presence, it doth haunt me still.
It will not from my soul depart.
And it will linger in my heart
Until I die.

JUANITA'S WOOING.

At last the preparations were complete and on the morrow, June the fourth, eighteen hundred and forty-nine, the caravan of wagons was to begin its long journey across the wilds of this continent to California where gold had recently been discovered.

In the little town of Murbola, Ohio, much excitement prevailed, because there was scarcely a family, which was not furnishing some loved one to this company of goldseekers. On this June day as the eastern skies were reddening, the company started on their long lonesome journey. Many tearful eyes watched the long train of wagons out of sight, but those whose hearts were heaviest were Dr. and Mrs. Richard Milburn. Rupert, their oldest son, in company with a younger brother, Donald, had joined this company of forty-niners in their mad rush for gold.

Rupert Milburn had from his youth had a slight tendency to tuberculosis and his parents hoped that free life in the fresh air of California might stay this tendency so at last they reluctantly consented to his going and taking Donald, who was wild to go for he fondly dreamed of the day he should return laden with gold.

Days passed and yet no tidings of their boys came to the Milburn home. They felt uneasy and began to regret that they had let the boys go. Soon, however, there came this letter, which was post-marked somewhere in Missouri:

Dear Mother:—We have come safely thus far. We are well and happy and the hardships of the journey are not as great as we had expected. Your loving sons,

RUPERT AND DONALD MILBURN.

This was the last news of the boys for many months. The anxious ones at home scanned with eager eyes the contents of every mail, but no letter from the boys. Then there came vague reports concerning the party, and these reports said that away out in the wilds of what is now Nevada, the Indians had surprised and attacked the company and that the Milburn

boys had along with most of the others been slain. Poor Mrs. Milburn was almost beside herself with grief. Her noble husband tried to comfort her by saying that these reports were probably untrue. Yet she could but feel that her boys had suffered the common fate of all.

Two years had passed and the Milburn home was no longer the happy home it was formerly. Sadness sat on every brow. Even Eleanor, the light of the household was no longer the jolly, carefree girl of former days. They had just about given up hope of ever seeing the boys again, when one day Eleanor came running in, all out of breath, with a letter from Donald. Thus it ran:

Dear Home Folks:—Here I am safe in California, but where Rupert is I know not. When we were just across the Rockies a party of Indians fell upon our company. I was in a wagon when the attack came and Rupert was riding his horse some little distance ahead in company with others of the party. The onset was fierce. I saw Rupert fall from his horse pierced by an arrow. Then I saw an Indian pick him up and fasten him securely to a pony and ride away. I was frantic almost and begged that I might be allowed to go after him, but the others said it would be a needless sacrifice of my life and would not let me go. What his fate was I do not know. Perchance he still lives as a captive and some day we may see him again. I am being successful in my search for gold and hope to come home next year.

Your affectionate son,

DONALD MILLBURN.

Though this letter brought no great comfort to the grief-stricken parents, yet they were relieved to know the straight of the incident and that at least one son survived.

Though none of his relatives knew it, Rupert Milburn still lived. From the time he was strapped to that Indian pony until he had been among the Indians several days he was conscious only once for any length of time. That was when they had stopped for the night, he realized where he was, but thinking that some cruel death by torture awaited him when

they should reach camp he lapsed into unconsciousness again. When he again was conscious, he found himself in the tent of an Indian chief lying on some buffalo skins. His wounds had been dressed and he was really very comfortable. Then he began to think it all over and wonder what had become of Donald and how long he had been here, etc. While he was musing thus, there entered softly a shy maid with clear, dark complexion and a wealth of raven hair. He spoke to her, but she shook her head and he knew that she did not understand. Then she spoke to him in Spanish for that was her native tongue. Fortunately he knew enough Spanish to understand her. She told him how for six long months she had been held captive by the Indians. She had lived with an uncle in Mexico and one day when he was away the Indians came and carried her away to this place. Every day, Juanita, for this was the pink cheeked maiden's name, brought him food prepared by her own hands. She would talk to him eagerly, in her soft Spanish accent, of how she longed to be free again, and he in turn taught her to speak English and told her of his far-away home and his sister whom he longed so much to see.

Rupert soon found that this Spanish maiden had won a place in his heart which none other could fill and one day when the silvery tones of a Spanish love-song which she had been singing for him ceased he said: "Juanita, I love you. You must have guessed it, and some day we—you and I—will flee from this lonely Indian village and go back to Ohio and have a little home of our own."

"Ah, Signior," said she, her dark bewitching eyes beaming with love for him, "but how shall we ever pass the old Indian who guards the entrance to this village."

"That is easy enough," said he. "I have in my possession some powder which produces a deep sleep. When you are preparing the great pot of soup for dinner tomorrow just put the amount I shall give you into it. Then our escape is sure."

Juanita carefully followed the directions of her lover and after dinner, of the Indians left in the village, not one stirred. All were buried in deep sleep.

Thus Rupert, whose wounds were entirely healed and whose tendency to tuberculosis was gone, and Juanita, the Spanish captive, taking two ponies and guns and ammunition, had soon left the Indian village far behind.

Day in and day out they rode, never stopping until they were out of reach of the Indians. After a hard day's ride they drew up, just at sundown, one evening at the house of a settler in Kansas. Here they were kindly welcomed and after a hearty meal they told of their captivity and how they had escaped, how they loved each other and how they wished to be married. The settler's wife said that their preacher, who just came once a month, was due that very day. They at once planned that Rupert and Juanita should get their hearts desire so they were wedded in that forest with no flowers except wild ones, and no music except that most beautiful of all music, the music of nature. After their wedding they journeyed with never wearying pace until they reached Ohio. They arrived at Murbola on Thursday evening. Rupert, leaving his young bride at the hotel, went at once to the home of his father. He found them all in the sitting room, listening with eagerness to the adventures of Donald, who had that very day returned from California quite a wealthy young man. He knocked gently. Donald came to the door. "Rupert!" he exclaimed. In a moment the rest of the family were at the door. His mother, on whom grief was most telling, simply said, "Rupert, my long lost boy."

After they had gone again to the sitting room and had recovered somewhat from their surprise at seeing Rupert, he told them that he had another surprise for them, that he had brought home as his wife a dark-haired lass, who was at that moment waiting for him at the hotel. Donald and Eleanor went with him to bring her, while Dr. and Milburn stayed to welcome their children when they should return, Juanita, the Spanish girl, not less than the others.

ECILA.

PERILOUS ADVENTURES OF THE SIXTIES.

It was in the early part of sixty-three, after the ranks of the army had greatly diminished and all the able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and fifty were being constantly drafted to enter the army that places of refuge were made known.

Those of us who have never known the awfulness of war cannot begin to realize what these hiding places meant to those men who for one cause or another did not wish to take up arms against their neighbor.

Many would not enter the army because of conscientious scruples; others, for the sake of their wives and children would not go before the cannon's mouth.

The scene of the sketch which I am about to give, lies in the southern part of Northampton county, North Carolina, near the village of Richsquare, which was then only a hamlet of four families and three stores, situated in a small plot of ground made by the crossing of roads.

There were at least two homes in this neighborhood where deserters, as they were called, were kept until the way was clear for them to move farther, one of which is described in Fernando C. Cartland's book, "Southern Heroes." It was owned by Henry and Dolly Copeland.

Scarcely any one in the neighborhood, during these perilous times, knew of these homes, or their owners would not have lived to tell of their narrow escapes from death. For this reason the other one was not found out because the owner moved away as soon as the war was over, and only as people questioned him closely concerning his experiences during the war, does he tell of the ways he kept those who had abandoned military duties.

This home belonged to my father and was known by a great many of his friends, whom he made while a student and teacher at New Garden Boarding School. So the greater number of his refugees were from this part of the State.

An old oak stood as a guide to these hungry, tired and foot-sore men. The directions given to those seeking protection was, "Go till you come to a turn in the road where a post oak is standing in the corner, and half a mile up the road will be Peele's house." This was a large, two-story house sitting back quite a distance from the main road with several shade trees around it.

As the conscript hunters rarely ever came before daylight, my father would give the deserters breakfast and have them hide in the large pine thicket, which was southwest of the house, or flee to the Urehaw Swamps, which lay to the north.

One night, however, the tide changed and about eleven o'clock the clatter of hoofs was heard and three officers halted and called to father to know if there were any men concealed in his hay mow. He said there were none that he knew of, but they were at liberty to search it if they wanted to—it would not do to refuse them for to do so would raise suspicion. They went to the barn and pierced the hay through with their bayonets, and finding no one they went away satisfied that Mr. Peele did not harbor any who refused to do military service. The next morning, however, it became known that some men were hidden in the hay, but had overheard the officers talking and fled before their pursuers could find them. Scarcely had the sound of these horses' hoofs died away, till some deserters came seeking a share in this hospitable home. My father, knowing the danger which they were in, sent them back five miles to a swamp where they must stay until the conscript hunters had left the country.

This swamp was owned by a large slave-holder and on this particular part of his plantation he kept swine. The next morning when the old colored slave came to feed the pigs he found these men cold and hungry. He befriended them and provided for their needs as best he could, by bringing them provisions—which was stolen or taken from his allowance—and matches with which to build fires. They had stayed two days and nights in this place when the old darkey found the way was clear and sent them back to my father's home. They arrived between seven and eight o'clock. Supper was given

them and for the first time in weeks they were permitted to sleep on a bed and rest quietly.

Early the next morning father went to a colored pilot, who lived six miles to the east to know if he could carry the men across the Chowan River, which was then a dividing line between the North and South, or at least men considered themselves pretty safe when once they were across it. He told him he could take them, and to bring them that night as soon as he dared. So by eight o'clock father and his men were ready to start. The men were stretched out in the bottom of the wagon bed with some fodder thrown over them and a white cloth spread on top. On the way they passed a crowd of men by the roadside. One of them halted father and wanted to know what he had and what he was doing so far from home at that time of night. "Well," he said, "I promised to deliver some fresh meat tonight so I am taking it down to the buyer."

These are but a few of the many ways which were used to get men on safe ground.

MARGARET E. PEELE, '09.



CHRIST; THE FULLER REVELATION OF GOD.

"As the source of the Christian religion Christian faith recognizes a divine revelation of permanent authority, by which the later development is to be tested and that which is truly Christian distinguished from that which is falsely so called. Theologians differ in their view as to the nature and extent of this revelation, and as to the grounds on which it is to be received, but there is a general agreement that it centers in Jesus Christ and that its essential features are preserved in the Christian Scriptures."—Dr. Brown.

The religion which Jesus Christ came to promulgate had as its fountain head a strong conception of God. The consciousness which Jesus had of God exerted a vital force in the moulding of his inner character; and the one great subject which stirred his whole life and on which he claimed to have unique knowledge and authority was that of the universal fatherhood of the Great God, and all through his life work tried to see in every member of the Kingdom the same light and power of the divine life as he realized it in himself. And if we shall understand to the fullest extent the great world stirring truths which Jesus taught, we should get some idea of his conception of God. And that we may the better appreciate his doctrine of God we should know something of the vast difference between his conception and that of his Jewish contemporaries.

From the earliest records of Hebrew history we find that they had an idea of God, which came to them through their great preachers or prophets. Yet their idea was very incomplete. They looked on God in an hinotheistic sense. They thought of him as a national God, just as the nations about them had their tribal gods and as the heathens have even yet. However we find in the early Old Testament literature a few passages which comes near recognizing God as having paternal relations to Isreal and indeed as being "a God of all flesh." As in Ex. ix:22, God in His message to Pharaoh, causes Moses to say, "Israel is my son, my first born." In this passage

Moses surely recognizes that other people are the sons of Jehovah, but Israel is the *first born*, "a peculiar people among all the peoples." And again in Deut. 8:5 and 32:6, we find Moses repeating this same idea, and we find it borne out by a few other passages of the early Old Testament writings, such as Hosea 9:1, Zer. 3:4 and 31:9. In these passages Jehovah is thought of as being the father of Israel, because he had done so much for them. He had caused them to be an independent nation, etc., but this idea was that of a national fatherhood, not an individual fatherhood which we find developing a little later.

I think that we find about the earliest recognition of an individual fatherhood in 2nd Samuel, 7:14. A little later in the Psalter we find many expressions recognizing the individuality of God. In Isaiah 40:11, 45:13, we find the prophet glowing with a sense of the tenderness and loving kindness of this individual fatherhood. But in all these passages the fatherhood does not seem to be felt to the fullest, it is more a simple designation of His covenant relationship with the people. And after all these passages are only rare flowers from the heights of Old Testament revelation and we cannot judge from these how the people as a whole thought of Jehovah.

From the time of Josiah the greater part of Old Testament literature was based on the law. In Ex. 19:16 we are told that the people were made to tremble with fear at the giving of the law—and they ever afterwards trembled at it. They soon came to look on the God who stood back of the law as a God of holiness and mighty power, and whose favor could only be had through obedience to the whole law. And such was the law that it engendered fear and not trust, and it became a yoke to the people too heavy to be borne (Rom. 8:15, Gal. 5:1, Acts 15:10, etc.), and the final outcome of it was ceremonial worship in the strictest sense. It placed God high above the cherubim, and it made Him unapproachable by any save the high priest, and on the Day of Atonement of each year he was barred from his presence. God was become to the people a great King, dwelling away off somewhere in the universe, and

who was to be feared and obeyed for what he was able to do rather than for His real personal divine companionship.

This was about the conception that the Jews had of God at the coming of Christ. They looked on him, or thought of him as being the "Holy One." But this holiness was ceremonial, not vital. Christ's conception of the holiness of God was vital. He cared nothing for ceremonial worship. He was a strong believer in personal cleanliness; His gospel is, in part, a gospel of cleanliness, but He saw in God's holiness a deeper meaning than that of a continual outward bathing and purifying. In this we are able to see an impenetrable gulf between Christ's conception of God and that of His Jewish contemporaries.

Jesus taught the fatherhood of God out of a certain knowledge of a spiritual relationship with the father. When Jesus, at the age of twelve, stood in the Temple at Jerusalem among those great doctors of the law he caused them to marvel at His insight in the law, and at His spiritual interpretation of it. To be sure His knowledge was only that of a boy. He had heard it in His home, and no doubt they had tried to help Him understand it, but He had gotten the real message from it by obeying His own feelings, and by applying it to the every day walks of life, and now he comes to Jerusalem and in the midst of those doctors, He breathes out to the world for the first time His real, deep conception of God in the words, "My Father." These words came from Him as naturally as ever a boy spoke of his earthly father—out of a strong realization of the ever-abiding presence of a loving father in his own pure, boy's heart, not out of a sense of a tyranic God who rules the universe from afar by an iron will, and one who must be feared and not loved.

Perhaps the most striking parable representing Christ's vision of the loving kindness of his father in Luke 15:11-32, the parable of the prodigal son. The Scribes and Pharisees had made an accusation against Jesus, and to them it was a valid one, that he ate and was found to associate with publicans and sinners. But Jesus always found himself master of the situation, and we can see him as he turns on them, perhaps with a look of scorn, or it might be with sympathy, and

he gives to them, and to the world, this burning message. His father not only looked on the outside of the platter, but also on the heart, the inner life. The publicans and sinners had wandered away from the law, which in truth was almost impossible to be kept and none but the wealthy could keep it, and therefore they had become hateful to those Jerusalem divines. Jesus told them that His father yearned for them, even though they had gone astray, and that his heart was full of compassion and forgiveness and love for those who were poor. This was a strange doctrine to them. They could not conceive of a God of love, whose heart went out in sympathy for the poor, who was every ready to forgive even the most sinful, and we do not wonder much that they began to plan to get clear of Christ.

This parable shows Christ's great conception of the individual divine love of the father. The gospels are burning with this same strong message to the world. They know nothing of a national fatherhood—a God who is only a God of a particular people. And this is the same great message of Christ's whole life to the world. He felt his own individual spiritual relation to the father. He lived that conviction, while he lived, and he died with it on the cross; and it seems to me that the twentieth century must look to his life as well as to Calvary for its final salvation. Then the fuller revelation of the Father through Jesus was "made by a life which overflowed and will forever overflow the largest and deepest words of human speech. It rose above the teachings of the Scribes and Pharisees as far as his perfect character towered above theirs; it stood related to purest and loftiest visions of the most spiritual prophets, as the full day stands related to the earliest shimmers of the dawn. It reveals what God *is* in himself, and therefore what he is to every soul he has made. It reveals him as a heavenly father, and it pours into that word "Father" a tenderness of love, a depth of sympathy, and a spirit of self-sacrifice for man's redemption which is as inexpressable as the power of Jesus' own life. It brings God forever near and makes his infinite fatherliness toward every human being as real as the cross, or the flesh and blood of Jesus. In this reve-

lation of the fatherhood of God, taken in its length, and breadth, and depth and height, lies the great message of Jesus to the world—the center and the explanation of all his teaching.

J. E. SAWYER.



A LITTLE THEORY, A FEW FACTS AND SOME FIGURES ABOUT LIGHTNING.

Among certain scientists there has been some discussion as to what the term "lightning" really means. But in this discussion we will confine ourselves to the time-honored meaning. That is those electrical disturbances which occur in the heavens and are seen by the human eye.

From time immemorial "lightning" and "thunder" have been feared and even revered. The Greeks pictured Jupiter striking down his enemies with "thunder bolts," and it would not be hard to find many other interesting historical facts about lightning, but we can't take them up here.

Benjamin Franklin first began the study of lightning from a practical standpoint, and after making his famous kite experiments he invented the "lightning rod." Shortly after this Faraday found that no electrical disturbance could be produced inside of a perfectly conducting sphere and this led him to invent "Faraday's Cage."

This would be the ideal method for protecting a building from lightning, but as we see it is a very impractical one. The nearest approach to this ever used is a network of wires running over the house and on all sides. Another very protective method is to use a metal roof of heavy material which is well connected to the ground. The usual method of protecting a house is by the use of the well known lightning rods. These are placed on the highest points of the house such as the chimneys, gables, etc.

There are several requirements that a lightning rod must have to be of any real protection.

First it must be well grounded, that is it must reach down to permanent moisture and it should have quite a large contact area with this moist earth. This is often obtained by driving a rod to a great depth or by burying a plate in permanently moist earth and securely connecting the lightning rod to it.

Second, a lightning rod should be as straight as possible throughout its entire length.

Third, it should have as large a surface area as possible, the area of the cross-section being of comparative small consequence. The reason for this is that lightning is an oscillatory discharge of very high frequency and consequently flows almost entirely in that part of the conductor nearest the surface. This phenomena is known as the "skin effect" and holds for any high frequency electric current or discharge.

Before we take up the discussion of lightning, as such, we should define a few more or less technical terms that must be used.

The potential of any electric charge is expressed in "volts" which electrical unit corresponds exactly to the intensity of a pressure which we are accustomed to express as so many pounds per square inch.

A potential gradient corresponds exactly to the elevation gradient of a hill. That is there may be a difference of elevation between two points on a hill, so there may be a difference of potential between two points in the air. The rate of change of elevation or potential is the gradient and is expressed in the same unit as the elevation or potential.

The rate of flow of an electric current is expressed in amperes; this unit is exactly analogous to the expression "so many gallons per second or minute," when used to express the rate of flow of a stream pass any point.

Energy usually expressed in "foot-pounds" and means a pressure or force acting through so many feet. Or if we have the rate at which energy is being expended and the duration of the expenditure we may obtain the total expenditure by taking the product of the two quantities. This quantity corresponds to amperes, volts and time multiplied together.

When we subject a block of wood to a great pressure it will break and the intensity of the pressure at break-down is known as the ultimate strength of that wood. So with the air when it is subjected to a great difference of potential, it will break down and the potential gradient at break-down is known as its dielectric strength. This is a definite quantity varying with the pressure. At atmospheric pressure it is 100,000 volts per inch.

The striking distance in air between needle points has been investigated up to about 300,000 volts, and it was found to be about 10,000 volts per inch. The reason this is only one-tenth the dielectric strength is that the high potential crowded at the fine needle point causes the air at the point to break down and we have the familiar brush discharge which extends out in a spherical shape until only about forty per cent. of the distance between the needle points is effective in keeping the discharge from flowing between the points. The value 100,000 volts per inch, however, holds good when we use spheres of rather large diameter in place of the needle points.

As soon as the sparking distances between points had been investigated scientists began to estimate the voltage of a lightning flash. This corresponds more nearly to a discharge between needle points than spheres, hence we may assume 10,000 volts per inch as the potential gradient. A flash two miles long, or 10,000 feet, then will require approximately 1,000 million volts.

A potential difference of 1,000 million volts would produce a brush discharge about one-half mile in length before the final flash occurred. Now in a brush discharge the air is not only broken down electrically, but also mechanically and chemically. That is the molecules are dissociated and after the brush discharge ceases these elements recombine into all kinds of combinations so that we might have ozone and even a deluge of nitric acid, but fortunately this does not occur.

The energy of a lightning flash could be easily obtained if we knew the voltage, the current in amperes and the duration. The first two we can estimate fairly well but the human eye holds an impression for one-tenth of a second no matter how short it really was, hence we must resort to some other method. The illumination given by a brilliant lightning flash is about the same as that of good artificial illumination, or even more intense since it can often be noticed in a well-lighted room at night. This is approximately one foot candle and assuming that the flash illuminates about two square miles the total energy of a large flash would be about 10,000 kilowatt-seconds; this reduced to heat quantities is about equivalent to the latent

heat of evaporation or condensation of nine pounds of water.

The figure 1,000 million volts is hardly reasonable, especially when we consider the possibilities carried with it. Yet we know that lightning flashes are about two miles in length. So we might investigate another theory.

It is a fact that most lightning occurs when we have rapid condensation of water vapor and it might be possible to connect these two together.

The normal potential gradient of the air is about 100 volts per foot, that is a point fifty feet above the ground may show a potential difference of five thousand volts against the ground. The higher strata of air is usually positive against the lower. The cause of this potential gradient, whether terrestrial or cosmic, we will not discuss, but its existence is of interest to us in working out this theory.

Let us assume that the water vapor in the higher strata of air condenses to moisture particles. These will have the potential of the air in which they float, which may be a hundred thousand volts against the ground. Now these particles agglomerate to make up larger particles until we finally have rain drops. By the combining of $(x)^3$ particles into one the diameter of the particle has increased (x) fold, since the volume of a sphere varies with the cube of its diameter. The capacity of a sphere for holding an electric charge varies with the diameter, but we have put $(x)^3$ charges together on a sphere whose capacity has increased only (x) fold hence the potential necessary to hold the total charge of the sphere has increased $(x)^2$ fold. From this we see that the potential will rise rapidly with condensation. But we know from the appearance of "thunder clouds" that the condensation has not been uniform over the cloud. Therefore we would have higher potentials in parts of the cloud than in others.

Let us assume the low potential gradient of one hundred volts per foot in the cloud at the beginning of the agglomeration of moisture particles. Then the collection of $(x)^3$ such particles into one rain drop gives $(x)^2$ times the potential and since the distances between the particles are now (x) times as great the potential gradient has increased (x) times.

Estimating the average size of moisture particles as 0.00001 inch at the beginning when the potential gradient was only one hundred volts per foot. Then the breakdown potential gradient of the air (which is between 100,000 and 200,000 volts per foot for spheres) would be reached when the drops reach about .1 to .2 inches in diameter. This is the size of rain drops.

Now this fact may or may not be coincident with the fact that very often a flash occurs in the clouds just before the rain falls and the fact that light is almost instantaneous and the velocity of the falling drop is dependent of the force of gravity might lead us to believe that the flash occurred just about the time or just after the rain drop was formed.

The potential equalizing discharges flow from the point of high to that of low potential and follow each other just as landslides do, one starting another. Therefore we may have an apparently continuous flash extending over quite a period of time. This explains the fact that a discharge will take a very long path through a cloud instead of jumping to the ground or to another cloud. It also offers an explanation for zigzag and forked lightning that seem to start and end in the same cloud; and we know that a great many flashes are of this nature.

The potential required to cause a discharge from one cloud to another or from a cloud to the earth is much greater than that required to start a discharge in a cloud, although the energy dissipated may be the same in each case. We have heard that zigzagged lightning does no damage, and from the above it appears that observations and the theory agree. For so far as houses are concerned only those discharges from a cloud to the earth are dangerous.

On conclusion we might give a few average figures:

The average amount of energy dissipated in a lightning discharge is about 10,000 kilowatt seconds.

The average potential between the points of discharge about 50 million volts.

The average current in a discharge about 10,000 ampires.

The average duration of a discharge about 0.000002 seconds.

D. M. PETTY, '07.

A FUNERAL.

Perhaps nothing so novel has occurred in the annals of Guilford in recent years as the funeral which took place October 28th.

A solemn procession consisting of the second year Biology class and its scholarly instructor slowly wended its way from the laboratory to a sequestered spot near the cemetery which was indeed a fit resting place for the martyred dead.

The last sad remains were borne in a brown urn by one member of the class. Following the corpses came the unusually solemn professor and the other members of the class. Each anxious to pay a loving tribute as the last opportunity presented itself.

As the bodies were quietly lowered into their dusty grave, fitting words were spoken by members of the class recognizing the great sacrifice the noble dogfish had made to the cause of learning. With bowed head the instructor paid highest honor to their unselfishness. Following this a song was sung, entitled, "Sleep on Dear Dogfish." Resolutions of respect were read and it was decided a copy should be sent to their home in Mass. and a copy be hung in the laboratory. As a last tribute to their memory these words were placed above their resting place:

"Those poor inhabitants below,
Were quick to feel death's cold blow
And if there's man who can be said
To teach so much when he is dead,
Then let him pause and drop a tear
O'er the eight dogfish lying here.
Chiloscyllium Modestrum."

MIGNON.

(Translated from the German by J. E. Sawyer.)

Knowest thou that land, where the lemon blooms,
In the dark foliage the gold orange glows,
A soft wind from the blue heaven wafts itself,
The myrtle still and high the laurel stands,
Knowest thou it well?

Thither! Thither!

I should like to go with thee, O my beloved!

Knowest thou the house? The roof on the high columns rests,
The drawing room glitters, the apartment shines with comfort,
And the marble statues stand and look on me;
What have they done to thee, thou poor child?
Knowest thou it well?

Thither! Thither!

I should like to go with thee, O my protector.

Knowest thou the mountain and its cloudy path?
There the mule searches its way in the mist;
In the cave dwells the old brood of the dragon;
The rock plunges downward and over it the water.
Knowest thou it well?

Thither! Thither!

Leads our way! O father let us go!

—Goethe.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Whereas, our Heavenly Father has called from our College circle our fellow students and friends, Clyde Ferdinand Webster and Charles Edwin Finch, be it resolved by the faculty and students of Guilford College:

1. That the student body has lost two of its most quiet, steady and promising members, and the faculty two diligent and faithful pupils.

2. That we extend our deepest sympathy to bereaved parents and loved ones in their loss.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the parents of the deceased, and that a copy be printed in THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.



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Editorials.

Class Spirit. For an organization to develop into a strong and efficient body it must have a spirit of loyalty instilled in each of its members—a spirit which makes them feel that theirs is the best college, the best society and the strongest class. Such loyalty is what makes a college and its organizations develop and go forward, provided it is properly directed. Just as soon as a man lowers himself to such an extent that he will sacrifice the best thing for his class, in

order to carry through some scheme for his society which he claims to be very loyal to, just that soon he loses the true spirit of loyalty. His society may apparently gain by the move, but in truth, it has suffered. The solidity and harmony of his class is sadly weakened and his college is weakened, for when jealousy and rivalry enter into an organization through distinctly separate organizations, college spirit, which should always have precedence, is weakened.

Good, honest competition for class, society, and college honors is needed, but this competition should be irrespective of separate organizations.

Our Progressive State. It is a great pleasure, both to the citizens of our state and to North Carolinians abroad, to see the wonderful progress which our state is making, socially, morally and industrially.

Probably the greatest step forward, which we have made in a social and moral way, is the blotting out of the liquor traffic within our state. A marked diminution of crime, debauchery and vagrancy is the result of this sweeping reform, and now the social and spiritual forces for good—the schools and churches, have a better chance to develop and multiply their good works. Our schools are becoming better equipped and much more efficient, and judging from the rapid increase in attendance in both public schools and colleges we will soon rank among the foremost states in education, instead of being the most “ignorant state” in the Union—a stain which we once bore.

In order to see that North Carolina is wide awake industrially and commercially, we need only to know of the immense advancement which we are making in the development of electric power, the building of long-needed macadam roads and the electric and railway lines which are in the process of erection. These agents and forces of public service and public welfare are yet in their infancy and the future promises great things for this section of the Southland.

Hallowe'en. Hallowe'en, with its rollicking, frolicking fun, is one of the jolliest and least formal celebrations of the entire year.

The gay games of the present do not bear much resemblance to the solemn rites with which the Druids kept the festival of All Hallow eve, though there is a faint survival of Druidical tradition in the burlesque attempts of modern youths and maidens to pry into the mysteries of the future.

The twentieth century Hallowe'en is merely a whimsical adaptation of the ancient festival, and to enjoy it, guests must bring, in the evening in which any one may be the victim of a Hallowe'en trick, a large stock of imagination, a zest of merriment and an unfailing fund of good humor.

Spooks and goblins were certainly present at the college Saturday night. The girls, dressed in white, flitting to and fro, gave the ghost-like effect necessary to the occasion.

A merry time was surely spent by all around the numerous bonfires.



Athletics.

BASE BALL.

The first three months of the fall term here at Guilford which were once given to foot ball are now spent in trying to develop new material for the base ball team.

This year the team is handicapped by the loss of eight good men: White, Hill, Dixon, Doak, Ridgeway, Anderson, Hobbs and Beeson. This looks like a pretty hard blow, but we expect to be able to develop men to fill their places with credit.

Many hard games have been played this fall and signs of improvement are already evident.

Among the old students who were not regular members of the team last year might be mentioned as doing good work this fall: Benbow, Edwards, Whitaker, Nelson, Johnston, Moore and Cranford; among the new students, Free and Shore have shown up best so far.

Manager Hine has a good schedule under way, including games with the University of North Carolina, A. & M., Davidson, Wake Forest and a number of northern colleges whose teams come south in the early spring.

The Easter Monday game will be with Davidson in Greensboro as last year.

TRACK.

Track athletics has never occupied a place of much importance in many of the southern colleges. This is a fact that is to be regretted, as there is no kind of athletic work better suited to college conditions than track.

In a time when even the Olympic contests of old have been revived and every year now, instead of every fourth year as formerly, sees a great international track meet. Should not we here in the south give the attention that such a great sport so justly deserves and not remain forever in the "also ran" class? What Guilford can do in track this year is entirely conjecture, but one thing is sure, there is more interest in

track this year than there ever was before, and we hope that this is true of all the other colleges.

Dennis Gray has been elected captain of the team this year, and with such a hard-working, energetic leader as he is, some good work may be looked for in the spring.

BASKET BALL.

The work in basket ball has not fairly begun yet as the weather has been such, most of the time, that nearly everybody has preferred outdoor exercise to work in the gymnasium. It is the purpose, however, to put out a team and work will begin in earnest as colder weather comes on.

C. F. Benbow has been elected captain and a good nucleus of last year's team is back in college again.



Locals and Personals.

President Thomas Newlin, of Whittier College, California, spent a few days at the college recently, and spoke to the students at chapel one morning.

Miss Craig's parents of Greencastle, Indiana, are spending the winter in the village.

✓ Miss Phyllis Woodall, of Greensboro, gave a violin recital at the college on Saturday night, November 13th. Miss Woodall is giving lessons on the violin each Saturday to several of the students.

The college classes have elected their class debaters. The teams are as follows: Seniors, E. S. King, Jno. Sawyer and Leroy Miller; Juniors, R. H. Fitzgerald, E. L. Hudson and Gurney Briggs; Sophomores, H. S. Sawyer, J. B. Woosley and Henry Smith; Freshmen, W. E. Allen, Idyl Free and Wm. Brown. The date for the Junior-Senior debate is December 4; that for the Freshmen-Sophomore debate is December 11.

The Y. W. C. A. will give an entertainment November 20.

An entertainment was given in Memorial Hall the night of October 30, in the interest of the Athletic Association.

Mrs. Archer, of Montreat, N. C., visited her son, Vincent, for a few days last week.

The Joseph Moore Science Club has taken the subject of Bacteriology for this term's work.

✓ THE COLLEGIAN extends best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith, of Greensboro, who were married recently. Mrs. Smith, nee Miss Maud Coble, was in school here last year.

Miss Sapphira Fry, of England, is visiting at the college at this writing, November 4.

President Hobbs and Professor Hodgkin went to Raleigh November 4 to hear Hon. James Bryce speak.

Two tennis tournaments have been held this fall. One for men competing for a place on the college team, the other for men who wished to compete for the prizes, which were: First prize, a Slocum racket; second prize, a pair of tennis shoes. In the first mentioned tournament Briggs and Vance won out. In the other tournament John Sawyer won the first prize and George Perkins won the second prize.

We met U. N. C. in tennis on their grounds October 27-28. Carolina won, in both singles and doubles.



"JABS."

"What can I do," roared the fiery orator, "when I see our schools going to ruin, when I see the youthfulness of our boys being sapped up by those dreadful cigarettes, when I see black clouds of hopelessness and despair gathering on the horizon to obliterate the golden sun of prosperity? What, I ask, what can I do?"

"Sit down," shouted the audience.

"Please do not make me mad," she said.

"How am I to know when you are mad?" he asked.

"I always stamp my feet," she answered.

He gazed at her dainty shoes.

"Impossible," he said, "there isn't room for a stamp on either of them."

"There was a young lady named May,
Who was perhaps just a little bit gay;
She went to the Fair
And flirted while there
The train took her home the next day."

(In History) Prof. C.—"Bonner, what is Congress?"

"Congress, sir, is an institution to which we are profoundly grateful for what it doesn't do to us."

Curate—Now, children, let us have "Little Drops of Water" again, and try to put more spirit into it this time.—*Tatter*.

Mary I—Absorbed in a young man, undertook to institute the custom of walking on the head instead of the feet.

Conversation between two girls at store, each chewing an enormous wad of gum:

"Less go in here."

"Whut for?"

"Get somin neet."

"Ainchoo hungry?"

"Yeh. Are you?"

"Yesh. Somy. Less go get somin neet."

"Which sthore?"

"Sleeve go to one as nuther."

"So dy. I'm awfly hungry. Ainchoo?"

"Yesh. Gotcher aptite?"

"Yeh. Gotcher money?"

"Yesh. Gotchoors?"

"Less go in here."

"Nothing teet there. Less go to other sthore."

"Just zoon as not. K-mon."

Hine, in second year chemistry—Say, Bob, is an alkali an acid?

HEARD AT THE GREENSBORO FAIR.

"Everyone in close, in close. Come one, come all! Your leg pulled for only ten cents or your money back." This was the cry of the "fakir" on the midway. He was *speiling* himself black in the face. Every one was crowding around him. "Try your luck," he continued, "you can't lose." "Ring a cane, a knife or anything." "Impossible to lose. Always get something for your money." After losing nearly all their money in trying to throw rings about one inch in diameter over canes and knife handles as large as tent posts, they would try to commit suicide on a dime's worth of red lemonade. Just down the midway was a "merry-go-round." A farmer, after taking a ride, remarked that it was enough to take ten years of life out of a person, whereupon an old maid who overheard him immediately purchased a ticket. Just beyond this was the fortune-teller's tent. An old man while passing by was asked by the fortune-teller:

"Tell your fortune, sir."

"Yes," he replied, "tell it to hurry up."

HALLOWE'EN NIGHT.

"I'll never get ready in ten minutes, haven't even made my mask yet. Who's got those scissors. Oh, hand them to me quick." "Somebody please cut my mask, my hands are busy." "How do ghosts fix up." "You know?" "Are you ready?"

Come powder my hair." "Tie my mask on quick, that's too tight." "I can't see a wink." "Hurry, everybody's going down now." "Wait for me." "Don't fix up any more." "You look exactly like one." "Nobody will ever know you." "Turn out the light." "We're in plenty of time anyway." "They're just starting now."

Miss J.—"Well, Janie, did thee cheer up Hugh?"

Janie—"He said I did."

L. M. R.—"O, I am getting cold on the outside."

(In Latin) Mr. X decline *amo*, please. *Amo*, a-mare amost.

Student—"I took my shoes to be half-soled and the blame shoe-maker sold them."

Two girls looking at the moon.

First Girl—"The moon doesn't look the right shape tonight."

Second Girl—"I guess the woman has turned things upside down."

P. I. G. to Elva—"Whose table do you sit on?"

Mary Taylor, afraid of a dog behind her, "Shoo!"

Girl on her way to Geometry—"I go to class every time and don't do a thing except copy everything which is put on the board, even if it be only a straight line."

It doesn't make a man any smaller to have a shrinking disposition.

Many a fellow who thinks he is the light of a girl's life is quite put out about it when she turns him down.

Cold cash is what every man is anxious to freeze onto.

If you tell a girl you can read her countenance she immediately becomes red.

Rebecca, while watching Hine play tennis, was heard to hum, "Give me a smile once in a while."

Henry Sharpe, in French class, couldn't translate any farther than the first sentence which he continued to repeat—"I am looking for a woman."

Exchanges.

EDITOR—JANIE BROWN.

The duties of an Exchange Editor are manifold and it is often considered irksome to wade through so many magazines, but it is with a feeling of genuine pleasure that we enter into the work for we feel that by careful perusal of the paper of any college we come into a closer touch with the life of that institution than we could in any other way. We shall be glad to welcome exchanges, new as well as old, from any college in the United States.

"The Davidson College Magazine" for October contains two excellent productions, an essay, "The Universal Language," and an oration, "The Average Man." The poem, "To Chapel," is almost too true to life. "Is the Study of Greek Worth While," should set many a poor fellow who is digging out with great pain the treasures of this ancient speech to thinking. We believe with the author that "to learn to appreciate this language fully, however, much drudgery may be required in the process to acquire a culture which the knowledge of no other language can give."

"The Wake Forest Student" contains two stories, which in our estimation are not quite up to its usual standard, "Was Anything Compulsory" and "The Break Down and Throw Out." "Deforestation and National Prosperity" is a good article. "The Sketch of the Life of Rev. Stinson Ivey" is interesting. We like the idea of having the alumni contribute articles pertaining to the different professions, for they are doubtless men of wide experience and are able "to afford practical suggestions for the choosing of a life work."

We admire the new cover design for "The Ides" and suggest that they retain the seal.

"The Haverfordian" is thin, but contains a fascinating story, "Iola, the Sin Eater." "The Episodes in the Life of an Irish Waitress" is full of wit and humor.

There is a lack of stories and of material in general in the Earlhamite. We believe that such an institution might get out a more bulky magazine. "A Modern Pariah" is an excellent story, but ends abruptly.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the "Comedian," "The Red and White," "The Erkskinian," "The College Reflector," "The Penn Chronicle," "The Acorn" and "The Lenorian."

CLIPPINGS.

Mr. Nolan had received a long tongue-lashing from Mr. Quigley, and his friends were urging on him the wisdom of vindicating his honor by a prompt use of his fists.

"But he's more than me equal," said Mr. Nolan, dubiously, "and look at the size of him."

"Sure and you don't want folks to be saying Terry Nolan is a coward?" demanded a reproachful friend.

"Well, I dunno," and Mr. Nolan gazed mournfully about him. "I'd rather that than to have them saying day after tomorrow, 'How natural Terry looks!'"—*Youth's Companion*.

Captain—"Here, referee, my men say they'll murder you after the match if you declare us the losers."

Referee—"Yes; and as the other side say the same, it's pretty evident to me that this game will be a draw."

He—"Did you notice that woman just past?"

She—"What, that one with the dyed hair and false teeth and ready-made clothes on, all tied with ribbons and things? No, I didn't notice her particularly."

"I wonder why love is impossible in tennis?"

"Why? Because it's impossible to win before 40."

Teacher—"Of what class does mankind consist?"

Anna Belle—"Superman, middle-man and only man."

Student—"And now comes a professor who declares that fruit is just as healthy with the skin on as it is peeled."

Chum—"H'm, I'd like to see somebody start him on a diet of pineapples."

"Did your son graduate with honors?"

Father—"I should say so. He had two fractured ribs, a broken arm and numerous strained tendons."

ACROSS THE STYX.

A poet from just across the line, who is near enough to be one of the Tar Heel galaxy of near poets, had perpetrated the following:

"Spirit of departed wife to hubby in flesh:

"Grieve not for me, my husband, dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here;
With patience wait, prepare to die,
And in short time you'll come to I."

"Husband in corpore to wife elsewhere:

"I am not grived my dearest life,
Sleep on—I've got another wife;
Therefore I cannot come to thee,
For I must go and live with she."



The Guilford Collegian.

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CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN DIFFERENT LANDS.

Perhaps there is no other season of the year around which cling so many quaint observances as around the Christmastide. Since peoples of every tongue celebrate this occasion, it might be interesting to note the different ways in which they set about it, and the different interpretations which they give to this most beautiful festival of the year.

One of the oldest and most universally celebrated of all the Christmas customs is that of the Christmas tree. Most people think that this observance is of modern origin, but this is not the case, for this custom is hoary with age, and owes its origin to an Irishman. It was St. Columbanus who first gave the tree, especially the fir tree, the Christmas meaning. As early as the seventh century the fir tree began to figure in Christian writings and pictures as a symbol of eternal life, while popular legends represented an old man, who at Christmas time visited every home to grant the wishes of the inmates. As the children began to want toys, it was only natural that the tree should be hung with gifts for them, and thus originated the tree of the present time.

In France the Christmas tree was introduced by inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine, who fled to France when these provinces were taken by Germany in 1870. The exiles in Paris determined that they should give the children a Christmas tree like those to which they had been accustomed in their own land. The French were so pleased with the tree that they henceforth adopted the custom.

In Holland St. Nicholas day corresponds to Christmas, though it has no religious significance. St. Nicholas is con-

sidered the patron saint of the children. On the eve of St. Nicholas the children's shoes are filled with cakes and toys, which they are told St. Nicholas brought down the chimney. Thus in Holland originated the American idea of Santa Claus and hanging up stockings.

The way in which the Norwegians and Swedes celebrate Christmas is characteristic of their nation. These people are noted for their hospitality, which extends not only to guests, but to domestic pets and wild birds. An example of this is the feeding of the birds. Two or three days before Christmas cart-loads of oats are brought into the towns for this purpose, and both rich and poor buy them, and place them on trees, roofs and fences for the birds' Christmas dinner. On this day all the cattle receive double their amount of food. Another custom peculiar to the Scandinavians is the proclaiming of the *Julyafred*, or peace of Christmas. Quite early in the day the children hasten to the churches, which are decorated and later the adults attend. The very old custom of telling stories and legends around a blazing hearth is still most popular in Norway and Sweden.

In certain parts of Italy, Christmas is made the occasion of a sort of onion battle. The villages, armed with onions, fight one another and the victor is presented with a horse. In other parts of the peninsula the women on Christmas day drag all the old bachelors they can find to the church, beating them with their fists so as to make them thoroughly ashamed of their single state and to induce them to marry before another Christmas comes around.

Christmas in Italy is the family festival of the year. It is a time of great feasting. For a week beforehand fish is eaten every day, and on Christmas day a sumptuous banquet with eel as the principal dish is prepared. Instead of a Christmas tree, the Italians have an "urn of fate." The children and their friends in the order of their age, are bidden to put their hands in the urn, and draw their lot. Many a blank is drawn but they all seem to be satisfied with their lot.

The people in Russia have a queer way of ushering in the New Year. At midnight the Czar receives good wishes and a

cannonade of one hundred shots is fired. The flag-decked streets are illuminated with electric lights and colored lanterns. On the eve of "sotjelnik," the last day of the holiday season, a cross is chalked on the doors to hinder the entrance of satan, who, they believe, has partaken in the festivities. On that day there are no public amusements. Instead, at two o'clock, a solemn service is held outside the winter palace, for which purpose a round building with a pale blue cupola is erected, and from this steps lead down to the river, where the water is blessed and thus becomes able to rid the people of the sins they have brought upon themselves during the season. In this way the Russians usher in the New Year.

The home Christmas is characteristic in Germany, when all thought is given to making the home circle, especially the children, happy. Here every household where there are children has its Christmas tree.

A quaint belief, peculiar to England, holds that any one turning a mattress on Christmas day will die within a year, but it is commendable to bake bread on Christmas eve, and the loaves baked then will never go moldy. There are many old-fashioned beliefs which prevail all over England and Wales, as, for instance, when the farmer and his servant, one carrying a censer of burning incense, and the other, a vessel of holy water, make a round of the farmhouse and barns, smothering the Evil One and scattering God's blessings. If the farmer or servant dares look back, even for the tenth part of a second the spell is broken and the blessing lost. Another queer custom is that practiced among the peasantry who have daughters about eighteen or twenty. Three candles are taken out into a lonely field on Christmas eve and burned, and the ashes are sprinkled on the heads of the girls with a silent prayer to preserve them from harm during the coming year.

A very ancient custom in England is the burning of the Yule log. The Yule log is a great piece of wood, sometimes the root of a tree, brought into the home with great ceremony on Christmas eve, laid in the fireplace and lighted with the brand of last year's log. While it lasted there was great singing, drinking and various games indulged in. Sometimes it was

accompanied with Christmas candles, but in the cottages the only light was from the blaze of the great wood fire. The Yule log was burned all night, if it went out it was considered a sign of ill luck. There are several superstitions connected with the Yule log among the peasantry. If a squinting person came to the house while it is burning, or a person barefooted, it is considered an ill omen. The brand remaining from the Yule log is carefully put away to light the next year's log. From England comes also the custom of hanging up mistletoe, to which a sacredness has been attached since the days of the Druids, who held in reverence oak trees and mistletoe. To this custom is also attached the idea that the young men have the privilege of kissing the girls under the mistletoe.

ELVA STRICKLAND, '12.



WHEN JOE MADE GOOD.

Big Bob Wilson, the captain and left half back for the Frankfort College football team, sat in his room in gloomy silence. Occasionally he would knit his brow, or ruffle his long hair between his fingers. It was very evident that his mind and his thoughts were intensely centered on a subject that was very dear to his heart. Indeed, that anxiety that disturbed the breast of Bob Wilson was the common anxiety of hundreds of Frankfort admirers.

Tomorrow was the day for the annual football game between Frankfort and Copeland colleges. Twice already had these colleges contested, the result being a victory and a defeat for each college in her turn. Frankfort had defeated Copeland in their last contest on her own grounds, and now that Copeland was coming to Frankfort it was earnestly hoped that Frankfort would carry off the honors. But the team this year was, comparatively, very weak. Fred Jackson, their right-half-back who was the hero of their last game with Copeland, had been hurt in practice and would not be able to play. There was a new man at college, Joe Morgan, who had been doing excellent practice, but it was generally feared that he might lose his compound in an exciting contest. However he was the only hope for Frankfort college. The captain, Bob Wilson, felt very keenly that the inability of Jackson to play was most detrimental to the team, and that any other man could have been more easily spared than Jackson, but he tried not to disclose his fears to the remaining members of the team. While he doubted the ability of the new man he also knew that to openly disregard him would only weaken his team more, and since he knew that there was no other man who could fill the vacant place better than Morgan he encouraged him in every way possible.

On the other hand Morgan reluctantly entered the game. He knew that he could not hope to surpass the old hero of the Frankfort team whose position he was to occupy. He had also noticed that many of the other players seemed to

act cold and harshly towards him as if they thought that the vacant position should be given to themselves. Yet at the request of Captain Wilson he had consented to enter the game.

With these hopes and fears the day dawned upon Frankfort. It was an ideal November day. The past night had been cold, and the morning, coming with a bright and unclouded sun, seemed to foster real football weather. Soon the streets of the little village were crowded with people. Many Copeland admirers were present, and it was evident that the Copeland supporters were no less anxious for the success of their team than were the Frankfort's for theirs.

Each of the different parties have some emblem of their favorite team. Some were wearing their college colors, others were singing college songs, or attracting attention by giving yells of various kinds.

Soon the crowds left the village for the grounds. There the main topic for discussion was that Fred Jackson was unable to participate in the game. This was a source of greatest disappointment to every Frankfort admirer. 'Twas then that all present hope of victory vanished, and there came a murmur of defeat from almost every tongue.

The time for the game had almost arrived and with it there came a change in the hundreds of people. As the teams took their places, that indifferent hustle of the crowd disappeared, and instead every spectator held his breath in expectancy. Frankfort was to receive the kick. Only an occasional whisper could be heard from the bleachers. The referee blew his whistle. Copeland kicked the ball and the game had begun.

It was a good kick for the ball fell far in the back field of the opposing team. Copeland, therefore, succeeded in downing her opponent before he was more than forty yards from their goal. Frankfort failed to make any gain and the ball passed over. Nor could Copeland in her turn make any gain over Frankfort. The skirmishing continued without gain for either team. The first half was drawing to an end, and Copeland, realizing that their only hope lay in attempting a drop kick for goal, forced their way to the center of the field directly

behind their goal posts. As a last resort they attempted a drop kick for goal and were successful. During the few minutes that remained for play neither team was able to make further gains; so at the end of the first half the score stood, Copeland 4, Frankfort 0.

'Twas then that crowds of enthusiastic Copeland admirers filled with hope and expectancy might have been seen crowding together. Realizing how much courage it would give his team, Bob Wilson many times longed for his faithful colleague, Fred Jackson, who had so many times played at his side. "And yet," he thought, "Morgan has not been given an opportunity for any superb play. No doubt the tide may yet turn, and victory come from our almost inevitable defeat."

The referee's whistle interrupted his thoughts. Hastily encouraging his men with a few inspiring words, he advanced with them to the field. Copeland was to receive the kick in her turn. No great gain was made in the beginning of the latter half, the skirmishing being limited to the field nearest the goal of Frankfort. Time and again the ball passed from one side to the other. Half the time had passed fruitlessly when, by a quick move, the Copeland quarter-back, by making a long end run, forced himself around the Frankfort line. He had started on his long run for a touchdown when Morgan downed him before he had made more than a ten yard gain. Copeland failed to make any further advances and the ball soon passed again to the Frankfort team, who were only about forty yards from the goal.

There remained now only a few minutes for play; Captain Wilson, of the Frankfort team, realized that they must act quickly or the game would be lost. Since they were so far from their goal he knew that it would be almost impossible to make a touchdown. Yet if they could succeed in working themselves to a position directly behind and, if possible, a little nearer the goal posts, they might be able to tie the score by making a drop kick for goal. Since Morgan was farthest from the centre it fell to his lot to make the first attempt for the desired end.

The signal was called; the ball passed. Quickly Morgan snatched it from the quarterback and started for the centre of the field. So swiftly was the play made that the opposing team were ignorant as to who had the ball until Morgan was well started around their lines. Then the thought of victory struck him. Knowing that he was almost around his opponent's line, he felt confident that if he could succeed in passing the defensive out-guard he might surely bring the victory to his team. It seemed that he could not run. Something, an invisible being as it were, seemed to retard the speed of his formerly active body. He had passed the Copeland line. The defensive out-guard was advancing to the line in the direction that he was going. If he could only pass that point before the other could reach it. Now he was almost opposite him. Yes he had succeeded in passing his opponent. He did not hear the meaningless voices of the helpless hundreds of Frankfort admirers as they rushed from their seats in the hope of urging him to victory. He only heard the rough tread of his pursuer as he gained ground each moment. He could hear the heavy breathing of his antagonist almost on his heels. Summoning all his strength for a final effort, he made a last and final dash just as he felt a pair of strong arms around his waist. Pressing the ball to his bosom, he fell down in the dust with his opponent and knew no more.

Early on the morning of the following day, Captain Wilson anxiously made his way to the room of Joe Morgan. The frown that crossed Joe's face as the Captain entered, quickly changed to a smile as Captain Wilson assured him that his name and fame were forever established in the hearts of Frankfort college.

S. J. KIRK, '12.

THE COLLEGE MAN'S MISSION.

The world today needs men. Men of integrity and courage; men who can face toils and dangers; yet tender as a mother, with a fear and reverence for the Almighty God. The world is not looking for men who spend their time in idleness; it is calling for men who have stood severe tests, men who can bear tribulation, and who are willing to sacrifice their own pleasures for service to humanity. Civilization is today needing men trained for the highest service, who in their training have received a meekness of spirit that will enable them to do the humblest work. Before a man can meet these requirements it is necessary for him to train his body, his mind and his soul.

That the college graduate has measured up to the world's standard of a man may be seen from the great percentage of them that have attained worthy recognition in the world. On an examination of the biographies of Americans, who have gained sufficient reputation in life to be counted among the foremost men of their time, we find that more than one-third have been college men. Considering the fact that only a very small percentage of the men of any age have a college education, this shows the great superiority of the college-trained man. It has been found that one man out of every forty who have graduated from American colleges has had his name written on the pages of history; while on the other hand not more than one out of ten thousand who have not received a college education has attained such distinction.

That Thomas Jefferson, a foremost educator should be chosen from the great number of statesmen of his time to write the greatest document of all ages, that John Marshall should be called from pursuing his studies to service in the great war of the revolution, and later to become our nation's greatest chief justice; that Alexander Hamilton, John Hay, Grover Cleveland, William Jennings Bryan, Joseph W. Folk, William H. Taft and Theodore Roosevelt should be chosen as leaders of the people is significant of the fact that college men stand pre-eminent in politics.

In the field of educational reform we have only to mention the name of Charles William Eliot, and "we see the man who for thirty critical years, as prime minister of our educational realm, has defied prejudice, conquered obstacles, lived down opposition, and reorganized our entire educational system." President Eliot's reforms have all been rooted in principles and purposes which at bottom are moral and religious. He has gone up and down the whole length of our educational line; condemning every defect; denouncing every abuse; exposing every sham; rebuking every form of incompetence and inefficiency, as treason to the truth, an injury to the community, and a crime against the individual. Though Dr. Eliot has accomplished much, he has only begun the task, he has set the pace, his work is being carried on by all classes of educators over our entire country.

When all Germany was to be freed from Catholicism, and the people to be delivered from persecution—Martin Luther, a college man, who was then teaching theology at Wittenberg, was called into God's service, and with tongue and pen shook the very foundations of the government, and established Protestantism throughout the whole empire.

To reach the highest success in life a man must have a keen intellect and a noble character. Though the college is able to endow him with neither, it broadens his mind and develops in him a nobility of soul not attained in any other manner. The purpose of the college should not be mental training on the one hand nor specialized knowledge on the other. The function of the college should be "liberal education—the opening of the mind to the great departments of human interests; the opening of the heart to the great spiritual motives of unselfishness and social service; the opening of the will to opportunity for wise and righteous self-control." At college, wisdom, justice, honesty, and loyalty become virtues of the diligent student. When a man graduates from college he should have learned to regulate appetite, to crush passion, to guide desires, to quicken affection, to prevent wrong and to stimulate right choices.

If we are to judge the future by the past we shall be compelled to say that the college man is destined to rule the world. The time is fast approaching if not already here, when to occupy any position of honor or trust a man must first prepare himself to perform the duties of such a position. Every day problems arise for the trained mind to solve. The great problems of sanitation and the protection of the health and life of the American people are now open to the college man. The interests of our great middle class must be looked after. Laws must be enacted and enforced that will prevent monopolies and modern rogues from robbing the common people and reducing them to a state of peasantry. This burden rests on the shoulders of the college man.

All political reforms must be presented to the people in an intelligent manner before they can be properly settled; to study the needed reforms and to place them before the people is today the work of the college man. The mission of the college man is great. Work is calling out to be done. He must hear its call—and the college man alone is able to hear it and understand it—and to him is the task of performance in the world's great work.

HENRY W. SMITH, '12.



JANE'S CHARMS.

"Is everything just right, dear?" inquired Lucile, coming in as if brought by a gust of wind. Her cheeks were flushed by the walk in the biting December air and her brown eyes sparkled from mere joy of living.

"Everything, I think, but the flowers," answered her sister Jane. "I left them for you to do. You were made to do such things and I was not." As she spoke she thought—"How beautiful Lucile looks now. She deserves all we can do for her and more." "You and Mary get ready now," she called back over her shoulder, as she hurried away to put the last touches to the dining-room, and "then" she thought, "I'll have time to jump into my evening attire before the guests arrive. It does not matter about me any way as it does about May and Lucile."

Jane was plain in appearance ways, and even her name. This was made more noticeable on account of the attractiveness of her sisters and especially that of Lucile, who was a queen among her friends at home and at school. She had come home for the Christmas holidays, bringing with her a classmate and chum, May Cromwel, to enjoy the festivities of her own home town.

It was for these that Jane was exerting her utmost energy. When she delved into the depths of her resourceful little brain for something that would please other people, it was very seldom that she emerged empty handed. And so it came about that the reception was being given at the Albright home, in honor of Lucile and her college friend. When Jane could be spared she ran to get ready and in a very short time was going down to the ball room from which the strains of a waltz were floating with such melody and rhythm that she knew the guests were dancing. On the landing she paused. She quickly scanned the faces. There was Lucile, so sweet and bewitching, in the midst of a group of admirers. There was May bestowing one of her most charming smiles upon some tall and handsome young gentleman as he came to ask for a waltz. And

this young man was, why it was Jack! She watched him as they came near where she stood. He was so intensely interested in May that he only gave her a slight glance and nod. For once she rebelled. "I do wish I was pretty or had even one thing about me to make other people like me. May and Lucile have so many admirers, it does seem to me they might leave me my only boy friend," she thought. This was only for a second. Then these thoughts rushed in so strong and fast that they crowded all others out. "O you old wicked thing, not to be satisfied with yourself and all the things that you have to make you happy! Of course it is all right—I am glad May likes him. He is so nice and handsome that I would never suit him as well as she. I am glad I have never shown him that I care—I was only a silly to even think he could be anything but a friend to me. He shall never know." She bravely passed on down into the crowd of happy people and as she chatted here and there to her friends, no one would have thought that she had a hidden sorrow. She was the same simple, unassuming Jane, whom every one loved. She seldom danced as she could not do it well and preferred watching the others. She was talking to an elderly gentleman when Jack with due apology for interruption, asked her to dance. "Or would she prefer to talk? If she had just as soon he had rather. He had something to tell her." They started away. She did not want to hear from him just yet of his love for May, but any way it might do as well now as another time. He seemed slightly embarrassed. Although they were very good friends, she surmised he hardly knew how to tell her. She would make it easy for him as she always did for every one.

"Isn't May just lovely? I am so glad you find her congenial. You two suit and I will be happy to give my congratulations any time. Now?"

O, that was just what he did not want to hear. She did not care for him or she could never say such things and look so perfectly happy. And he had thought he had seen in her eyes for a slight moment on the stairs a story that did him good. It had been for some one else or perhaps not at all. But why

should she mention that silly May? He had endured her frivolity as long as he could, and Jane thought he loved her!

"No, Jane. Do you think I could love a girl like that? She is pretty—but that is all. Don't you know that I lived a lie for one hour, just to see if you cared for me. When I saw you on the stairs I had some hope that you did a little. Now I see that I was mistaken. But you must know that I love you—I have for so long and have tried to win your love in return. Do not tell me that I have failed utterly. Your charms are not like May's, but they are such that make you far more beautiful to me. You are true and noble and—yes, lovely. Jane look at me!"

For once her name sounded good, and she was proud of it. She turned her face to him. Her eyes were filled with tears, not of grief but of joy and he understood.

CASSIE MENDENHALL, '12.



SOME OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Carlyle says: "The inventor of the spinning-jennie is pretty sure of his reward in his own day; but the writer of a true poem, like the apostle of a true religion, is nearly as sure of the contrary." This may, very readily, be applied to the great Scottish poet, Burns. At a time when much of Europe was in turmoil and strife, and when the age of Romanticism was in its infancy, this man was immortalizing by his songs, those parts of Scotland with which he was familiar.

Burns was a peasant by birth, a thing which, in his time, made it almost impossible to attain to any high degree of renown. His book learning was very scanty; he received, however, much valuable training from his parents; and the general atmosphere of his early surroundings was that of discipline and a certain degree of refinement—a picture of which is very beautifully shown in his "Cotter's Saturday Night." It was under such conditions that Burn's character was formed. He was a farmer, a tenant among the unfertile hills of Scotland, and, though he refers to portions of his farm life as being like unto that of a galley slave, he found time to study nature; and if the love for nature was not born in him, he soon developed it.

Burns' love has been spoken of by Carlyle as his great characteristic. This may be regarded in two ways—his love for nature and his love for woman. The daisy was not turned under by his plough without his notice. His love for nature inspired many of his best poems, such as, "To a Mountain Daisy," "Ye Banks an' Braes o' Bonnie Doon," "Banks of Devon," and many others, and nearly all of his poems have some connection with nature. His poetic creed was:

"Give me ae spark o' nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At plough or cart,
My muse, though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart."

Perhaps this creed would not have received a very hearty welcome by the school of Pope, but Burns knew little of such a class of poets. His heart had been touched by the loves and sorrows of life; and his poetry was, truly, the spontaneous overflow of that heart. Burns' love for nature, however, was a small part of this one characteristic. His love for woman far surpassed that for nature; and it is through this specific channel that we receive his very best works, and probably all. Upon his own authority, his poetry was the result of love. "I never had the least thought or inclination of turning poet," he says, "till I once got heartily in love, and then rhyme and song were in a manner, the spontaneous language of my heart." Previous to this time he was an unfinished harp, but he soon produced melodies that thrilled with admiration all classes in Scotland by such songs as: "Ae Fond Kiss," "Highland Mary," "Mary in Heaven," "Scots, who hae wi' Wallace bled," and numerous others. This animation was not confined to his early life, but we find that after he had taken Jean Armour as his wife he writes of her:

"I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air;
There's not a bonie flower that springs
By fountain, show, or green;
There's not a bonie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean."

There is one characteristic which seems to be indispensable to a good poet—a sympathetic nature. This quality, noticeable in all great poets, especially in Shakspeare, is, to me, the noblest element of Burns' character. His sympathy not only embraced human beings, but he felt keenly the hardships of the lower animals. He used to sit in his shanty during a snow storm, with clay-daubed walls around him and a ragged roof over his head. Here his heart would go out to the dumb animals, and especially to the birds. His intention was to pro-

fect all the lower animals, rather than destroy them. Some instances in his every-day life gives us an idea of the extent of his sympathy for the weak and unprotected. While following the plough one cold November day, Burns turned out a mouse with her nest. He was touched with compassion for the "Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie," and the beautiful poem which is a result of this little occurrence shows the simplicity as well as the sympathy of his wonderful nature. At another time a wounded hare, which a neighboring tenant had just shot at, came limping by him; his anger was kindled at once. He ordered the hunter out of his sight, and afterward wrote in graphic verse, first a curse upon the hunter:

"Inhuman man! Curse on thy barb-rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;—
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor every pleasure glad thy cruel heart!"

He then turns his attention to the poor wounded animal, and in four beautiful verses he pours out his heart in real sympathy for the dying hare:

"Go, live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains;
No more the thickening breakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield."

It is evident from the first of these verses, quoted above, that Burns was a man of some passion, while the other expresses clearly the deep sympathy which he had for all helpless creatures. Most of Burns' poems are so filled with this wide reaching sympathy that if he had lacked in that one great characteristic, we should not, today, have "The Little Valchusa Fountain," the water of which is so refreshing to the tired mind.

H. S. SAWYER, '12.

THE CITY COUSIN.

Mildred Hamilton was tired of the life she was leading. She was a member of a wealthy aristocratic family. Because of her sweet and lovable disposition she was the very centre of attraction in her circle of friends, therefore her time was always taken up in either a social or charitable way. The strenuous life was telling on her so much that she began to look around for some way of breaking away from it for a few days. On contrasting her life with that of her cousin, Marian Bryce, who lived in the country she thought the change from city to country would do her good, so she decided on the spur of the moment to visit her cousin and suiting the action to the word she wrote to her of her intention.

Imagine Marian's consternation when she read her cousin Mildred's letter. Nothing it seemed to her could have come in such an inopportune time. It being the regular house-cleaning time and fall harvest everything was topsy turvy. Not a thing was in readiness for a visitor, especially one from the city; but not knowing of anything to better her situation, Marian set about, with a dread in her heart, to get the big old farm-house in order. With no one to help except her mother she found it anything but easy to get ready for Mildred in the short notice she had given her. The dread in Marian's heart was lest her cousin should be of a haughty, disdainful temper. If she had really known her true disposition she would have set about her work with a light heart. However at length, everything was in readiness and the hour for Mildred's arrival came. On the hearths in both the dining-room and parlor bright wood fires were burning, making everything cheerful and home-like; the dining-table was loaded with good things to eat. The weather outside was just the kind to sharpen one's appetite. Mildred was cordially met and welcomed by her uncle and aunt and her two cousins, Marian and Edward.

Since Mildred had really come Marian wanted to arrange to give her a good time. This she hardly knew how to do as she was not accustomed to entertaining. Anyway she formed the

plan of giving an informal reception to her friends and associates in Mildred's honor. This plan she mentioned to Mildred who at once exclaimed, "Oh, how lovely of you to think of giving me such a good time, but don't you think it will be too much trouble for you?" Nevertheless Marian invited the young people to come in and spend the evening. At the appointed time each one came eager to see the girl from the city and to see how she would act. At first sight they were all charmed by this city cousin. She exerted her every effort to assist Marian in giving the guests an enjoyable time. Among the guests was a stalwart young man who seemed to be inclined to spend the time in conversation rather than to take part in the games which engaged the attention of most the company, consequently he soon had Marian at his side when she should have been chiefly interested in her guests. But Mildred was willing to take her cousin's place entirely if she could have the pleasure of seeing Marian's eyes twinkle and see her so happy. When the time came for refreshments everything was in confusion, in the midst of which Marian's brother, Edward, who had been playing an insignificant part during the evening heard a knock at the door. On going to answer he found to his great satisfaction his beloved college chum, Carlyle Cameron, who was touring through the country in an automobile. The young man's machine had found it necessary to break down at this point in the journey. Edward took his friend in and introduced him to his sister, thence to the parlor. As soon as they entered, the people near Mildred saw her cheeks flush and then pale as she gave a muffled, "Oh!" When Carlyle was introduced to her he too realized the awkwardness of the situation.

Soon the reception was over and all the guests went home leaving behind many expressions of what a good time they had had. There were left as company for the night, Mildred and Edward's friend. Marian telling her friend Jim a lingering good-night, lets him go home with a happy heart. Mildred and Carlyle left in the parlor alone renewed old times and old discords. She took her seat on the settee and he was soon by her side, both gazed into the slowly dying embers; taking her

hands in his and looking into her beautiful blue eyes Carlyle said, "Dearest Mildred, I have loved you all these years, tell me, Mildred, do you love me?" She did not answer him, but when Marian returned a moment later Mildred's flushed face and beaming eyes told her that the entertainment of a city cousin was not such a difficult task after all.

M. I. W., '12.



"CLASS PROPHECY."

Pekin, China, April 1, 1961.

Dear Friend:

It is almost midnight, but I shall take time to write you about the occupation of some of the old Guilford students.

First, let me tell you about the awful accident that happened to Cassie Mendenhall, who was out riding in the new aeroplane she has just built. She ran into one of those large birds that live in the Andes and was nearly clawed to death. She was on her way to spend Christmas with Mary I. White, who is teaching school in the woods of Maine. The doctors think Cassie will be able to travel in a month or so.

All our class was invited to the lovely home of Mr. and Mrs. Hines, and at first we felt like strangers, for every one was so changed from what they were back in 1909 at Guilford.

You know Annie Benbow has Miss Louise's place and she looks so old. The care of so many girls is telling on her dreadfully. Mary Taylor is teaching music at Guilford. You know she and Annie were always such chums they could not be happy without each other. Elva Strickland is married to a rich Spaniard. Think of it! After always declaring that two of the things she hated most were men and dogs, she has taken one for better or worse; next thing she'll be buying a dog to take around in her fine carriage with her. While we were standing around talking over old times a familiar voice cried out, "All these *old* ladies you?" And there stood Bessie Moore dressed in the latest Paris fashions, as she was right from that city; and she began to comment on our old-fashioned dress and the way of doing our hair. This got too much for Miss Harmon, who said: "Miss Moore, it seems to me that as proff. of Chaldee, Calculus, Astronomy and Aeronatics at the W. of N. C., I might dress to suit myself, and wear my hair over my ears too, if I wish." Ed. Benbow is still a student at G. C. Poor fellow! His dreams of getting through in 1911 were never realized. William Graves is a mature bachelor, but the last time I heard of him he was contemplating matri-

mony with May. The idea of his trying to marry, he must be sixty, at least. Mr. Kirk is proprietor of a large shoe store in Greensboro. Arthur Moore is a widower and looking around for Mrs. Moore No. 2. Poor Arthur never was the same after he found Cassie cared more for aeroplanes than for him. Herbert Sawyer and Henry Smith, U. S. Senators. They will get enough of debating now, I hope. Charles White is leader of a big band in California. He always was a fine musician. John Woosley is missionary to the heathen in Africa. His crown will be full of stars, but poor little Africans! Suddenly a late arrival is announced. And a quaint figure enters carrying a lunch basket, maltese cat and a Poll parrot; we would never have known Catherine if she hadn't been engaged in her old habit of chewing gum. Alpheus is married and the captain of a vessel at sea. No one is left but Geno, and out in the old Guilford graveyard is a moss-grown grave which bears this inscription: "*Miss Geno Young, aged 96.*" Disappointed in love at the age of nineteen she never married.

Will write later.

Your friend,

ELLA D. YOUNG, '12.

THANKSGIVING AND SOPHOMORE HISTORY.

You have probably heard of brilliant classes but none half so brilliant as the one about which I am going to tell you. This particular class was not usually spoken of as a real hard-working class, but one which could be called moderate in all things. However one day it made for itself a name which will always be remembered. It was the Monday following the holidays given for Thanksgiving. The weather was unusually warm producing a slight stupor resembling the first stages of the sleep caused by the bite of the deadly fly in Africa. Combined with this was the fact that nearly all the class had been home Thanksgiving and had been up late at night either enter-

taining or being entertained. These conditions combined are always apt to produce such brilliant answers as the Sophomore history class gave the Monday following Thanksgiving.

After a few preliminary remarks Mr. Carroll said: "This history is getting interesting to us now, as it has much to do with early American history, so I hope you are well-prepared. Mr. Henley will you please tell us of the great achievement of Magellan?" Henley had been napping but was sufficiently awake to reply, "Why, yes, he sailed up and down the coast of Africa three times, I believe." At this the class laughed heartily, except "Sandlap," who was also enjoying a nap. Mr. Carroll happened to see him, and so he said, "Walker Allen, will you please wake up, and tell us what feat Magellan performed that no other man had done before him?" After a few minutes "Sandlap" gave a correct answer. This seemed to encourage the professor, so he determined to try again. "Miss Strickland will you tell what it is that makes Copernicus so famous?" "He discovered Peru," was the reply. Professor was not to be outdone so he inquired of "Perk" what great inventions belong to this age. Perk thought for a minute, and replied, "Why they discovered spectacles on the southern coast of Italy." A hearty laugh followed, when the professor determined to make a final effort said, "Kirk do you remember any discovery of importance during the past two years?" Kirk straightened up and in tone of voice indicating that he had been out too late during the past cold nights replied, "The discovery of America, sir." This was too much, so warning us of the result of many such lessons the professor dismissed us with the hope of a better knowledge of the same lesson on the following day.

ONE OF THE CLASS.

The Guilford Collegian

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Societies

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Editorials.

According to last year's plan adopted by the COLLEGIAN staff, it falls on the Sophomores to present this, the December issue. In presenting this issue we feel that we have not done what we could have done had we not had some other work on our hands at the same time. However, we have done what we could under the circumstances, and we will leave it to the readers of the magazine to say whether or not we have failed.

The staff, consisting of J. B. Woosley, Elva Strickland editors, and H. W. Smith, H. S. Sawyer, M. Isabella White, and Ella D. Young, associate editors, wish to thank the entire class for their interest in this their publication.

Be a Well-Rounded Man or Woman. There is at every college a class of students whose sole aim is to pass the regular work required in the college curriculum. The class to which I refer never enter into society work, inter-class debates, Y. M. C. A. work, athletics, or the healthy social life which usually prevails at a co-educational institution. And if we follow these students closely after they leave college we shall find that nine times out of ten they grow to be men and women without that essential of success commonly known as "good horse sense."

The world today does not need men of this type, but is earnestly calling for the well-rounded man. The time when theoretic knowledge made an educated man is past, and now we are in the midst of an age when practical and experimental knowledge is the criterion of a true education. It is therefore evident that that class of students who day by day pore over their studies even though they learn the contents thoroughly, unless they mingle with the other students and enter into the practical phases of college life will be found wanting when the test comes. We do not believe in slighting the regularly prescribed course, but we do believe that these other things should receive their full quota of attention, for in them will be found those elements constituting a well-rounded character. And as these four years are the formative period of our lives it behooves us to acquire the habit of not only doing the work required, but also to take an active part in all phases of college life. In so doing we will become broader in our knowledge, broader in our views, and broader and better in everything.

The Christmas Spirit. Soon the boys and girls will be leaving college to spend the Christmas holidays at home.

We hope each one will have a good time and return next year with the determination to take up his work more earnestly and faithfully. There is no other season of the year so delightful as the Christmas holidays, and this is on account of its simplicity and self-forgetfulness. Both great and small can enter into this season and understand it. The self-forgetfulness which is spread abroad at this time makes the world a beautiful place and gives us a glimpse of how pleasant life would be if this spirit should be retained throughout the year. The four months of faithful grinding and absence from home seems to lend a new charm and beauty to the dear old place, and, surely, home never seemed so dear, or the friends there so true. When we think of it, we realize that we have more cause to be thankful now than at Thanksgiving in returning thanks for the greatest of all gifts, even the Savior, whose birthday we now commemorate.

Students' Use of Time. As college students we are constantly reminded of the fact that we should not let present pleasure offset future good. Our school duties should be foremost in our minds; we should therefore use our allotted time for study in such a manner as will be for our greatest profit. Lounging around in each other's rooms, loafing at the stores, leisurely standing around on the campus and attending all the fairs and circuses which are such frequent occurrences in the autumn season, do us no good whatever; we do not receive anything inspiring or elevating from these things, they are simply a waste of time. The old adage that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is as true as it ever was, but what we want is the wholesome, invigorating kind of play that will make us feel the better for having had it. Then, too, if we play when we are supposed to play

and work when we are supposed to work we shall have accomplished the end for which we were striving. We may manage to skim along through our college course with little study and a great waste of time. The rub will come when we have to meet and cope with actual life on our own responsibility. We shall then regret that we ever let one single bit of our school life go by without making some good use of it.

When parents make a great sacrifice to send us to school, a thing which many do, with the expectation that we are going to make the best possible use of our opportunity, it is our place to see to it that they are not disappointed, but to make them feel that they are amply rewarded for what they have done. If we do this we ourselves shall feel better, besides satisfying our parents. It is not too late now to begin to put our energies and ambitions together for a purpose that will count for much when we are older.

Our Rural High Schools. There has been no step of more vital importance taken along educational lines in North Carolina since the establishment of the common public school system than the act of the General Assembly of 1907 appropriating \$45,000 for the establishment of public high schools in the rural districts and in those villages containing less than 1,200 inhabitants. With this \$45,000 156 public high schools have been established in eighty-one counties of the State enrolling 3,949 country boys and girls in the first year of their history.

The above-mentioned facts carry with them an unusual amount of meaning both to the colleges and the citizenship of our State. It means a more highly educated citizenship in that a great many who have not even had high school advantages will now not only have these opportunities, but, judging from the first year's enrollment, will make good use of them.

It has a threefold meaning to our colleges. In the first place the high school bridges the chasm between the public school course and the college curriculum and as a result those who would not hitherto go to college on account of this deficiency will now do so, as they will be enabled to enter the Freshmen class of our best colleges. Furthermore students will be found in the colleges because in them has sprung up a yearning for more knowledge, a yearning which originated from a good high school course and which can only be satisfied by a four-year course in a leading college or university. Besides, these high schools will tend to make the preparatory departments of our colleges less important and the care and attention now placed on these departments can be centralized on the main college course.

After all has been said that can be said the Assembly of North Carolina has taken one more upward stride, and we hope and believe that ere a few more assemblies have met North Carolina will cease to be so near the bottom in education, but will forge ahead to a position befitting her as one of the leading agricultural and manufacturing States of the South.



Athletics.

With the coming of winter, athletics, while in a measure partly diminished, has in no manner been completely ignored. 'Tis remarkable that as one game passes with the season there as quickly comes another in its stead. Baseball and tennis come and go in their turn, and with their passing is ushered in that no less exciting and popular game, basket ball. Almost ever since the opening of college there has been a body of students who, under the leadership of Prof. Binford, have given no little attention to practice in basket ball, and as a consequence Guilford College this season has one of the strongest teams that she has ever produced.

While the schedule for the basket-ball season has not been completed, it is hoped that game may be arranged with all of the leading nearby colleges. On December 2, the first game of the season was played with Trinity College. The Trinity men were wholly unable to withstand the Guilford boys who entered the game with a determination to win. From the very start they showed their superiority over the Trinity team. While the large score, 25 to 8, seems that it would detract interest from the game, it was, nevertheless, full of enthusiasm from start to finish. Only one free goal was made, the ball being passed twelve times with ease through the difficult net by the Guilford boys mid the shouts and cheers of a goodly number of Guilford rooters. The work of the entire team cannot be too highly commended.

During the past few weeks football has also suddenly sprung up among the boys. The fact that several of them have been rather roughly handled has only induced the boys with a greater love for the game. While it is not hoped to equip a team for the present season, which is almost past, it is possible with the material that the college has to put forth a team next season that will prove winners.

Track work too is being no less encouraged in order that the opening of the season in the coming spring may find us efficiently prepared for track meets with various colleges.

Nor is the faculty slow to encourage athletics. Not only do they insist on it for the spirit of the sport, but also from the necessity of enjoining health of body and vigor of mind.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The quadrennial convention of the Students' Volunteer Movement is to be held in Rochester, New York, from December 29 to January 2. The Guilford College Association will be represented by two delegates. Dennis Gray has been chosen as the representative from the student body and Prof. Binford as the representative from the faculty.

At this convention there will be the very best speakers on missionary subjects that can be found in North America, and there will be a large number of missionaries direct from the field from all over the world.

This convention cannot help being a great benefit to any one who attends. It will give him accurate knowledge of what is actually being accomplished on the field and will put him in sympathy with the work. This will mean much to our delegates personally, and they in turn will benefit the Association by coming back full of inspiration and creating more interest in the great work of winning the world for Christ.

The weekly prayer meetings have as a rule been well attended this year. The men have been interested. The leaders have given time and thought to these subjects and have made their talks applicable to student life. On December 2d we were very glad to have Mrs. Hobbs talk to us. Her talks are always helpful and on practical subjects. This time she talked to us about how to look for our calling in life. She said that we ought not to wait for some mysterious event or some great vision to show us what course we should pursue, but to begin now by doing those smaller things which we see ought to be done and which lie in our power to do. By doing the little

things as we have opportunity the way will be opened for greater usefulness. These are truths well worth considering.

We said above that the prayer meetings had been well attended. That is true. But there is room for improvement in the character of the meetings. The men depend too much upon the leader. More of us ought to take part in the prayer service and in the discussions of the topic presented. This will make the meetings more vital. It will help the ones that hear and it will strengthen the Christian life of those who take part.

OUR NEED.

The Association has many needs that could be mentioned. The hall needs improving. We need new hymn books and a musical instrument; we need to have more outside speakers; but our greatest and most vital need is a more thorough consecration to the work on the part of the president, the cabinet, Bible class leaders and the rank and file. The opportunities are here before us. We can both develop ourselves into strong Christian men and we can help our fellow students to do so. Let every one of us consecrate ourselves to the cause of Jesus Christ and to the work of the Association anew and with renewed zeal and determination work!

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The Y. W. C. A. has not been idle during the past two months.

The Bible and Mission Study classes have been begun. The majority of the girls have joined one of the three Bible classes. The Mission Study campaign however was not quite so successful but we hope to show those who have not yet joined one of the six classes reasons for doing so.

We have begun to plan to send delegates to the summer conference which is held at Asheville in June each year. Two

plays, "Trouble at Satterlee's," and "Not a Man in the House," were given November 20. This was quite successful. Another successful means for raising this fund was a bazaar given Saturday afternoon, December 4. Besides the fancy work sold, booth refreshments were served. A few good side shows were also an interesting feature.

October 31 a hallowe'en party was given to the October and part of the July girls. December 4 the November and the other July girls were entertained. These parties are much enjoyed by the girls.

November 11-14 the Virginia-Carolina Territorial Conference was held at Richmond, Virginia. Our Association was represented by Annie Stratford, Margaret Rutledge and Pearl Gordon. The delegates were entertained with real Virginian hospitality. Th meetings were most interesting, and many helpful suggestion were given. The delegates gave very interesting reports of this convention at the regular business meeting of the Association November 20.



THE SENIOR-JUNIOR DEBATE.

The first inter-class debate of the year came off on the evening of December 4th between the representatives of the Senior and Junior classes. The weather was fine, and a large crowd was gathered in Memorial Hall to hear the young men vie with each other for intellectual supremacy. The Senior team, consisting of E. S. King, J. E. Sawyer and Leroy Miller, defended the affirmative side of the following question, *Aside from its constitutionality, Resolved, That Congress should levy a tax on personal incomes, allowing an exemption of \$3,000.* R. H. Fitzgerald, J. G. Briggs and E. L. Hudson, for the Juniors, upheld the negative.

Mr. King opened the debate for the affirmative by showing that there was an ever-increasing deficit in our treasury, and that our financial situation has reached a place where it demands immediate attention. He contended that a bond issue to prevent deficits is an unwise policy as it would lay unbearable burdens on future generations and in the end lead to bankruptcy. He contended further that to cut appropriations is also unwise. He showed further that even if the new laws just passed would yield sufficient income, that the present tariff law is unjust, and calls for a downward revision which would mean a treasury deficit. Therefore Congress must levy an income tax. He concluded his speech by outlining the question as the affirmative would debate it.

Mr. Fitzgerald spoke first for the negative. He began by reviewing the history of the income tax, showing that the only time it was used was immediately after the civil war when our treasury was in much worse condition than it now is. He showed further that when it was passed in 1893 that the people flatly refused to pay it, and accordingly it was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. From this he showed that the tax was not just as a temporary measure. He claimed further that it was also against American principles. In conclusion he said that the conditions of the present times do not demand a temporary income tax and to levy it would be a gross injustice to the American people.

Mr. Sawyer, second on the affirmative, opened his speech by summing up the argument produced by his colleague. He then showed that there was no tax that could eliminate deficits except the income tax. Discussing at length the corporation tax he showed it to be unconstitutional, as it would interfere with the sovereignty of the state. Furthermore he declared it would not raise enough revenue to eliminate prospective deficits. Then he pointed out the fact that inheritance tax places a penalty on death, and furthermore it is a state measure. After proving that neither of these would work, he then showed that income tax was the only remedy; that it was just and elastic, and the only measure that would meet the demands of the deficits.

Mr. Briggs, second for the negative, after giving a brief summary of the speech of his colleague, showed that income tax was unjust. He claimed that it was not in accordance with those economic principles underlying our government to use this tax as a permanent measure. He contended that it was a tax on thrift and industry, and that such a tax is unjust. He then compared our country with some of those who have the income tax, and showed that conditions were not the same, and that it would not suit this country though it has worked well in England. He contended further that it was a blow against states rights. He concluded with a short summary.

Mr. Miller was the last speaker for the affirmative. He showed, first, that all the leading nations of the world have the income tax firmly established, and that it furnishes a large part of their revenue. He took England for example, where it has been used successfully for 68 years. He proved in the second place that the income tax is entirely practical for the United States. We used it, he continued, from 1863 to 1873 and it was satisfactory. He claimed that it was done away with only when high tariff began to raise so much money that it was no longer needed to raise revenue. He contended further that the income tax is practical because it is no more odious, inquisitorial, or corrupt than any other form of taxation, and that it could be as successfully carried out as the

present property tax. He concluded by summing up the argument for the affirmative.

As the leader for the negative had said, Mr. Hudson, proposed their substitute which was a slight decrease or at least a check upon the yearly expenditures of our nations. He set forth clearly the enormous sum now being spent by our government, and emphasized the fact that if our nation has managed for the last few years to increase her receipts despite these enormous expenditures, that she will be more able to increase them when the expenditures have been properly checked. Then by comparing our extravagance with that of ancient Rome he drew the conclusion that the proposed substitute is the best and only safe remedy for the present financial difficulty. He closed by suming up the negative's argument.

On the second round Mr. King attacked the substitute proposed by the negative and declared it would not work because with the increase of wealth and population of our nation there must necessarily come a great increase in expenditures. He also succeeded in tearing down some of the objections offered by the negative against income tax.

Mr. Fitzgerald, for the negative, in his rebuttal, declared that income tax would not work as it could not be collected. He further contended that the substitute proposed by the negative was the best, and that appropriations were actually going to be decreased. This he proved from the message which President Taft is preparing for next Congress.

The judges, Mr. Ragan, Mr. Peele and Mr. Parham decided two in favor of the affirmative.

J. B. WOOSLEY, '12.

THE CLAY-PHILO RECEPTION.

Among the social events which have occurred this year at Guilford *none* have been enjoyed more than the reception extended by the Clays to the Philomathians on the evening of November the nineteenth. The fact that the number of receptions usually given by the four societies have been limited made the occasion a source of double enjoyment to us. The exercise for the evening was a debate; the subject, Resolved, That the labor unions are beneficial to workingmen, was most interestingly and intelligently discussed on the affirmative by Bascom Palmer and Robert King, and on the negative by Robert Collier and Hugh Stewart. The morning after we received the invitation one girl was heard to make this remark: "We are always served royally when we visit the Clays," and this time was indeed no exception to the rule.

WEBSTERIAN-ZATASIAN RECEPTION.

The most enjoyable occasion of the year for the Zatasians was the evening spent with the Websterians at their regular meeting on December 3, 1909. After we had been ushered into the hall by the marshal we were entertained by a most interesting debate, well given by A. O. Mixon and Samuel J. Kirk on the affirmative, and A. K. Moore and George T. Perkins on the negative. It was very instructive, the question being, Resolved, That the elective system practised by American colleges should be restricted. This was followed by a song, the praise of which will be enough to say that it was given by the Websterian quartette. These were the literary features of the evening, but the best was yet to come. The spirit of good fellowship that prevailed throughout the evening and the de-

licious and appropriate refreshments that were served made every one enjoy the social hour so thoroughly that when the first bell rang, an onlooker could not but have noticed the shadow of sorrow or more of resigned martyrdom that passed over each face. For apparently every Websterian was wholly at the service of his lady and the ladies not being indifferent to these efforts, tried not to think, as they gaily said good night, of the long time before the Zatasians could visit the Websterians again.



Exchanges.

EDITORS—HENRY W. SMITH AND M. ISABELLA WHITE.

It is with great pleasure that we again as class editors take up the work of reading and criticising our many exchanges. It has been impossible for us to commend all that was worthy of praise or to call attention to those deserving adverse criticism.

The State Normal Magazine for November is worthy of special mention. It is in a modest but neat and attractive cover, and its literary matter is arranged in splendid order. We are impressed with the picture of Hon. J. Y. Joyner, and like to think of the fact that a North Carolinian is now at the head of the National Educational Association. The two poems in this number, "Hope" and "The Boundless Sea," are good, especially the latter. We think that this poem will measure up to Wordsworth's standard, that "All good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings." The editorial, "An Open Question," should receive the attention of every college student and teacher. The articles in this number are strong and to be appreciated, though the one, "From a Student's Point of View," is rather wordy. While the thought is good and shows that it is mere selfishness to work with the sole aim of making high marks, yet we have to wade through too many words to find it. The stories are below the standard. If the principal character in "The Theft" had been made a person of any importance the story would have been good. Taken as a whole the State Normal Magazine is among our best exchanges.

The Mercury is an attractive little paper. It is particularly strong in good essays; "The Wrong of Waste" shows clearly what is meant by good economy. "Frescoing a Lost Art" shows much study and preparation, and makes an appeal for the revival of this art. "The Voter's Dominant Principles: What They Should Be," is a well worked up appeal for the highest type of citizenship. The stories are not so good as

the essays. "A Narrow Escape" is by no means the kind of story we should wish to see in a college magazine. The fact that this number contains no verse of any kind speaks poorly for the Muse.

The Acorn is worthy of a high place among our exchanges. The editorials demonstrate the working spirit of the staff, and the articles, stories and poems are all of high order.

The Davidson College Magazine is probably the best exchange we have received this month. The strength of every department indicates that it is under excellent management. "The Psychoscope" is an amusing story; yet it brings out vividly the necessity of every individual doing original work.

The Trinity Archive for this month is, as a whole, a well worked up magazine; but especially do we want to commend the editorial on "The Misconception of College Life." It reminds us forcibly of the fact that what we amount to in the future depends largely upon what we do now.

In general the stories in the Wake Forest Student are not the kind we like to see printed in college magazines; the ideas in them are not elevating. But the articles are good and instructive and the poems show deep thinking on the part of the authors.

We acknowledge with thanks our regular exchanges, as well as several new ones.

Locals and Personals.

ELLA YOUNG AND H. S. SAWYER.

James R. Jones, of Indiana, visited the college last month.

Dr. White and his new bride were at the college recently.

Misses Lura Hendricks and Margaret Rutledge spent Thanksgiving with Hazel Briggs at High Point.

Geno Young spent Thanksgiving at the home of her parents in Purcellville, Virginia.

Ella Young spent Thanksgiving in Asheboro at the home of Miss Mary Belle Kivett, a student of this college.

Misses Gertrude Wilson, Maud Dickens and Edna Laughlin, of Asheboro, spent Thanksgiving at the college, visiting Misses Ivey Wilson, Isley Cox and Bess Loughlin.

Ralph Parker, of High Point, visited Miss Julia White during the holidays.

Miss Callie Nance spent Thanksgiving with Miss Elva Strickland at High Point.

Miss Julia White spent Sunday in High Point.

The tennis game with Washington and Lee was just grand, wasn't it?

The faculty recently saw fit, much to the regret of every one, to change the number of society receptions from eight to four a year.

On December 11 the Sophomore and Freshmen will debate the query: Resolved, "That in view of the present deficit in our treasury, governmental appropriations should be decreased."

The Junior orations will be delivered on December 18.

A number of G. F. girls visited the college a few days ago.

We are very glad to report that we have moved into our new library, and work is progressing rapidly on King Hall, so that it will not be long until we will be in better condition for work than at any previous stage in the history of the college.

"JABS."

Ask Mr. Couch what makes the cement "Flo?"

Mary Belle: "I don't care how many *Dees* I get on my report."

What is Mary's favorite flower?

Ans. Sweet *William*.

What is Hazel's favorite color?

Ans. R. E. D.

Annabell: (Bemoaning her report grades): "Well, one good thing about it, I got "A" on my *reportment*."

We hear Miss Craig has *Fitz* continually.

Judge Clark (wanting to see everything at the fair said to his companion on seeing the sign *Exit* above a door): "Let's do see that." They *came out* much benefitted.

Hugh White (reading Latin): "Ab me, jam" (yam).

Non one could ever use the 'phone at Guilford there was always a *Wrenn* on the line.

Ask Kemp if he enjoys his meals any more than he used to?

Mary Belle: (In the dark) "Where is your back?"

Beulah: "O, my *Bac*? He's in Greensboro."

Clara: "Have you read Shakespeare's works?"

Ethel: "Yes, indeed, I read them as soon as they came out."

Miss Cox and Mr. Free were talking in the hall. When Miss Louise thought they had talked long enough she sent Miss Cox upstairs.

Mr. Carroll (from the front porch): "*Free* thyself."

Our Visiting Student (To Miss Louise): "Mamma doesn't know what a faculty is, and neither do I; so she told me to come home and maybe I'd find out."

M. B. (Going into Ethel's room): "What are you trying to do?"

Ethel: "Trying to work arithmetic. Say, will eight be divided by five? I've tried and tried, and I never saw or heard tell of five going into eight in all my life, and I've studied *several* arithmetics."

Idyll went into the show *Free*.

Verda: "Tell me some good chapter to read in my Bible to-night."

Elva: "Read the tenth chapter of Leviticus."

Verda (misunderstanding the name): "Well, Whitaker may be in your Bible, but it certainly isn't in mine."

Miss Craig (at recital): "Rebecca Phoenix will now play 'Golden Roses' by *Henitz*."

Even playing Heintz music.

Mary B. (at class meeting to George P.): "I've got you all right."

Congratulations are next in order.

Miss Huffines' latest literary production is "An Ode to a *Wrenn*."

John W. (at class meeting): "Say, somebody answer this question. I want to know, do you have to go all the way around the girls to find their arms when they have on these new fangled capes?"

Ask *nercy Perkins* if he got enough dinner the last time he went into the kitchen for it.

Bess (in Biology): "I am not tall enough to see into my microscope without sitting on a book."

Prof. Binford: "I should think it would be rather hard on the book."

J. B. (on finding a cap on the roof at Founders's was heard to remark): "It must be Idyl's as it has golden locks in it."

Prof. White (On Solid Geometry): "Charles, when are ten prisms equal?"

Charles N. M.: "When they are of the same size."

Big Bowman (working with aluminum in the Physics Laboratory): "What is this *Album* for?"

Bulla (translating Livy): "The beginning of all turmoil begins with a woman."

Prof. White (in Geometry): "What shape was the Holy of Holies?"

Arthur Moore: "A equilateral, rectangular, paralleloped."

Woosley: "She is the very embodiment of ease."

Hendrix: "There was a bombardment in the east? Did you say?"

Lillie Mae (In a poetic mood):

Ich liebe die Blumen

Ich liebe das Spiel

Ich liebe die Schule

Ich liebe Smithdeal.

Prof. Jay (In Biblical History): "If some one carried off your wife what would you do, Mr. Hines?"

Hines: "Go after her, you bet!"

(Heard at Bazaar.) J. B. (exhibiting her two species of rat): "Now I know the boys will laugh at us when we call a mouse a rat."

C. M.: "No, they won't, because a mouse always grows into a rat, anyway."

R. P. to C. N.: "Lend me your 'comforter,' those little things you make a circle with."

Prof. Hobbs (On Geometry): Pythagoras, who lived in the sixth century B. C., proved that in any right triangle the

square of hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. He then organized a secret society and worked mathematics to a larger extent. People finally became suspicious and killed him *once*.

In History: "Perkins, will you tell us what 'cosmopolitan' means?"

Reddy Perk: "No, sir, it sounds too much like Botany for me."

Wonder if Mr. Cranford received his letter addressed as follows:

"Carry me away at a rapid rate
To Guilford College in the Old North State,
And lay me down and let me be,
'Till Ivey Cranford calls for me."

COLLEGE DICTIONARY—ABRIDGED EDITION.

The Darkest Boy—*Black*.

Needed in the Pantry—*Butler*.

The Sailing Vessels—*Briggs*.

Our Dog—*Barker*.

The Gamester—*Bowman*.

Our Vegetables—*Beans*.

The Dark Ones—*Browns*.

Our Red, White and Blue Girl—*Bunting*.

The Girl Who Can't Live Up to Her Name—*Be-a-man*.

Necessary to Each Other—*Bowman* and *Benbow*.

The Comfortable One—*Couch*.

Our Churches—*Chappells*.

The Beasts of Burden—*Campbells*.

The Game Girl—*Cox*.

Our Weekly Paper—*Collier*.

Our Young Boy—*Childs*.

The Sweet Song—*Carroll*.

The Beheaded King—*Charles*.

A Modern Invention—*Coletraine*.

No Desirable on Reports—*Dees*.

Noted in Grand Opera—*Faust*.

The Crafty One—*Fox*.

The Independent One—*Free*.
The Top Story of a House—*Garrett*.
The Sombre One—*Graves*.
One of Our Colors—*Grey*.
A Discoverer—*Hudson*.
A Popular Watch—*Howard*.
The Pickle Man—*Hine(s)*.
No House Complete Without Her—*Hall*.
A Good Blender—*Harmon(y)*.
A Rheumatic Resort—(*H*) *Otwell*.
Results of Laughing (?)—*Hic(cough)*.
The Evergreen Vine—*Ivey*.
A Noted General—*Jackson*.
The Royal Ones—*Kings*.
The Most Renowned Pet of Literature—*Lambe*.
The Straight and Narrow Way—*Lane*.
The Final One—*Lastly*.
The Unsafe Students—*Leaks*.
A Pleasant Disease—*Love*.
The Flour Boy—*Miller*.
The Refrain of the Avaricious—*Moore*.
Our Carpenters—*Menden-halls*.
Old Fashioned Hat-hanger—*Peg*.
To the Point—*Sharpe*.
Our Safe Girl—*Shore*.
The Showry One—*Spray*.
The Salt and Pepper Boy—*Sellars*.
Descended From a Line of English Rulers—*Stewards*.
Woodman—*Sawyer*.
Our Small Game—*Snipes*.
The Suit Makers—*Taylors*.
The Normal Uniform—*White*.
Our Saucy Boy—*Wrenn*.
The Graveyard—*Whit(e)aker*.
Seen at Children's Funerals—*Whit(e)hurst*.
The Boy from Wales—*Welch*.
Last But Not Least—*Youngs*.
Ye "*Craigs*" and Peaks.

CLIPPINGS.

Bobby: "Mamma, I want an apple."

Mother: "Well, son, such a big boy as you ought to be able to go and get yourself an apple, and me one too."

Bobby (returning presently with one apple and a very scared look on his face): "Say, mamma, I couldn't stop to get you one."

Mother: "Why not, son?"

Bobby: "Because, while I was getting mine a potato with a string tied to it ran out of the barrell and straight up the wall."—*Youth's Companion*.

A PARODY.

Lives of football men remind us,
We can write our names in blood,
And departing, leave behind us
Half our faces in the mud.

CHRISTMAS ANTICIPATIONS.

My turkey, 'tis of thee,
Sweet bird and cranberry,
Of thee I sing;
I love thy necks and wings,
Legs, back, and other things,
My heart with rapture sings.
When thee I see.

Winter has come, Christmas is here,
The happiest time in all the glad year.

"Is your son getting along nicely at college, and progressing rapidly?"

Farmer Corntassel: "I should say so; last year he was a *quarter* back, this year he is a *half* back, and next year I hope he will be caught up in his work."

The Guilford Collegian.

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BUILDING A SYSTEM OF PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOLS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

E. J. COLETRANE, '07.

It is my firm belief that the State should provide adequate facilities for the thorough education of all its citizens. Until very recently this provision has not been made by our own State, and indeed not altogether made yet, but the missing link in our system has been supplied, and after being thoroughly developed, will, in a large measure, complete the system for the education of the people. The education of its citizens is the chief business of a republic, and therefore it becomes necessary for every citizen of the Commonwealth in which we live to take active interest in everything which will provide the opportunity for the highest development of every faculty which God has given to every child.

In a public debate at the University of North Carolina a few years ago a young orator very fluently declared that the Old North State had then made this adequate provision. In proof of his proposition the speaker showed that vast sums of money had been spent on the establishment and maintenance of the State University, the Agricultural and Mechanical College for young men, and the State Normal and Industrial College for young women; and also that the State had a system of elementary schools. For some inscrutable reason the speakers opposing this proposition did not refute this argument and the judges decided that the State had provided sufficient educational facilities. How easy it would have been for the negative to have shown that the State had not made any provision

for the great gap between the ordinary elementary school of seven grades and the college or university! For it is evident that students can not enter a college from the common schools without a great deal of preparatory work. This fact is well known to the faculty of Guilford College.

As a long stride in the completion of its educational system the State of North Carolina, by act of the General Assembly of 1907, bridged this chasm between the elementary school and the college by the creation of a system of public high schools. As is implied by the term "public," these high schools are open to all the people, just as the elementary school and the university are open to all.

This establishment of rural public high schools was the logical outcome of the recent rapid development of our elementary schools, which made the beginning of this system imperative. By virtue of the authority vested in him, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction at once appointed a State Inspector of High Schools, and the work was begun. There are usually many and serious obstacles to be overcome in the institution of a new system, and the establishment of this system of high schools was no exception to the rule. However, during the first year, 1907-1908, provision was made for the establishment of 156 State high schools in 81 counties of the State, and 3,949 students were enrolled at once. The second year saw the establishment of 175 of these State schools and about 6,000 students enrolled. During this present year, the third year of the existence of public high schools, practically 8,000 students will be enrolled in the 176 high schools now in successful operation. A reasonable view of the situation enables one to see that this system of schools, adequately provided for, and properly directed, will be a tremendous influence in the development of the intellectual and industrial life of the State.

ADVANTAGES OF STATE HIGH SCHOOLS.

There are three advantages that must be derived from these public high schools. These results are not visionary, but are based upon the achievements of other States, and what has

been accomplished in the North and West can be accomplished here by our own people. The schools of the East, especially those of Massachusetts, have long been held up as examples, but the time has come when the schools of Wisconsin and Indiana are examples of the best, and if the improvement could be made in the West a generation ago, the time has come for the same thing here in our Southland.

The first advantage of these high schools is the opportunity afforded for higher self-development than can be secured in the elementary school. And they will furnish the means to hundreds and thousands of boys and girls, just at the age when they can be reached and lifted to higher ideals and aspirations. It is not my purpose to discourage the excellent work of private academies and church high schools, but as State Superintendent Joyner says: "The task of placing high school instruction within reasonable reach of all the children of all the people, irrespective of creed or condition, is too great and too complicated ever to be successfully performed by church, private enterprise or philanthropy. If performed at all, it must be by all the people supporting by uniform taxation a system of public high schools of sufficient number to be within reasonable reach of all the children of every county and community, affording equality of educational opportunity to all the children of a republic, of which equality of opportunity is the basic principle."

After a system of public high schools has been completed the church high school and the private high school will still find an important place in our educational system, but they can never reach the masses of the people. However many there may be who prefer the church or private high school, the main dependence of the many for higher education must still be the *public* high school, supported by the people and belonging to the people. Surely the friends of the church high school and the private academy will never undertake to say that all the people must get out of the way for a few of the people, and that the many *public* high schools for all of the people must get out of the way for a few private and church high schools that can, at best, reach but a few of the people.

In the second place, these public high schools will open the doors of our higher institutions of learning to thousands of ambitious youth of slender means, thereby bridging the chasm between the elementary school and the college. This chasm has heretofore made higher training impossible to countless numbers of young men and women. The State needs more trained leaders and it must look to the colleges and university to supply the demand. To secure these leaders, the colleges must go to the high schools. The establishment of these high schools, instead of weakening the college, will be its greatest source of strength.

And again, these high schools will be the source of strength and inspiration to the educational work of the counties and districts in which they are located. The history of education reveals the fact that we can never have an adequate system of elementary schools until we develop a system of high schools. It can also be shown that the colleges and universities must precede the high school. These high schools will benefit the common schools by furnishing an improved teaching force, and also by encouraging children to remain in the elementary school until the grades are completed, whereas the great majority of them now drop out and do not get even the benefits of the common school.

THE COUNTY SYSTEM OF HIGH SCHOOLS.

The law provides that not more than four public high schools in any one county shall receive State aid. It also provides that the maximum of State aid shall be \$500, and the minimum \$250. In order to make these State funds available, it is necessary for the local communities, in which the high schools are located, to raise an amount equal to the amount expected from the State. As a general rule the county contributes an amount equal to the amount received from the State. In this way the four schools in each county are located. Of course, geographical conditions and environment influence the location of such schools.

Out of this system of public high schools in each county one school will be selected and developed into a real first-class

central county high school doing thorough high-school work for four years. The work in the other high schools in the county will be correlated with the work in this central high school, and each county will thus have a system of its own, beginning with the central high school, reaching out to the other smaller high schools in different parts of the county, and through these schools to the elementary schools. Of course, it is expected that all these schools will continue to receive State aid. In this way, they will still be a part of the general system of the State, and will be the great feeders for the colleges and universities of the State. Such a system can be developed in every county in the State.

WHAT A CENTRAL COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL MEANS.

The first and foremost problem now is the development of this central county high school on an extensive plan. This proposition will receive immediate attention from the educational forces of the State. This school will be fully equipped, will offer strong courses of study, and will be somewhat separate and distinct from the other schools of the county. The course of study will embrace the classics, the sciences, and industry. A great deal of emphasis is being put upon agricultural training these days, and this central school will afford the opportunity for such training. It would not be the plan to displace the literary course of study, but rather to arrange two courses of study for the last two years of works, one course offering thorough preparation for college to the few students desiring such preparation, and the other offering practical industrial and agricultural training to the large number whose education will end with the high school. It will be necessary to provide equipment for practice work for the girls in cooking, domestic science, household economics, etc.; and arrangements will also be made for boys to have training in agricultural subjects. The State Inspector of High Schools says that "this type of school must come if the demands of the present and the future are to be met, and if the high school work is to possess the strength, and the dignity, and the importance that justly belong to it." As these schools

grow and develop there must come in connection with one in each county the principal's home, the mess hall and dormitory, and the small school farm. Arrangements for the development of these plans have already been made in a few counties and others are preparing for the same thing.

The principal's home in connection with a high school would prevent the annual shifting of the principal. If a principal feels that he has only a transient relation to a community, he is not going to develop the strong school that is demanded. The principal must stay in a school from year to year so as to give a permanent plan of organization that the work may have continuity and be progressive. Unless a man is a fixture in a community for a few years, at least, he is only a passing show, and no stable character is given to the work of his school.

Of greater importance perhaps is the construction of dormitories and the acquisition of suitable lands for agricultural and industrial instruction. The dormitories would afford adequate boarding facilities in most cases, and for this valuable adjunct there is a great demand. Provision must be made for such arrangements where stronger schools are to be established. Whenever it is understood that the State has taken up the problem of secondary education with seriousness of purpose, it will be a comparatively easy matter to secure the money to erect these buildings, and also suitable lands for farming purposes will be secured.

SCHOOLS FOR THE RURAL POPULATION.

Unless the eight-tenths of our population, still living on the farm, are given some such plan as outlined above for their education, the State will fail to meet the conditions. For, after all, the hope, the strength, the salvation of a nation have generally been found in its country people, and these people must have adequate educational facilities for their complete development. Mr. Joyner, in writing on this subject says: "If we would keep the best of the country people in the country we must find a way to bring the best of modern civilization into the country without forcing the country people to leave

the country to get it. We must find a way to shape our education for country boys and girls more toward fitting them for making life on the farm at least as profitable, as pleasing, as attractive and as livable as life anywhere else."

In brief, I have outlined a plan the State is working towards. This system will not be completed at once, but in a few years every county in the State will have a complete system of secondary schools. These schools will not only bridge the chasm between the elementary school and the college, but even better, they will prepare young men and young women for the duties and responsibilities of life. The development of this plan will be a big undertaking for the State, but the people of North Carolina are doing things these days, and they will not be lacking in this particular field of educational endeavor. Whenever this is done, North Carolina will place herself alongside Wisconsin and the other progressive States of the Middle West, and will, to an extensive degree, offer the facilities for the complete development of all the faculties of her young men and young women.

Asheboro, N. C., January 1, 1910.

THE HEART OF A NATION.

The golden rays of the sinking sun, the thrilling tales of adventure and daring in the sunset land, the fascination of endless prairies, a flaring notice, "Seventeen thousand men wanted in the wheat fields of Kansas," coupled with an innate desire to see and partake of this life in the rough, turned the scale in favor of a trip through this great booming country. Don't expect, however, to be told of dangerous desperadoes loaded down with weapons, nor of secret treachery of blood-thirsty red men. For indeed, with one exception, no such was encountered. Very little of Mr. Caldwell's "Long-haired and wild-eyed west" was seen. On the other hand, a plain, up to date, law-abiding, robust citizenship was everywhere in evidence.

Breaking through the grand mountains of North Carolina, and going down the most beautiful of rivers, the French Broad, passing through its wonderful gorges and jagged sides, the traveller soon rolled out upon the pleasant and fertile valley of the Tennessee. After a night in Knoxville and a stroll through the University grounds, the journey was resumed, not through lovely scenery, but through rugged mountains sparsely timbered and drenched with rain. A long tiresome ride delayed by a freight wreck brought him to the quiet little college town of Danville, in the hemp and tobacco section of Kentucky. Between Danville and Louisville fat cattle and spirited stock were to be seen browsing on the rich pastures. The country with its stately southern mansions gave the feeling of age and comfort. From Louisville through swampy, oily, barren, southern Indiana, on mile after mile through level, fertile productive Illinois, across the father of waters and into St. Louis, a short stop and on up the Missouri to Kansas City. A day was spent here in visiting the stock yards, the Armour packing houses, and attending a ball game. He inquired at the Y. M. C. A. about the demand for harvest hands, and decided to locate at Larned, as the demand was greatest there. Larned was reached late on Sunday evening and our comrade

spent the night with twenty-two bums in a cellar on a pile of rotten quilts. Next morning to his glad surprise he found a fellow Tar Heel. Men were plentiful but work was more so; therefore a job was easily found. In fact jobs were not to hunt, for the farmers sought you out.

Before going out to work our friend made the following notes in a small book: "The women seem very masculine;" "the niggers are the most impudent that I ever saw, eating with white people, riding in the same cars and in general make themselves a very disgusting nuisance," and "that southern hospitality is a fact." The average man is large and strong, the face is massive, the forehead broad and the eyes wide apart, giving the general appearance of open straightforwardness. Broad-brimmed, high topped, felt hats are the fashion. Such men are good-natured and hard workers. The land is not so level as was expected. Timber is very scarce, and many ponds and slews result from poor drainage.

The first work was done on a cement cyclone cave, which produced some unpleasant apprehensions, that afterward materialized, when one night the frail sleeping apartment was so severely rocked and trembled so violently that the easterner feared for his life; but others slept on calmly and undisturbed. It was learned later that a house had been destroyed and a man killed only two miles to the south.

On returning to Larned some fellow students from a Carolina college were met with. At present they were in hard luck. What their subsequent fate would be interesting to know. In Kansas most of the grain is cut with headers and wages are from \$2 to \$3. In the Dakotas, however, it is generally cut with binders and wages are from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per day. The harvest had advanced so far north by this time that a long journey was necessary to again put our friend where the fields were white unto harvest and where the laborers were few. Going in a zigzag line through Hutchinson, Macfarland and Manhattan on to the city of the Peerless One, and from thence to Omaha, a typical western city having the reputation which it probably deserves of being the worst city in the Union. He passed now up the great Missouri bottom to Sioux City and

from there on northward. The land grew more level and was well cultivated by a population which seemed to be Scandinavian and Danish. Huron, S. D., was reached and found to be overflowing with a floating, shiftless population of harvest hands, many of whom were men of the worst character. In fact the whole region had a somewhat lawless atmosphere. When one stepped from the train he had the peculiar feeling of being eyed closely. A small, aged man had been beaten into insensibility with a gas pipe for 43 cents, and a negro had been murdered for \$2.50 only the night before. The following night our easterner wandered into one of the numerous bar-rooms to get a glass of soda water. Before entering he noticed hitched outside two sweaty ponies, saddled with heavy cowboys' saddles. Inside he found two original cow punchers; one, tall, slightly stoop shouldered with a heavy, long mustache, the other a short stickily-built and clean-shaven man; both had red handkerchiefs around their necks, and each was heavily armed with a pair of No. 45 Colts. Whether from his speech or manner he did not know, but our friend was soon discovered to be a tenderfoot, whereupon the Westerners anticipated a little fun. They began nagging at him, which made him a little nervous. Seeing this, with much swaggering and many oaths they commanded him to cut a Yankee jig. He assured them, however, that he was neither a Yankee nor could he dance, it being against his religious training. "Religion the devil, and we'll learn you how," emphasizing their words by cutting a few bullet holes around his feet. "Step out, old pal, and cut us one." "Like hell I will," said our friend, drawing a 32 Smith & Wesson. "Look at that thing," said the tall fellow, pointing to the miniature weapon. Both men uproariously swore that they would eat all such cap pistols; renewing their command that he had to "step one" or come up and have a drink on them. He gladly acquiesced in the latter, calling for a glass of buttermilk.

Next morning the town was still more crowded, therefore he caught the train to Redfield, getting a job soon after arrival. The farmer this time was a young and very jolly Dane, an inveterate swearer, at the table as elsewhere. Six years had

been spent in Sioux City as bar-tender, two more in Redfield as professional gambler. He was the fastest man in the Northwest, making 100 yards in less than 10 seconds, and was also known for racing horses. His first words to the new hand were, "It's hot as hell and my water is bad, so I've got a case of beer." The Easterner modestly assured him that he never touched anything stronger than coffee. The weather was indeed hot, and the mosquitoes were the worst imaginable. A breeze usually blows sufficiently strong to render them harmless, but in times of calm South Dakota has got New Jersey skinned a mile. Six hours before Redfield was reached, the wheat crop was regarded as the best in years, but the train followed in the wake of a terrific hail storm, which took a swath 150 miles long and one and a half miles wide across the State. In many places the wheat was completely headed, every stalk being clearly cut into. In the fields where a few hours before stood a booming corn crop, naked stalks stood as lonely sentinels on a field of desolation. The water of this section, to use the local expression, is "rotten." The mother of the Dane said that "It comes from hell because it is hot and stinks." This seemed to be a fitting source, for it was alkali, warm, smelled like H_2S and possessed all the properties of salts.

Pressing business at home prevented any further northward travel. Therefore the 2,000-mile journey homeward was begun. From northwestern to southeastern Iowa some grand farming land for corn, oats and stock was passed. Northern Illinois was equally as good. Through Washington and Jackson parks, the University of Chicago grounds, down Michigan avenue, and over many other avenues and boulevards was a pleasant trip by automobile through Chicago. A Sunday game of base ball was the attraction that afternoon, and a very pleasant two hours was spent watching a most fascinating game, played before 20,000 fans. The following night at 9.50 our harvest hand caught a train for Cincinnati. During the night he was awakened from a dream in which he was traveling through the depths of Africa, by a shrill penetrating voice, screaming Kokomo. Rousing up he perceived a sharp and disagreeable odor, turning he saw a huge, black form in the seat

beside him. Associating the name, the odor and the form, which were all African, he thought surely my dream is true and this is a part of the dark continent. Maybe Hoosiers don't mind such company, but give a Southerner the Jim Crow law. In fact one great objection to many parts of the west is that the negro is allowed out of his place and consequently becomes pompous, puffed up and important. Richmond was passed at dawn and Cincinnati reached by seven. Half a day's wait and the twelve hours trip to Clifton Forge was begun. He passed up the Ohio, very low from recent drouth and consequently very slimy and filthy. Turning up the Big Kanowah he ploughed through some superb scenery of West Virginia, but this soon turned into smoky uninteresting mountains. Half a night at Clifton Forge and the last stage of a five thousand mile trip was begun, which with no happenings of interest landed our traveller, dirty, sleepy, and tired in the Old North State.

This is perhaps a novel way of spending a vacation for southern students. Certainly a great deal can be learned and the Heart of a Nation can be seen with the wages of the field. The hero of this story related so many interesting tales of western life and scenery that he persuaded the author to return with him another year.

D.

A STUDY IN CELTIC HISTORY.

Not the least interesting portion of the history of the English speaking race lies back of the Norman Conquest, and while for a great part of this period little which present historians would class as authentic history has come down to us, there is tradition which in many instances is being or has been verified by archaeogocial discovery. After the time of Alfred the sources of information are more numerous.

The Venerable Bede, whose Ecclesiastical History is, with two exceptions, the sole authority on the very early times, states in the beginning of his account that in his days Britain contained five nations—English, Britons, Scots, Picts, and Latins. These names represent the layers of known occupancy, and yet before the Britons, who were Celts, inhabited the land, there was a prehistoric people, probably a non-Aryan race who dwelt there and erected their dwellings, which abide to this day as cromlechs. Whether the famous Stonehinge is one of these is unknown. It is certain, however, that this strange collection was in existence when the Saxon invasion occurred. The Celts were the vanguard of the great Aryan migration which overran Europe in the closing days of the Roman Empire. The Scots were Celts who settled in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland. The Britons, others Celts who occupied the southern part of Britain.*

According to Geoffrey the Britons were descendants of the Trojans, which bit of information he may have gained from Nennius, one of the earliest chroniclers. He says that Britain received its name from Brutus who governed Britain at the time Eli, high priest, judged Israel. After an interval not less than eight hundred years came the Picts. Long after this the Scots arrived. (The Scots were Celts.) Of course, all this is tradition, which Nennius had gathered from much earlier date (probably) than most of the other writers.

*(Note: The Celts were divided into two tribes—the Gaelic and the Cymric. The former settled Ireland and the Highlands; the latter, Britain.)

Gildas, who is perhaps the earliest authority, if such can be ascribed to the rambling, desultory writing which has come to us under his name, does not pretend to say whence the inhabitants came. It is enough for him that they were there, and he begins his account with a general denunciation of the inhabitants: "This island, stiff-necked and stubborn-minded from the time of its being first inhabited, ungratefully rebels sometimes against God, sometimes against her own citizens," etc. He goes on to state that he will not follow the writings and records of his country, which, if there ever were any of them, have been consumed or gone with his countrymen into exile; but will proceed with the history as gathered from other sources. While this is not history, it is exceedingly interesting and is all which we have, except the one book which is the principal source of knowledge of the times, Bede's Ecclesiastical History, which was written early in the eighth century.

The Romans had never visited Britain prior to the time of Julius Caesar, although mention is made of the tin islands by Herodotus; and Aristotle writing a century later says, "Beyond the pillars of Hercules the ocean flows round the earth and in it are two very large islands called British, Albion and Ierne lying beyond the Kiltol." In the year 55 B. C. Caesar, instigated by assistance rendered his enemies in Gaul by their British kindred, crossed the channel and attacked the island. He secured a number of victories, but of his famous triverbal message to Rome "veni, vide, vici," only the first two words were truth and the third pure bravado; for he did not conquer Britain and the inhabitants were only nominally vassals of Rome until the time of Claudius, 41 A. D., when that emperor landed upon the British shores and gained a complete victory. Vespasian fought Caractacus and defeated him after a struggle of nine years. Then followed the revolt lead by Boadicea, which shows the nature of British valor—conquered in one place, they were always ready to resist in another.

In 72 A. D. Agricola was sent out as governor, and during his time Roman manners and civilization began to spread rapidly over the island.

After these events, the Romans began gradually to withdraw from Britain, and the barbarous neighbors, the Picts and Scots, made themselves very troublesome. Hadrian built the famous Roman wall between the Tyne and the Solway Frith to hem them within their own territory.

By this meager outline of political events we may form some conception of the setting in which the Christian church was situated. Christianity was evidently introduced into Britain very early in the Roman occupation. Bede says that Lucius, king of the Britons, sent a letter to Rome to Elutherius who presided over the Roman church in the time of Marcus Antoninus entreating that by his command he might be made a Christian, and the Britons preserved the faith which they had received uncorrupted and entire in peace and tranquility until the time of Diocletian." There are several errors in this statement of Bede as to dates, but we may suppose that Christianity was established pretty generally amongst the Romanized Britons. The Britons, however, were not all Romanized. St. Alban suffered martyrdom during some of the persecutions as did others in the island. This was, after all, in the main a nominal politic Christianity which had its strongholds at Canterbury, London and St. Albans.

There is an old Celtic legend which accounts for the introduction of Christianity into Britain by the advent on its shores of Joseph of Aramathea. After his release from prison, Joseph is said to have traversed Gaul and crossed the narrow sea and borne into that favored land the holy grail and the spear with which Longis pierced Christ's side and which continued to drop blood, etc. This, of course, pure myth, but a myth for which the English speaking world may be as devoutly thankful as for most of its authentic history; for from it has grown some of the most fascinating and ennobling literature of our times. The Joseph legend may have taken its origin from the Apocryphal gospel of Nicodemus with which the Celtic church was familiar.

From Britain Christianity evidently spread in some measure to Ireland. At least there is strong evidence to believe that a feeble sort of Christianity had taken root in that island before

the famous mission of St. Patrick converted its people. After the Romans withdrew to attempt to defend Rome itself against the northern hordes, Britain had years of unending warfare, in which the Picts and Scots continually harassed them and a new and fiercer foe attacked their shores. As Rome became less and less able to send assistance to this province, the Britains determined to pit foe against foe and hired the Saxons to drive back the Picts. The result every schoolboy knows. It was in this onrush of the English and Saxons that every vestige of the Christian church was swept from England. That it survived in Ireland was due to the heroic self-sacrifice of him who has become the Saint of Ireland and is justly revered by all loyal sons of Erin's Isle, and by all everywhere who reverence what is lofty and loving in human character.

A vast mass of fictitious incidents have accumulated about the name of St. Patrick which have no foundation in fact and were not fabricated until many years after his death, and nowhere appear in his own writings. The father of St. Patrick was an officer in the Roman government, a decurio or magistrate, and probably exercised his functions at Nemthur where Patrick was born. In 410 Honorius had refused aid to the Britons, and probably a year later, during one of the raids of the Picts and Scots, Patrick was taken away captive and sold into slavery in Ireland. His father, Calpurnius, was a man of wealth and of noble birth; he was a deacon in the Christian church, a son of Potitus, a priest. Patrick remained for six years in hard slavery, tending sheep amongst the mountains. He was of an enthusiastic temperament and spent much time in prayer, and was somewhat given to seeing visions, especially in regard to a means of escape. This was effected, and after some wanderings he found his way to his own people, who received him joyfully. His mind was so full of the condition of the Irish sunk in heathendom that he determined to return to them as a missionary. He heard voices calling him to that service, as if from the people themselves, "We pray thee, holy youth, to come and henceforward walk amongst us." He was twenty-two at the time of his escape and spent, as he himself

says, a few years in preparation for his work; he returned, being not more than thirty years old.

A good deal of confusion has arisen from the fact that the Pope Celestine sent about the same time a bishop named Palladius to convert the Irish, and his places of residence while preparing for the mission have been attributed to Patrick. It is probable that St. Patrick prepared himself at Candida Casa, an institution founded by St. Ninian, on the west side of Wigtown Bay, the modern Whithorn.

Patrick became a bishop about 441, the fifteenth year of his mission. He labored ceaselessly for the people and preached the gospel everywhere, as he himself says "in places where there is no man beyond." "Not to Palladius (the chosen emissary of the church), but to Patrick God gave the conversion of Ireland," says the old proverb.

The Irish church seems to have been unhampered by the ecclesiastical hierarchy and to have been more simple and spontaneous than the Roman church. At any rate, to missionaries from the Irish was due the revival of Christianity in Britain, but that is another story and introduces another famous man whose name should be honored by the church universal.

MARY MENDENHALL HOBBS.

HOW COME HIM SO?

BY WADE CALDWELL.

"My, look at that hair, will you!" first boy said.

"Stands up stiff and shiny as needles!" commented boy two.

"Sicco, watch how those eyeballs stretch out from their sockets. Dad bum if you can't rake 'em off with a stick!" third boy declared.

"And how come his chest so big?" queried small boy four.

"Must'a been expanded by the vehement laboring of his vitals during some suffering hour o' life when he was having urgent occasion to use a lot o' wind!" suggested large boy five.

"Say, take notice o' those little wasted legs," said boy six.

"Bedie if you can't hear his knee-joints rattle! What ails 'em?" seventh boy asked.

"Guess they were worn loose by a spell o' violent action," explained boy eight.

"How come 'im so, anyway?" ninth boy wanted to know.

The above boys were a group of students, and their queries and comments were in relation to a certain freshman by the name of Sweany, hailing from a rather rearward section of the country, and who was making his first rounds of the campus.

Now, a mum student of the group was a particular sophomore who reckoned himself wise beyond his fellows, and, wise-like, he acted otherwise by wisely communing with himself thuswise: "Lest my deductions as to the agency of Sweany's aborative and abnormal make-up is mightily astray, you all will be coloring your comments and questions on and about him tomorrow with such brisk interjections as will fetch double exclamation points at the end thereof."

And so, about the tolling of the "All a-bed bell" that night the knowing soph. sauntered into Sweany's room and hitched himself onto a corner of the table, saying: "Sweany, my boy, I've been commissioned by the matriculating authorities to inform you that between the hours of eleven and one tonight, or tomorrow night, or some night within the present week, the

"Genius of Knowledge" will call on you and take you before the shades of the college forefathers in the sanctum sanctorum of their sanctuary underneath the cemetery. They will fit your eyes with a clyco-nyctalopian lens. And, when you have seen to-wit: the home of Ahasnerus, the port where Vander-deckon furls his sails, the light side of the dark arts, and the angles of the fourth dimentions, the order, "Alpha Beta Damma Delta"—

"Hold a bit." Sweany broke in without lifting his eyes from regarding a geometric spider attaching a guy-line from her web to a leg of the table. "I'm a little mixed as to whether that order was for Alford to beat Della, or Della to damn Alford. Please clear up; for it's an amusing spin you're trying to get off, tho' a bit tangled, same as this little lady has got hers."

But instead of "clearing up," the informer started to "clear out," when he was stayed by Sweany, who arose and rested a hand on him, saying: "Pray, keep your seat a few minutes and I'll tell you a small joke on myself that had a bit more matter of fact about it than the one you've been predicting smackers of."

The freshman then went over to the opposite side of the room and squatted on a box, sidewise to the soph., and, without turning his head, bent his stalked eyes around on the second yearman in such a manner as to cause the latter's heart to skip two beats then beat three beats in the space of one; for the shutters of the window at his elbow were cracked open, letting in a narrow swath of the starless night, and the watery wick of the lamp which was burning low from general reasons caused the light to sputter and flicker, casting a dim, irregular radiance over the room, inducing the ghoulish caricatures on the Chinese wallpaper to dance about in a fantastic style.

When the host had regarded his visitor for a few moments in a silence that was getting to be very burdensome to the latter he began in a tone, decidedly Sweanian: "I was traveling all, all alone along an old, abandoned road through the depths of a great forest, far from the abode of living man. Night overtook me, and I traveled on. A grievous stillness brooded

over all things. The only voice or sound heard within the vast, darksome solitude was the occasional wail of a fox or some other denizen of the jungle, or now and then an owl, angered at my intrusion of her long inviolate domain, from her perch among the boughs of a near-by tree uttered a low whinny then glided down on noiseless wings and snapped her bill close to my head. And I traveled on and on.

"In time midnight came, and the half-round moon went down, and with the going of the moon tremendous storm-clouds rose up over the west heavens, forked lightning licking and leaping out of their awesome depths and muttering thunders rolling among them. In the lesser darkness, in the roadway in front of me, formless forms formed fared forth and fled. Will-o'-the-wisp lights, arising in an adjacent swamp, drifted to and fro through the breathless wood. The long moss hanging from overhead limbs and the fennels along the road side, wet with the dews of the early evening, now stirred by the fitful wind, fell about my neck and face like cold, clammy fingers. And I traveled on.

"After awhile I came to the head of an avenue, leading back from the old road several hundred yards to a small clearing, in the midst of which I dimly outlined an unlighted building of some manner. As the storm was rapidly approaching I turned in through the avenue towards the building. The avenue, like the road, was old and long unused by man. Ancient cypresses hung their somber limbs over it, and their hoary knees standing up within it glimmered through the vista like gravestones. As I drew near the building I perceived that one end of the roof had fallen in, and the windows and doors were all wide open, their more dense and thicker darkness glooming forebodingly through the natural darkness of the night. On entering the building I found it to be a many wintered church, long ago forsaken by human worshipers, and woefully ravaged by the storms of time. The morbid silence of the desolate interior was broken only by the ominous tick of a lonely death-watch, ensconced within the decadent walls. I strode over and sat down near a window, the phosphorous on the moldy floor looming garishly in my tracks behind me.

"Looking out the window I discovered the aged church to be invested by an equally as aged graveyard. The graves were over-run with vines and briars, and the convex board coverings had partly rotted and fallen into the caved tombs.

"Meanwhile nearer and ever more near came the storm. The billow mass of the fire-clouds, enshrouding the whole heavens, inflamed by the vivid and continuous streams of lightning, were livid and lurid, and the thunders roared and bellowed among them.

"Directly, by the glare of the lightning, I perceived the old tombs begin to open and their ancient tenants start coming forth, their motly graveclothes, tattered and mold-covered, dangling and flapping about them. They came trooping into the church and arranged themselves around me. And, in sooth, reckoning from the divers evil ways in which they perished, the dwellers of that one time settlement must have fallen on hard days; for a ghastly, grewsome company it was that stood me about! Some of them had been hanged. On the pallid skin of their stretched necks was the white print of the rope, their heads were twisted, and their cadaverous faces were horribly contorted. Some had been murdered in bed at night by their throats being cut from ear to ear. Their hands lay folded across their chests where they were pinned down by the knee of the assassin, and the blood-clotted forelocks showed how the head was drawn back to make the throat taut for the knife that cut it; and the expression of the eyes was pleadingly, as when they stared up into the face of the ruthless murderer. Others had been smothered to death by getting fastened head-foremost in hollow-logs, under the floor of low buildings that settled slow upon them, by falling head downwards into chaff-bins, and other unmentionable manners. Their throats were swollen, their tongues protruding, and their eyes bulged and bloodshot. And still others had been buried alive. In their desperate struggles in their coffins their finger nails were torn out by the roots and left hanging by shreds of flesh. While the love of life, despair, and thoughts of their awful doom blent in their stark, staring eyes the same it was in those last

moments when they were gasping for breath, calling and crying for help. And so on had they died.

"Then, moreover, of a sudden, all these ghastly human relics of an ill age encompassing me, again became imbued with life, and again began to die. Their wounds bled a-fresh, and they gestulated, and writhed, and shrieked, and begged, and moaned just as they did in the throes of their first death.

"And, furthermore, in the meantime, there gathered in the vestibule of the church a troupe of maniacs, wild men who had fled from civilization and taken up their abode in dens and caverns of the forest. Their mouths were agape showing their yellow, fang-like teeth, and their eyes were wide, wild and fierce. And clinging to the long hair covering their nude bodies were slimy lizzards, grimy bats and huge spiders. This vermin fought among themselves, their tiny eyes and red mouths gleaming like bits of fire. And the maniacs mauled and clawed each other, jibbered and howled, and mocked and mimicked the dying wails of those about me. And—"

But the wise soph. didn't hear anymore. He was gone!

CAGLE'S RETURN.

Jasper Cagle, a rich New York merchant, was coming down the street the other day when he was met by a friend who said:

"Hello, Jasper, where did you spend Christmas?"

Mr. Cagle stopped and said in an unusual way of speaking:

"I was at home for the first time in seventeen years."

"Why had you stayed away so long?" came the question.

"Well, it was all my fault," he said, taking his friend by the arm and leading him aside from the stream of people, to relate his story. "I had a little hitch with my father seventeen years ago; leaving home I came to this city where I was educated by the Yankees. Then after working and saving my money for some time I started in business and became so absorbed in the busy whirl of life, with the hopeful promise of wealth that I had almost forgotten father and mother until Christmas day. I was reminded of them in this way. I had been out hunting and it was getting late in the afternoon. While waiting at Jones' siding for the train I became dreadfully hungry. Stepping up to a near-by farm house I asked for something to eat. The farmer's wife soon had a small package of eatables wrapped in a newspaper and when hastening back to the siding, I glanced at the package and spied my father's name on the paper. This startled me so that I stopped, motionless, reading the advertisement. It was an advertisement of the sale of father's home on January 1, 1910. I decided there at once to go home on the next train."

"The next afternoon found me nearing the dear old Southland home. My train seemed to creep. I was actually worse than a school boy going home for vacation. At last we neared the town. Familiar sights met my eyes and upon my word, they filled my eyes with tears. We rode in the town nearly a mile before coming to the station, passing many houses of which only a few were familiar. The town had grown to ten times its size when I knew it. The train stopped and I jumped off. Not a face in sight that I knew, I started to go home but hardly knew which way. Then seeing a familiar looking face,

I found that it was one of my old friends. He related the financial condition of my parents and didn't make any bones in telling me. 'You ought to be ashamed to leave home and not think of it any more. You in New York rich and your father scratching gravel to get a bare living.' I tell you it sure knocked me all in a heap. But then I thought of the \$1,000 in my valise. Taking it in my hand I started for home. Somehow the place did not look right. The trees had been dug up in the front yard and the fence was gone. The house looked dilapidated and smaller, somehow too. But I went up to the front door and rang the bell. Mother came to the door and said:

" 'We don't wish to buy anything today, sir.' "

"It didn't take a minute to survey her from head to foot. Neatly dressed, but a patch and a darn here and there, her face thin, drawn and wrinkled. Yet, over her eye-glasses shone those same honest, benevolent eyes. I stood staring at her and then she began to stare at me. I saw the blood rush to her face and with a great sob she threw herself upon me and anxiously clasped me about the neck hysterically crying:

" 'It's Jasper! It's Jasper! "

"Then I cried, too. I just broke down and cried like a baby. She got me into the house, hugging and kissing me and then she went to the back door and called:

" 'John! oh, John! "

"Father answered from outside:

" 'What do you want, Mary? "

"Then he came in. He knew me in a moment. He stuck out his hand and grasped mine and said sternly:

" 'Well, young man, do you propose to behave yourself now? "

"He tried to put on a brave front, but he broke down. After a while mother went out to get supper and I went with her. Provisions had run low, so I stepped out and ordered a roast joint of beef and a lot of delicacies and had them sent in. When I returned mother was arranging the table and related to me all their misfortunes from the time that I left to father's signing a note for a friend and having to mortgage the place to pay it. The mortgage was due inside of a week and not a cent to pay it with—just \$1,000. She supposed they would be

turned out of house and home, but in my mind I supposed they wouldn't. This is where I played the joke on the old folks. Mother was out in the kitchen taking up the roast. Father was out in the wood-house and I had a clear coast. I arranged the thousand dollars under mother's plate. At last, supper was ready. Mother asked a blessing over it and actually trembled before finishing:

"'We haven't had a piece of meat like this in ten years, Jasper,' she said, and tured her plate. She raised her eyes to heaven and said slowly, 'Put your trust in the Lord, and he will take care of you.'

"I was at home a week. I ordered the place fixed up and had a good time and came back here a new man. I am going home often after this. I tell you, Hawkins, it's mighty nice to have a home."

Hawkins was looking steadily at the end of his fingers, rubbing them with his thumb. When he spoke he took Jasper by the hand and said, "Jasper, old boy, I haven't heard from my home way down in Texas for fifteen years. I am going home tomorrow."

C. C. S.

A MOUNTAINEER'S LAUNCH INTO SOCIETY.

Bob Bilkins was reared in one of the secluded spots that are so numerous in the Sauraton mountains in the highlands of Y—— county. On account of his backwoods' home his code of manners was very rude. He had not the graceful air of the more refined rustic lads. However his desire to launch into the society of the ladies was exceedingly great. There was a great difficulty for him to overcome before he could be recognized among the sportive lasses. He was very bashful. Just how to overcome this impediment he did not know.

Adjoining this secluded cove in which he lived was the plantation of a wealthy old farmer whose name was Hopkins. His daughters had risen to prominence as teachers in the country schools. At a teachers' institute the girls had made the acquaintance of a very refined young lady whose name was Miss Jones. These girls became intimate friends and before the institute closed Miss Jones promised to visit her friends, the Misses Hopkins, in the approaching autumn.

There was to be an association of one of the leading churches of that community near the home of the Misses Hopkins in October. They thought that would be a good time for Miss Jones to visit them, so they asked her to spend the week with them during the association. Miss Jones was very glad of the opportunity. The Misses Hopkins, who were very much interested in the social development of their neighbor Bob, thought this would be an ideal time for him to rid himself of some of his bashfulness. They decided to ask him to escort Miss Jones to the association. When the matter was mentioned to Bob he very willingly consented.

Bob was overjoyed with this opportunity. His greatest difficulty now was to provide some stylish conveyance in which to escort Miss Jones to the association. His financial standing was rather embarrassing, so he could not afford a very up-to-date rig. However he succeeded in securing a very fiery horse and a buggy that had been used on the mountain roads until its safety was not assured.

Miss Jones had kept her promise to visit the Misses Hopkins. Accordingly on the appointed day Bob drove over to the home of Hopkins in his rude conveyance. In the meantime one of the Misses Hopkins had made the date for Bob with Miss Jones. Bob drove up to the front gate and tied his horse. He then went into the house where he very ungracefully and impolitely made the acquaintance of Miss Jones.

When all were ready to leave for the association, Bob, with Miss Jones by his side, walked very dignified to his rig at the front gate. He awkwardly assisted her in getting into the buggy. As this was his first attempt he was very much embarrassed. Unfortunately too there was a large tree standing near the buggy on the side from which Miss Jones had entered. On account of his embarrassment, when he turned to go to the opposite side of the vehicle he ran against the tree and skinned his face. He took his seat in the conveyance by the side of Miss Jones, pulled the duster over their laps and pulled his whip from the whipcase ready to strike his horse when he looked at the horse's head and found that he had not untied him from the post.

After he had untied his horse he succeeded in getting started. Nothing is known of the conversation that took place between the Hopkins home and the church. Presumably, however, it was not very interesting to Miss Jones, for Bob's whole thought was centered on the dreadful approach to the church. Nevertheless he made the trip all right. The greatest calamity befell him after he had reached the church grounds and had approached the church door.

In an awkward attempt to assist Miss Jones into the church he stumbled over the top step and fell head foremost in the aisle of the church. This embarrassed Miss Jones so much she took the first seat she could find, leaving poor Bob lying on the floor. When he succeeded in getting up he very reluctantly took his seat by her side.

During the services Bob sat in a very pensive mood. He thought of the mishaps that had befallen him that day. He thought he could not stand the ridicule of his friends. At times he was tempted to leave the church and go home. But

he remembered that he was under obligations to carry Miss Jones back to the Hopkins place. Finally he decided to face the difficulties.

After services Bob hurried to get away from the church. His horse took fright and got from under his control. Miss Jones was very much frightened and was in the act of jumping from the carriage, when suddenly the coupling pin of the buggy broke, leaving the rear part of the vehicle sitting in the road. The horse continued to move along in a gallop with the front wheels until it reached its home, while Bob and Miss Jones were carried forward for about twenty feet by the fierce momentum of the vehicle.

He left the shattered remains of his buggy in the road and accompanied Miss Jones to the Hopkins place on foot. Not a word was spoken as long as they remained together after their last calamity. When they reached the Hopkins home Bob would not remain until the Hopkins family returned, but with tears in his eyes he went home, a social corpse, swearing never again to launch into the society of the ladies.

T. J. C.

OUR PERMANENT IMPROVEMENTS AND A BOND
ISSUE.

The internal condition of a nation undoubtedly determines the strength of that nation. In whatever way she may appear externally, to find the source of her strength, her durability, and her progressiveness, one must look closely into her internal conditions. And there is nothing that so develops and makes strong these conditions as safe and sure means of transportation, forest preservation, and irrigation of arid lands. These are the problems confronting the American nation to-day. Let us, therefore, notice in a brief way the need of these improvements and the means of attaining them.

The much-discussed inland waterway from the Gulf to the Great Lakes is a development of vital importance. Not only will it eliminate the many wrecks and disasters always occurring along the rough Atlantic coast, but it will also give more and better means of transportation and thereby save for our eastern farmers that which they so often lose because the railroads are unable to handle all the produce. Besides, the construction of this waterway will serve to draw the people nearer to each other, and will thereby promote a feeling of fellowship and good-will necessary to the welfare of our nation. It is true that the great cost of construction is a thing to be carefully considered, but will not the good to be derived more than offset the cost? It is believed that it will.

For a long time eastern statesmen have been clamoring for an appropriation sufficient to preserve the forest of the Appalachian mountains, but so far they have not succeeded in obtaining an appropriation of any great significance. Notwithstanding this there is no one but that will agree that it is badly needed. The rapid way in which the supposedly everlasting American forests are being destroyed by neglect and also by the woodman's ax is surprising to say the least. It has been carefully estimated that if the present rate of destruction is continued that before fifty years have passed there will be no first-class timber this side of the Rockies if steps are

not taken toward its preservation. This is an alarming fact and what makes it worse is the fact that so much of the timber is wasted because of the careless and extravagant methods of lumbering used by the American lumber men.

Along with and counterpart to the clearing of the timber comes a second evil of equal weight as the first, namely, soil erosion. The trees having been removed and with them the leaves and vegetable matter which hitherto covered and protected the soil the result now is, the heavy freshets simply clear the mountain sides of their fertile soil even as the wheat falls before the reaper. Another loss, which affects not the mountains so much as the lowlands, results from the removing of the leaves. In a time of continued rain, there being nothing left on the mountains to hold the water back, the rivers are swollen, bridges washed away, and a general flood ensues. These are some of the prevalent evils which must be remedied while there is yet time, and nothing but immediate action on the part of the government can remedy them.

Toward the third permanent improvement Congress has already done much, but there still remains much more to be done and at a more rapid rate. The improvement referred to is the irrigation of arid lands in the West. It is a known fact that this is a work which must be done, because experience teaches us that this land, when irrigated becomes the most fertile land on the continent. And what is more impelling is the fact that the people of the West are actually clamoring for a more rapid irrigation system as many are having to leave their homes just built because the water supply failed. This ought not to be and cannot remain so with progressive America.

But perhaps there are those who would object to the government's doing these things on the grounds that the government should not do for one section of the country what she cannot do for another, and that it is in violation of the democratic principle of "equal rights to all, and special privileges to none." But is this objection sustained by past history? If it is, then the money spent on the various rivers and harbors of our land should not have been spent thus, a statement with

which no sane-minded man will agree. Furthermore these are not sectional improvements but are improvements which concern every man, woman, and child of our land either directly or indirectly.

Now since the pressing need of these improvements is apparent, the question naturally arises as to how these improvements are to be secured. The construction of the inland waterway will cost approximately \$100,000,000, and while a faster irrigation system will not cost so much, the preservation of the Appalachian forests will not go under that amount. Here, then, we have projects amounting to practically \$250,000,000. The condition of our treasury will not permit us to expect that these improvements will be secured by annual appropriations for even in view of the fact that the pruning hook has been applied to our expenditures there will still be a deficit in our treasury. Therefore these improvements must be secured from some other source. This source of necessity must be a bond issue. And while it would be dangerous for our country to resort too often to bonds still the immediate necessity of these improvements and the good to be derived from them demand that this be done. The Internal Waterway Commission, which met a few months ago, even passed a resolution that this work be done by bonds. The National Inventory Committee holds practically the same views in regard to the forest reservation, and Senator Borah, of Idaho, says that the people of the West are actually clamoring for a more rapid irrigation system by means of a bond issue. President Taft publicly advocated the same thing, and there are many others who might be named as favoring this method at least under the present circumstances. But there may be those who are opposed to increasing the debt of our nation by another bond issue. This objection, however, is not of much consequence when the benefits derived from so doing are carefully considered. Furthermore when we compare the indebtedness of the United States with that of other countries we find that we can easily carry a much larger debt. The indebtedness of France is practically six times as large as ours; France and England four times. This objection, therefore, appears senti-

mental when the wealth and the strength of our country is compared to the wealth and strength of those nations whose indebtedness is so much larger. If the total expense of these projects is added to our debt, France, a nation with less than half our strength and wealth, would still have an ational debt five and one-half times ours.

It is therefore hoped that the present Congress will see fit to authorize bonds for these permanent improvements as the need for them is so pressing. This is a progressive age,, without a doubt the most progressive in the history of the world, and as the United States is the leader in this progress it would therefore be unbecoming, to say the least, for her not to take this most vital and progressive step.

JOHN B. WOOSLEY.



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Editorials.

The The present month of January should mean a
New Term. great deal to Guilford students, not only because it is the beginning of a new year, but also because it marks the ending of the fall term and the first of the new term. The drawing to a close of the fall term, with the consequent examinations, will probably mean failure to some who may not be able to pass the examination. Such students

should not feel that the failure was made so much on the day of the test but they should realize that the failure was made during the entire term by the lack of daily work. To a much greater number will come the joy and satisfaction of feeling that the difficult daily task done and hours of study far into the night have not been done in vain. Subjects have been mastered and higher things may now be taken up. What greater pleasure can come to a girl or boy than to realize that through daily toil their minds expand and develop so that they are able to appreciate and understand deeper and more difficult subjects. It is the joy which has always come to the conqueror.

Whether we finish the old term as a loser or as a winner let us ever remember that crowning success does not come to any man without daily toil and daily success, and failure at the end comes only with daily failure.

The new term with all its possibilities and opportunities is before us and we hold the power to be victors at commencement 1910.

The Broad Education. In this day of hurry, rush, and specialization too little attention is given to broadening the mental horizon. Students select one course and pursue it unmindful of any other stars in the canopy. In other words their foundations are narrow, consequently unstable, and they are decidedly one-sided. They fail to see any good in studying anything which does not effect their plans directly. So circumscribed are they in their belief that they are unable to take advantage of improvements when they come. Should any unforeseen obstacle arise in their pathway, it is simply unsurmountable and they are at an utter loss. Is it not better to be well informed along many lines than to be a slave to one course alone? A distinguished teacher has said that it would be well to have one college course and require every student to take it, and if specializing must be done let it be after a broad foundation has been laid.

Cheerfulness. This world is too full of sadness and sorrow, misery and sickness; it needs more sunshine; it needs cheerful lives which radiate gladness; it needs people to encourage, who will lift and not bear down and discourage.

Who can estimate the value of a sunny soul who scatters gladness and good cheer wherever he goes, instead of gloom and sadness? Those who are always gloomy miss the richest, fullest things in life. The saying, "Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone," is indeed very true. Everybody is attracted by cheerful faces and sunny lives and repelled by the gloomy, the morose and sad. How much happier and better the world would be if more people would reverse their dark clouds and always show the silver lining.

The Reward of Dishonesty. For the last few months the press of the entire newspaper world has devoted much space to the North pole controversy. Soon after the return of the two explorers, Peary and Cook, in the beginning of the controversy as to whether or not they both actually accomplished the daring deed, it seemed that public opinion the world over, was slightly in favor of Dr. Cook. Denmark bestowed great honor upon him and upon his return to this country he received that which would have most gladdened the heart of an honest man; the patriotic approval and praise of his homeland. The entire world praised him and honored him as but few men have been honored and along with this came material wealth. Such recognition and the personal realization of success would certainly have brought untold joy to an honest man. But in this case the personal knowledge and satisfaction of success must certainly have been absent from Dr. Cook, for very recently the world has been startled by the revelation that their triumphant hero is an impostor. Honors have been withdrawn from him. The press speaks of him disgustingly and he himself has fled with his ill-gotten

wealth. This is one of the greatest cases of dishonesty and fraud which the world has ever known, being world-wide in its scope.

The remorse of this man must be great now that the world turns away from him and even his friends doubt him. There is a lesson in this affair for every man. Mankind as a whole hates dishonesty whether it be a great or small offence. Honesty never truly falls or fails and never brings in the end self-condemnation.



THE SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN DEBATE.

On Saturday night, Dec. 11, the second interclass debate was held between the Sophomores and Freshmen. The former class was represented by Messrs. J. B. Woosley, H. S. Sawyer and H. W. Smith. The latter class by Messrs. W. E. Allen, William Brown and Idyl Free. After a few remarks by the presiding officer, Prof. Wilson, the secretary, R. E. Dalton, read the question, which was as follows: Resolved, "That in View of the Present Deficit in the Treasury of the United States, Congress should cut down her appropriations."

Mr. Woosley opened the debate by showing the alarming increase of the expenditures of our country and that they have increased beyond all reason, resulting in deficits of \$36,000,000 and \$118,000,000 respectively for the last two years. He then showed that these deficits were not the result of the recent panic. Following this he showed that Congress had taken steps to keep the expenditures within the income. He said this was all the decrease which the affirmative would advocate, merely to keep the outgo within the income and in order to do this appropriations must be decreased, which step he declared would not be close-fisted economy, but conservatism of public expenditures. He then showed upon the authority of Senator Aldrich that the appropriations to the administrative departments of our government, alone, could have been decreased \$50,000,000 without public services in the least.

Mr. Allen, the first speaker on the negative, began by reviewing the history of our deficit and showed that large appropriations never caused panics but that panics have always been the direct cause of our deficits. He also proved that our public debt and expenditures are less per capita than any other great nations. He compared ours with that of Germany and France. He clearly pictured the conditions which would follow a decrease in our governmental appropriations, by showing that to decrease appropriations for irrigation, inland waterways and Panama canal project would block the wheels of prosperity and place a price upon civilization. In conclusion

he proved that although our expenditures are great, they are justified by a parallel growth in population and wealth.

Mr. Sawyer began by proving that our government could not rely on the internal revenue for the sum of money which it is now bringing in and that the opposition could not be so radical as to advocate a stamp tax or higher tariff. He proved that they could not advocate the corporation tax as it is already a law and that the inheritance tax could not be used as it is already in use in thirty-six States. Furthermore he showed that the income tax would not likely be passed as thirty-four of the forty-six States would have to ratify the amendment to the constitution.

Mr. Brown, for the negative, opened his speech by proving that it would be unwise for the United States to decrease her appropriations to the navy. He showed that we are spending less money and building less battleships for our navy than is England; and in view of the world-wide policy of building Dreadnoughts we must continue our liberal policy of development. He proved that it would be impractical to decrease the amount spent on our army, by proving that we have a smaller army and appropriate less per capita for it than any other great nation. His third point was that it would not show a civil and patriotic spirit to decrease our appropriations for pensions. Not only ought the old soldiers to be well pensioned but also the life-savers along our coasts are due a pension, and that to decrease the pensions would be a step towards barbarism.

Mr. Smith, the last speaker on the affirmative, showed the extravagance practiced in appropriations for general and miscellaneous expenditures, army and navy and for pensions. He showed the great need of making permanent improvements and the enormity of the work, and advocated doing this work by bond issue. He contended that by decreasing the appropriations \$50,000,000, a sinking fund could be created that would meet the proposed bonds. In conclusion he claimed that the bond issuing policy for permanent improvements is fast coming into favor in America.

Mr. Free proved that by the establishment of a central bank of issue and reserve we would prevent panics and by preventing panics we would prevent a deficit in our treasury. He showed further that by continuing our present annual appropriations our customs and internal revenues would increase; taking for examples irrigation, inland waterways and the Panama canal. Lastly, he declared that our income is already increasing at a rapid rate and that in less than two years our deficit will be totally extinguished.

The speakers on the rebuttal were Mr. Woosley for the affirmative and Mr. Allen for the negative.

The judges, Messrs. N. Rush Hodgkin, Glenn S. Hudson and Clifford C. Frazier, rendered their decision two in favor of the affirmative.

The debate as a whole was very good indeed and reflected much credit upon the speakers and their classes.

L. M.



Locals and Personals.

Professor Binford and Dennis Gray attended the Student Volunteer Convention, which was held at Rochester, New York, during the holidays.

✓ Hugh D. White went to Belvidere, N. C., the first of this month to take charge of Belvidere Academy.

A. A. Dixon visited friends at the college on his return to Haverford College.

✓ Alva E. Lindley spent a few days at the college on his return trip to the A. & M. of Mississippi, from the Rochester convention.

✓ James Anderson recently left for Lynn, Mass., where he will study electricity.

Two of the subjects which the Joseph Moore Science Club will study during the next few months are: "The Relation of Bacteria to the Care of Foods in the Home" and "The Relation of Bacteria to the Care of Milk."

Those who returned to the village during the holidays were Margaret Davis from Bryn Mawr College, Henry Davis from Haverford College, Richard Hobbs from Mizpah, N. C., Henry Doak from Farmington, N. C., and Florence Roberson from Greensboro, N. C.

The Senior class had a Christmas tree and entertainment at their class meeting on Tuesday night before Xmas. Many amusing and useful gifts were received by the sixteen members of the class.

✓ William Penn Henley was a visitor at the college on Dec. 22nd. Mr. Henley is at the University of North Carolina this year.

The new King Hall was opened for use January 10th.

In the series of interclass basket ball games which have been played, the Freshman team won from the Sophomores and the Juniors defeated the Freshmen in the final game by a narrow margin.

Jabs.

First College Student—"Where were you last night, Fred? I didn't see you at the gymnasium."

Second College Student—"No, took the Griggs girls to the theater in Greensboro. By George, they're beautiful girls but I can't make them talk. They didn't say a half dozen words all the time we were gone."

First College Student—"Oh, well you had your practice on the dumb belles all the same I see."

Student—"I never pretend to know a thing that I do not. When I don't know a thing, I say at once I don't know."

X.—A very proper course; but how monotonous your conversation must be.

Student in Greensboro—"Waiter, are your oysters good?"

"Yes, sir."

"Perfectly fresh?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much are they?"

"Dollar and a half a plate."

"What? Oh, excuse me, I didn't know that I had struck a church fair. Hope I haven't intruded. Give my best regards to the oysters."

Pater (visiting his son at college)—"Why, dear me, Charles, where on earth did you get so many umbrellas and what in heaven's name are you doing with them all?"

Chas.—"You know you've always told me to lay up something for a rainy day."

Palmer—"Ramsay, why in the world don't you stop laughing. Now see if you can't keep your face straight."

Ramsay—"Can't, unless you have this crook taken out of my nose."

"Are you very ill?" asked the college physician to a sick student. "Let me see your tongue, please." "It's no use, doctor," replied the patient; "no tongue can tell how bad I feel!"

A teacher requested a pupil to parse the following sentence: "She played on the piano."

The student began thus: "Sheep is a common noun, 3rd person, plural number—"

"Hold on!" cried the teacher. "I didn't mention sheep. 'She played on the piano' was the sentence."

"Oh, I thought it was 'Sheep laid on the piano,' and I wondered what the muttonheads wanted to lay sheep there for."

Please do not shoot guns or fire-crackers in the dormitories. If you would shoot at all go to the kitchen where you can get more range.

One of the students was seen demolishing an alarm clock. When asked what he was doing he replied: "Just killing time." Now don't be alarmed at that.

"Pray, what is that melodious sound that reaches my ear?"

"Nothing but the hat-band, sir."

One musically inclined was seen standing before the mirror in his room singing "Face to Face."

Can the college physician cure pains of glass? Who will answer.

If the lights go out don't get angry. Just take a feather from the mattress. That's light enough.

DYSPEPTIC WISDOM.

If you are after honey you got to take chances on getting stung.

When a man's having an uphill fight he can only do his level best.

When you get in deep water keep your mouth shut.

Sooner or later the students will tumble to the fact that the banana peel is a nuisance.

Remember that a little push will generally outlast a long pull.

Even when a student has the price to go to the occasional shows a cold can generally make him feel pretty cheap.

A fellow has no business to be headstrong with a weak intellect.

Students often catch but never see a passing remark.

One of the Sunday School examination questions was, "What can you say about Tarsus?"

Annie Benbow's Answer—"Tarsus aimed high and hit the mark."



Exchanges.

Examinations are now upon us in full sway. We find ourselves again in the working day world and the good time we had Christmas seems like some happy dream. But we count it a great pleasure, not an irksome duty, to peruse the magazines of our sister colleges and are glad to welcome all of the old as well as many new exchanges to our table. We found the magazines for the past month on the whole much better gotten up than usual. It seemed that in most cases more effort was spent in trying to make the Christmas number excellent. Here's to hoping that all your succeeding publications be as good as this one, and that you each have a bright and prosperous new year.

One of the first exchanges to reach our table was a visitor from the watermelon State, "The Dahlonga Collegian." In this magazine we find much that is well worth while. There is one great defect however that is the same old tune, the lack of good stories and poetry. "The Pace That Kills" is a good article and should cause many of us who are living in this fast age to stop and think a few serious thoughts. "My Experience in Selecting a Subject for a Composition" is told in a smooth, easy flowing style, but has no point. "The Scientific Spirit" is an excellent production, showing that "the present scientific spirit is nothing more nor less than a practical application of commonsense." The article on "Good Roads in George" is especially interesting just now when so much is being said on this subject which concerns us all. "The Mission of the Ideal Woman is to Make the Whole World Homelike," so runs the topic sentence of a short but deserving article on "Domestic Science." It closes with the well known quotation from Owen Meredith:

We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

"College Athletics" shows how the success of the college team on the gridiron and the diamond often acts as an advertisement of the college, for every boy follows through the papers the sports of the many colleges and schools throughout the country and it is nothing but natural for him when the time comes for him to go away to school to go to the one that he knows to have the winning team. The article is well written and shows that the author was interested in his subject.

Coming nearer home we light upon "The Trinity Archive," a magazine which is always welcome to our table. The story, "On Christmas Eve," adapted from the German is beautiful and pathetic. The author of "Hilligenler" deserves congratulations. The piece shows deep thought and a good interpretation of the spirit of Hilligenler, perhaps the strongest novel ever written by Gustav Frenssen, the most discussed serious novelist of today. The poetry in this issue is not very good. "Mabel" is a rather peculiar story, but told in an interesting way. The negro dialect in "By the Light of the Christmas Fire" is fine. The story carries one back to the good old times "fo de war." This magazine also contains the best editorial on Christmas which we have read.

In a picture of the Y. M. C. A. Cabinet of the Mississippi A. & M. in the December issue of the "College Reflector," we were pleased to recognize the well known features of a former graduate of this institution. We were also pleased to see in this magazine a strong article, "Christ and the Human Race," delivered by this worthy young man before the Southern Student Secretaries' Conference 1909. "The Essay on Man" is full of wit and humor. There are two good stories in this issue, "The Christmas Reunion" and "The Quarrel." The editorials might be improved upon.

The editorials in the Davidson College Magazine are excellent. We congratulate the editor. The "Fortunate Failure" is a highly imaginative story and confounds the laws of cause and effect. "A Noble Conflict" is a thrilling account of the greatest sea fight ever fought, the conflict between the Ameri-

can vessel Bon Homme Richard, named by the gallant John Paul Jones, and the British Serapis. The article on "Money" is out of the ordinary and shows that the author was much interested in this all-absorbing subject. "Observation" is a lovely bit of poetry. In appearance this magazine is one of the neatest which visits our table.

The cover design for the University of North Carolina Magazine is simple and attractive. The paper, however, is of rather poor quality. It reminds one of the kind on which dime novels are published. We believe that the University might do better than this. "A Moral Leper" is a pretty decent story. The brief sketch of the noble life of Judge James Cameron MacRae is very interesting. We like the idea of giving a space to "Things Talked About." It helps the student body to become better acquainted with the every day happenings on the campus. But on the whole we believe that the University of North Carolina can get out a better publication than it is now doing.

We beg the "Comenian's" pardon for calling it "Comedian," but "what's in a name?"

Special mention should be made of "The Deserving Christmas Present" and the "Lines to a Blotter" in the Erskinian from Erskine College, Due West, South Carolina.

A LITTLE INCIDENT AT A PUBLIC SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.

Mother (to her husband)—They don't give much room in here, I must say. Still it is much better than I had expected after all that crushing. Are you comfortable where you are?

Father—Sure, I'm all right.

Willie (their small boy with a shrill voice)—I can't see, mama! I can't see! Oh, mama, let me see!

Mother—Lord, bless the little boy, there isn't anything to see yet; you shall see when the curtain goes up. (The curtain goes up.) Look, Willie! Look! There is the old clown!

Willie—Oh, mama, I can't see the clown. I can't see a thing.

Mother (very much annoyed)—You are such an aggravating boy. Sit quiet, do. Don't fidget so, look at the acting.

Willie—I tell you mama, I can't see a thing. It isn't my fault either—it's the lady in front of me with the big hat on.

Mother—Father, the poor boy says he can't see, because of a ladies' hat in front.

Father—Well, I can't help it; he must^e put up with the big hat.

Mother—But I thought you wouldn't mind changing places with him—you are taller than he.

Father—That's always the way of it. You are never satisfied. If I had known all about this trouble I would have stayed at home. Pass the boy over here. Now, will this do you? I am for a quiet life. (The father settles down behind a large furry hat which he dodges for some time.)

Mother—You aren't surprised at the boy's not seeing are you? Maybe the lady wouldn't mind taking off her hat.

Father—Good lady (touching the lady on the shoulder)—excuse me, ma'am, but would you mind taking off your hat? (The owner makes no reply.)

Father (still more earnestly)—Please, lady, would you kindly oblige me by taking off your hat? I am having to play hide and seek behind it. (The lady gives no answer.)

Mother—Women ought not to be allowed in the house with such hats on.

Father (to husband of the owner of the hat)—Will you please ask your good lady to take off her hat, sir, if you please?

Owner of the Hat—Don't do anything of the sort, Sam.

Mother—I think it's a shame that some people never think of others.

Father—It seems to me that the lady should remove her hat after being asked so many times.

Owner of Hat—Sam, are you going to have me insulted like this?

Her husband (turning around)—Sir, will you stop making these personal allusions to my wife? It is impossible for us to hear what is going on on the stage with all these remarks behind!

Father—Not more than it is for us to see anything that is going on on the stage. (To his wife:) Willie must change places again and if he can't see he must stand up on the seat, that's all. (Willie goes back and mounts the seat.)

Gentleman from Behind—Will you tell that little boy to sit down and not block up the view?

Father—If you can induce the lady in front to take off her hat, then I will have the boy to sit down and not before. (To the boy) Stay where where you are, Willie.

Gentleman—I must stand myself if the boy persists in standing. (Stands.)

People Behind—Sit down, there! Sit down! We can't see the performance.

Willie—Papa, the man's pinching me on the leg.

People Behind—Sit down! Order! Sit down! Make the boy sit down! Take off the hat!

Husband (to his wife, the owner of the hat, in a whisper)—Take off the blessed hat and we will have done our part.

Owner of Hat—I don't mean to do it. (An attendant is called.)

Attendant—Order there, gentlemen, please! No standing allowed; Seats! You are disturbing the performance.

Mother—Never mind, Willie, dear; you may have my seat. (Rather loud.) I feel sure everybody knows why the lady won't take off her hat.

Father—I hadn't thought of it before, but maybe it won't come off without the hair too.

The lady took off her hat and quiet was restored.—Dahlonga Collegian.

HIS OBJECT.

"I fear you are forgetting me,"

She said in tones polite.

"I am, indeed, for getting you,

That's why I'm here tonight."

—Ex.

A college student is a man who pays strict attention to his school work, but above all maintains a social equilibrium; who puts his shoulders against every student enterprise and pushes until his cheeks are rubied by the blush of valor and true worth; who listens to his college yell and calls it the harmonious music of a college-bred soul and not the loud boisterous noise of a rowdy gang.—Ex.

GET TO WORK.

If you are feeling blue,
Get to work.
If you don't know what to do,
Get to work.
There's a cure for every ill,
Get to work.
There's no use in sitting still,
Get to work.
What's the maxim for the man?
Get to work.
Just do everything you can,
Get to work.
There's always enough to do,
Get to work.
Then there will be peace to you,
Get to work.
Some one asks the way to fame,
Get to work.
If you want to win a name,
Get to work.
Do it well and do it now,
Get to work.
If 'tis only at the plow,
Get to work.
If you could but take this in:
Get to work.
Then you're always sure to win.
Get to work.

—Davidson College Magazine.

Clippings.

Are you worsted in a fight?

Laugh it off.

Are you cheated of your right?

Laugh it off.

Don't make tragedy of trifles,

Don't shoot butterflies with rifles,

Laugh it off.

Does your work get into kinks?

Laugh it off.

Are you near all sorts of brinks?

Laugh it off.

If it's sanity you're after,

There's no recipe like laughter.

Laugh it off.

"You will find that luck

Is only pluck,

So try things over and over;

Patience and skill,

Courage and will

Are the four leaves of luck's clover."

All who joy would win

Must share it. Happiness was born a twin.

—Byron.

THOUGHT IT WAS TIME.

The minister of a rural church gave out the hymn, "I Love to Steal Awhile Away," etc. The regular old precentor being absent, his function devolved upon a good old deacon, who commenced, "I love to steal," and then broke down. Raising his voice a little higher he then sang, "I love to steal." At length, after a desperate cough, he made a final demonstration, and roared out, "I love to steal."

The effort was too much. Every one but the parson was laughing. He rose, and with the utmost coolness said: "Seeing our brother's propensities, let us pray."

LIFE IN A FLAT.

"Hello, Tom, old man, got your new flat fitted up yet?"
"Not quite," answered the friend. "Say, do you know where I can buy a folding toothbrush?"

HIS MODEL.

An ambitious young man called upon a publisher and stated that he had decided to write a book.

"May I venture to enquire as to the nature of the book you propose to write?" asked the publisher, very politely.

"Oh," came in an offhand way from the aspirant to literary fame. "I think of doing something on the line of 'Les Misérables,' only livelier, you know."

GUESS WHAT HAPPENED.

As he met her in the darkened hall

He whispered, "I bring you some roses."

What think you of this answer irrelevant?

She said: "How cold your nose is!"

Some people are never satisfied. For example the prisoner who complained of literature that the prison guard gave him to read.

"Nutt'n but continued stories," he grumbled, "an' I'm to be hung next Tuesday."

"Sure and what the devil is a chafin' dish?" asked Pat.

"Whist, man," answered Nora, "it's a frying-pan that's got into society."

Foreman of News Room—"Here's an article headed 'The Rev. Dr. Alsack Defeats Death,' where shall I put it?"

Editor (absently)—"Let it go in the sporting column."

Two doctors met in the hall of the hospital.

"Well," said the first, "what's new this morning?"

"I've got a most curious case. Woman cross-eyed; in fact so cross-eyed that when she cries the tears run down her back."

"What are you doing for her?"

"Just now," was the answer, "we're treating her for bacteria."

Physician—"What are you doing in that tub? You'll catch your death."

Patient—"But, doctor, didn't you tell me to take the pills in water?"

"You are now one," said the minister to the happy pair he had just tied together with a knot they could never undo.

"Which one?" asked the bride.

"You will have to settle that yourselves," said the clergyman.

Young Man—"Father, I wish to resume my studies at college."

"I am glad to hear you say so my son; your desire to enter the pearly gates of wisdom does my heart good. Has anything occurred recently to increase your interest in completing your education?"

Young Man—"Yes, father, the directors have just replaced football among the studies."

A lusty lunged auctioneer was holding forth in flowery terms on the virtues of a particular brand of cigars he was endeavoring to induce his audience to purchase. Holding up a box of cigars he shouted, "You can't get better, gentlemen," "I don't care where you go you can't get better."

"No," came a cynical voice from a man in the crowd, "you can't. I smoked one last week and I'm not better yet!"

In a few minutes the auctioneer shouted again, "Isn't anybody going to bid?"

"Yes," said another sleepy looking fellow, "I'll bid you good-night."

Gentleman—"That looks like a well-bred dog."

Owner—"I should think he was well-bred; why he won't have a bit of dinner till he's got his collar on."

Sympathetic Old Person—"Poor man, are you married?"

Hobo—"No lady; I git dis worried look from dodgin' work."

"Have you anything to say," asked the judge, "before sentence is pronounced upon you?"

"I have," said the woman, and she began. When the judge lay dying of old age they brought word that she was still saying it.

Visitor—"Did the college course equip your son with anything useful in farm life?"

Farmer—"I reckon; them cigarettes he smokes keep mosquitoes off of the porch and his sweaters make fust-class scare-crows."



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Alice Dixon, President

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ZATASIAN.

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E. S. King, President

T. F. Bulla, Secretary

Young Women's Christian Association.

Pearl Gordon, President

Callie Nance, Secretary

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S. H. Hodgin, President

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A STORY OF '62.

The home of Valeria Harrington was filled with mirth and jollity for she, the eldest daughter, had returned from Riverside Seminary to spend Saturday and Sunday. The family had just finished the afternoon repast and now Valeria was entertaining them with anecdotes of her school life. At last she began to speak of that most horrid of horrid things, the college menu. "Mother," said Valeria, "it is dry beef, potatoes, bread and butter for dinner week in and week out through the entire year."

"Ah! child," said the grandfather, "the sweetest morsel that I ever ate was salt pork and hard tack, when I was——"

"But grandpa," interrupted Vaeria, "didn't it make you sick?"

"No, dear, for there was not enough of it," was the answer, and the grandfather settled himself in his large rocker preparatory to tell about the war.

"It was in the month of August," he said, "and I was a prisoner at Libby. In the first battle of Bull Run when the Stars and Stripes were compelled to abandon the field, a great many prisoners were taken and I was among the captured. We were forced to make a hurried march to Richmond where we were imprisoned in Libby. Libby was an awful place. The rooms were small and dirty, and the ceilings low. During this season it was extremely warm and the mosquitoes were almost unbearable. At meal times all the prisoners were summoned to a common dining room, which was carefully guarded, where the food was served as if it were meant for swine and not for

the brave defenders of the union. The guards used this time to jeer at us on account of our helpless condition. As soon as my swollen feet allowed me to think of escaping I began to make plans for leaving. This is how I managed to get away.

"One exceedingly warm night I slipped from my room, down the stairs, and out into the open air. Just as I got outside of the door a guard saw me and coming up said, 'Well, old fellow, I know it is awful hot in there but I guess that you will have to march right back.' Seeing a look of distress cross my countenance he added, 'I'll let you stay five minutes but then you'll have to take your marching orders.' With that he laid down his gun so that he could reach his watch easily. Quick as lightning I sprang upon him and knocked him senseless. Securing his musket and cartridge box I hurried away, quickly, but cautiously so as not to arouse another guard whom I knew was near. Within five hours my escape would be known for then the guard whom I had left unconscious would be found by his relief and of course my absence would be discovered. My purpose then was to get as far from the spot as possible, before any attempt was made to recapture me. I knew a union vessel was blockading the mouth of the James and if I could reach it, before I was found, all would be well. On I hurried through the blackness of the night, guiding myself toward my goal, as best I could.

"About daybreak I distinguished in the distance the barking of a dog. Nearer and nearer came the sound and a tremor seized me when I realized that the blood-curdling yelpings were from a bloodhound, which was on my track. A narrow branch of the James lay in front of me. Summoning all my energies I rushed on, swam across the stream, and climbed a low tree just as the dog broke through the underbrush. He seemed to be baffled when he reached the stream. Soon horsemen rode up and urged the dog across. By this time I had the musket in readiness and when he came under my sheltering tree I aimed, fired and the dog was dead.

"The horsemen realized the situation for they could but know that one man behind such a fortress as I was, would be

more than a match for two in the open. Seeing them flee I put up my gun for I knew that I should have to face many dangers before I reached friends.

"I expected that a pretty thorough search would be made for me so I hastened away before the whole vicinity could be alarmed. My progress was very slow for I feared to take the public highway. Towards noon I became exhausted and retired to a thicket for rest. I awoke at about ten o'clock, judging from the stars, feeling much refreshed and with new zeal for continuing my journey. By morning I began to feel sharp pangs of hunger. Seeing a negro cabin I noiselessly approached and was about to enter when a voice from within arrested my attention. It was evidently the voice of the overseer telling the negro of my escape.

" 'Now, Jonah,' he said, 'if a man in a Federal uniform comes up and asks for something to eat, you let him in and give it to him. While he is eating you come over, without letting him know it, and tell me, now mind, don't let him know it.' 'No, massa,' replied Jonah, 'he ain't gwine to know it from me and I'll gib him sompin so good he fergit hisself and stay 'till you coteh him.'

"I slipped under the house till the ringing of the horse's hoofs told me that my enemy had gone. Very thankful that I had not been caught in this trap, I retraced my steps to the woods. Soon I heard a muffled tread so I concealed myself behind a tree and awaited the approaching one. When he came in sight I saw by his uniform and also by his sad countenance and guarded look that, like myself, he was an escaping unionist. Joyfully I hailed him and with much difficulty persuaded him that I was his friend. By this time I was beginning to get desperate for want of something to eat. Fortunately my companion had a supply of ham, bread and eggs for he had remained over night in the hut of a friendly negro who had given him, on his departure, a knapsack full of provisions.

"After we had eaten we felt so elated that we became too bold. Without noticing we walked right upon a squad of Southern soldiers. We were seized and bound before we could

make any resistance. But these men were not Southern regulars, even worse than that, they were guerrillas. For several days, after they had learned of my escape, they had been scouring the country for me. As soon as they recognized that I was the one who had killed the blood hound, their anger knew no bounds. At once they sat in council and summoned us to trial which proved to be a mock trial. My friend and I were condemned as spies to be hung within fifteen minutes. Before our very eyes they tied two long ropes to a limb of a tree and placed a barrel beneath it. At the expiration of fifteen minutes we mounted this barrel, which was held steady by two soldiers and the nooses were adjusted.

"Just at this moment some cavalry rode up. There was a report of a rifle and the leader of the guerrillas fell dead. I was too dazed to know what was happening. Later I learned that the old negro at whose hut I had expected to ask for food had seen me run and had told his master Colonel Henry, who hastened to recapture me. His timely arrival on the scene of execution saved my life. It was at his command that the chief of the guerrillas was killed. Colonel Henry had warned them that unless they joined the regulars they would be dealt with severely and this was their punishment.

"How I finally reached my friends is soon told for it was done without any effort on my part. After being kept under guard for a few days I was exchanged for a Southern officer."

M. E. I. '10.

AN EVENING WITH A MOUNTAINEER.

I have a friend whose good fortune it was to spend several weeks during the past summer traveling through Buncombe and Madison counties in the capacity of a salesman. He was working for the Scarborough company who, so my friend says, "had just completed a new survey of North and South Carolina showing all the counties in colors; getting in all the townships and naming them; showing all the rivers and railroads and even the principal wagon roads throughout the two states."

Now the life of the commercial traveler who uses the means given him by nature as his sole means of going from place to place, is not all pleasant smiles, nor are the beds he sleeps on all beds of roses, and the food he gets is somewhat different from the kind that is prepared in Battle Creek, Michigan. This particular salesman in whom we are interested was, however, from the eastern part of the state. The bracing mountain air, the exquisite mountain scenery of Western North Carolina and the good will and hospitality shown him by the people of this section made difficulties sink into insignificance.

After his return to college this fall our friend gave me a very interesting account of his trip. He did not find the people ignorant or irreligious, nor did he find any who "do not know that there is a God." (Such reports have been circulated.) The schools as a rule he found equal to and often superior to those in the Piedmont section. Instead of being irreligious, the people, he learned, were intensely religious, not much used to new theological teaching, but great sticklers for the literal interpretation of the Bible, great believers in water baptism and accustomed to the old time revival and to strong sermons on the subject of fire and brimstone. Away from the routes of travel, at the foot of the high mountains and in the coves at the head of the numerous creeks our friend says that he came upon settlements that were but little affected by the twentieth century civilization, and told me of a night he spent in the home of one of these old time mountaineers. The genuine hos-

pitality shown him seems to illustrate so well this characteristic of these good-hearted people that I shall tell it to you as he told it to me.

Late one afternoon I found myself near the head of Bull Creek. I had left the main road and was following one of the prongs of the creek which headed in a little cove a mile or more further on. On either side and at the end, there was a high mountain ridge so that the cove was shut in on all sides but one. The road lay close to the creek, in fact was hard to distinguish from the creek. In places it was right in the stream for a hundred feet or more; in others the high water had washed out all the soil and left nothing but a bed of rock, and the rest of it was full of holes varying in depth from one to three and a half feet.

At the end of this road in the head of the cove, I had learned, lived a Mr. Rice, "a mighty clever man who always took in strangers." The sun had disappeared behind the mountain range and there was a chill in the evening air which made me quicken my pace. Mr. Rice's house was now in sight. It was on a little plateau right in the head of the cove. As I climbed up the steep hill an ugly looking bear hound came out, barking furiously and showing his teeth. A thin, hollow-cheeked little woman with a snuff brush in her mouth, came out and drove him off. "Come in stranger," she said, "the dorg aint goin' to bother ye." "Sally, go in the house and get the young man a cheer." Without a doubt she was a victim of the terrible white plague, which makes its ravages even in the mountain districts, for she was very thin and drawn, and had a deep, hollow cough. But in spite of this disease, her voice was pleasant and she had a cordial manner. I introduced myself and asked, "Does Mr. Rice live here?" "Yas, sir," she replied. "Well, do you think you could take me in for the night?" I asked. "It is late and I am a stranger in this country." "I reckon so," she said, "Jim will be in after a bit. He allers does the taking in. Come in and take a cheer. He most allers takes in strangers."

I settled myself comfortably in the big chair, for I knew that

Jim would let me stay. Soon after dark three wagons came slowly up the hill and back to the barn. Jim and his married sons, who live in the cove near him, were driving them. They "ungeared" the mules and fed them, and then Jim came to the house. He stopped a minute to speak to the "old woman" and then came out on the porch where I was sitting. In marked contrast to his wife, he had a splendid physique. Though slightly stooped he was not less than six feet four, broad shouldered, deep-chested and had an arm like a blacksmith. His face had an honest expression but there was no great sign of intelligence there. "Howdy, stranger," he said, and extended his hand to me. I arose, shook his hand heartily, introduced myself and asked him if I might pass the night there. "Yes, the Bible says take care of strangers, and I try to live by the Bible," was his reply. "I never turn anybody off unless it's a tramp. If you can make out with our rough fare, you are welcome to it and it won't cost you a cent." I thanked him heartily, sat down again and felt easy. My host was inclined to carry on a conversation. I encouraged him for it is interesting to hear a mountaineer talk. They will tell you their whole family history and the history of other families too.

"Ever been in these parts before?" he asked.

"No, this is the first time."

"Whar is your home at?"

"My home is in Greensboro," I replied.

"Is that in Virginia or South Carolina?"

"In Guilford county of this State."

"Let me see. I've hearn tell of that place. How far is that from Black Mountain? I ain't never been no farther east than there."

"Oh, about two hundred miles," I answered.

"Your mighty young to be so far from home."

"So you have never been beyond Black Mountain?" I asked.

"No, I never was no hand to run about much, and I don't go no whar that's too fur to ride a mule. I'm going on sixty years old and I ain't never rode on no railroad train yet, and I don't aim to. It's dangerous."

"You don't travel much then?" I said.

"No, sir, not much; once in a while I take the old woman across on Laurel to see her folks, and when the big circus comes to Asheville me and the boys most allers go."

"And have you always lived here, Mr. Rice?"

"I was raised right across the ridge yonder in the other cove. There was fifteen in our family, besides the old folks. The most of them married off and settled over on Laurel. The Rices over there are thick as fleas on a dog's back. My sister Ann she went crazy and had to go to the asylum, and Marindy she took having fits and died when she was a right smart sized gal. We've had a lot of bad luck in our family. Sam he and Bill Riddle they was both lovin' Sal Ramsay. They was a dance over on Ivy and Sam and Bill they fell out about which one of 'em was goin to swing Sal, and Bill he up and shot Sam in the shoulder. He ain't been able to work none since."

"Where are your other brothers, Mr. Rice?" I asked.

"Well, my brother Tom he got in trouble with the revenues and had to leave the country."

"He wasn't blockading was he, Mr. Rice?"

"No, sir, not 'xactly. You see it was this way, stranger. Liza, my old woman, she was always sorter weakly. She just kept getting worse and worse. She'd take spells o' coughing and spitting blood and I knowed she couldn't tough it long that way. So I went down and fetched Doc. McLain up to see her. He hadn't no more than looked at 'er than he said, 'she's got the tuberculosis.' That's the same thing as consumption, you know. He 'lowed that there warn't no better remedy than good pure corn liquor and nothing but good corn liquor would save her. I knowed it wouldn't never do to risk this 'dulterated stuff, so me and my brother Tom bought us an old still and made a run or two. I tell you, stranger, if your lungs is weakly, you can't do nothin' better fer yourself than to drink good, pure corn whisky what ain't never had no government stamp on it."

Just at this point Mrs. Rice came out and announced supper. We went in, Mr. Rice and I, and the boys, and did justice

to the supper consisting of cornbread, stewed corn and snap beans, laying aside those conventionalities which society imposes.

After supper we made a small fire to give us light and to drive off the chill of the evening air. My host, having let me into the secrets of his family and business life, now wanted to know something of mine. Then I told him that I was working in the interests of the Scarborough company who were getting out a new survey, mounted on metal rollers. "We couldn't see it then unless we went out to the big road?" asked Mrs. Rice. With some difficulty I explained to her that the new survey was a map of the State and that the metal rollers were not wheels but simply poles on which it could be rolled up. Mr. Rice was greatly interested in it at first, but when he learned it was only a map, he declared that as for Madison and Buncombe counties he knew every trail in them and that he didn't care anything about the rest.

It was now almost eight o'clock. My host repeatedly affirmed that he was not sleepy-headed, but the facts were against him, for his eyes blinked and his head nodded and soon he was sound asleep in his chair. Thereupon the "old woman" said she reckoned we'd better go to bed "cause Jim allers believed in rising early."

Mr. Rice, having waked from his nap, lit the dingy little lamp which was minus a chimney and showed me my bed in the other room. Tired from my long walk on the rough roads I was soon sound asleep.

Suddenly something that sounded like a bugle call ringing out on the clear night air awoke me. At first I thought I must have been dreaming, but to satisfy myself I got up, went to the window, and looked out to see where the sound came from. It was dark as midnight, but the sky was clear and the stars were shining bright. I could see nobody, nor hear anything. I struck a match and looked at my faithful Ingersoll. It was just three o'clock. Confident that the bugle call was my own snoring or that I had had a hallucination I went back to bed, hoping to bet another good nap. But just then I heard the

sound again, this time more distinctly. Unmistakably it was a bugle. Then the truth dawned upon me. My host "believed in rising early," so the "old woman" had said.

Mr. Rice was telling his boys who lived further up the hill, that it was time to get up and feed the mules. I got up at once and calling to my host, asked him if it were time for me to rise. "Not yet," he replied, "you can sleep a little longer if you feel like it. I'm just whooping up the boys."

Promptly at three-thirty Mr. Rice came in and roused me from my slumbers. Breakfast was waiting for us in the kitchen. Without waiting to ask a blessing, Mr. Rice began his meal, saying to me at the same time: "Here's bread; take you some butter there and eat your breakfast. Have a piece of that meat; old woman, give the boy some coffee. Take some of these home-made molasses. They're mighty good if we did make 'em."

The meal progressed and ended with as little ceremony as it was begun. One by one the young Rices left the table as their appetites were satisfied. I was among the last to leave because "those home-made molasses" were so good.

"By half past four the mules were "geared" and Mr. Rice was ready to start for the saw mill, for he had long ago given up the whisky business and was now following the peaceful occupation of hauling lumber.

"Well, stranger," he said, "if you ever come this way again stay with us. You are welcome to such as we have. I reckon I won't buy any of your maps, but I wish you well. Luck to you. Good-by."

With this he seated himself on the wagon, cracked the whip over Kate and Rhodie and was gone.

This is the kind of hospitality that the typical old time mountaineer will show you. He may be rough and uncouth, know little and care less about the conventions of modern society, but at the core he is as good as any man in America.

E. S. KING.

THE FOUNDLING.

One cold December morning, Jacob Powers, the overseer of G—— county, New York, paupers, was awakened by hearing a piteous wail. He at once got up and upon investigation found a small child lying on his doorstep almost frozen. Tenderly he lifted the bundle and carried it in to his wife, who was sitting by the fire.

"Name of goodness, what have you got now, Jacob?" asked his wife, as Mr. Powers came in the door.

"A poor frozen babe I found lying on our doorstep," replied her husband handing the bundle to her.

They found nothing about the child or its clothes which gave them the slightest clue as to how it came there. The name, Ned Jones, was pinned to it and about its neck was a locket containing the picture of a man and a woman and upon the locket was engraved the name, "Manchester." Mrs. Powers, supposing these to be pictures of the unfortunate child's parents, carefully put the locket away. Since no one seemed to know or care anything about the child Mr. and Mrs. Powers, though poor themselves, decided to keep Ned. He grew up into a strong, handsome boy and his life was not different from that of other boys except perhaps he had fewer comforts. When he was eighteen years old he graduated from the high school and Mr. and Mrs. Powers felt they could do no more for him in the way of sending him to school. Ned wished very much to go to college, but since that was impossible just at this time he had been wondering what he could do. He was a bright, energetic boy, so he decided to go to the great city of New York and seek work. He was greatly disappointed at not being able to go to college with the others of his class at the high school. At any rate he decided to see the others off and go with them as far as New York. For he was particularly interested in one of them, Blanche Morrison, the daughter of the wealthiest planter in that vicinity. From the very first day they had started to school Blanche Morrison and Ned Jones were chums. Now that Blanche was to go to college and Ned

was to be left behind his disappointment was two-fold. He was disappointed first because he could not go, and second because he felt that when Blanche Morrison had completed her course at Auburndale Seminary, which was a stylish school a few miles out from Boston, she would no longer consider him her friend. But he was a stout-hearted youth and bore up bravely.

The evening for Blanche's departure had arrived and Ned Jones was to accompany her as far as New York, where a friend of Mr. Powers had helped him secure a place as clerk in one of the large department stores. When they reached New York Ned told her good-bye, saying "Blanche, I wish you a very pleasant year at Auburndale. I hope you may make many new friends, and Blanche remember your old friend Ned will always be glad to hear from you."

With that he was gone out into that great city. A feeling of loneliness crept over the boy as he walked along the street. Finally after trudging for half an hour he came to the place where he was to lodge. On being shown to his room, he at once retired but did not go to sleep immediately. He kept thinking of Blanche and he wondered if she would still think of him when she had made other friends and her mind was filled with other things. Soon, however, drowsiness took possession and he fell asleep.

When morning came he was up with the sun and reported at the store for work, strictly on time. He was shown his department, where he set to work at once. For days and months he worked faithfully with nothing to break the monotony except an occasional letter from Blanche. And once in a while old Mr. Powers would drop in to see his foster son in whom he was very much interested.

* * * * *

Years had passed and Ned, having kept faithfully at his work, had been promoted many times and now held a responsible position in this firm. Blanche Morrison had completed her course at Auburndale two years before, but Ned Jones no longer knew where she was, though he still held a tender mem-

ory of her and fondly hoped they might meet again sometime, somewhere. Little did he know that he was to meet her soon in a way entirely unexpected to him.

One morning, just at the beginning of Ned's vacation, Mr. Dunbar, the senior partner of the firm, Dunbar, Wiseman & Jones, came into Ned's room and said, "Say, Jones, I've just had a letter from an old friend of mine who lives in the western part of Virginia and he is very anxious for me to spend a few days with him at his hunting lodge. He says the game is abundant. It is impossible for me to get off and I am real anxious for you to go down in my stead. It will be a glorious trip for you and—"

"But, Mr. Dunbar——"

"No objections if you please. You were at a loss to know just where to spend your vacation and this is the place. It will be a great pleasure to both my friend and myself if you will go."

So it happened that, on that very afternoon Ned Jones was on the train speeding to the little village of G——, Va., where Mr. Dunbar's friend was to have him met. When he arrived at the station he was hailed by an old negro who said: "Be you the gen'man friend of Mr. Dunbar, the one my old massa am 'spectin ob?"

"Exactly! I am Ned Jones, Mr. Dunbar's friend," replied Ned.

"And I is Gawge Washington Mortier, sah, mos commonly called Uncle Gawge. Step right into dis carriage, sah, and I'll drike you up to Cap'n Morrison's in a moughty few minutes," said the old negro lifting his cap.

"Morrison?"

"Yes, sah, dat's his name."

Nothing more was said, but Ned sank back into the carriage and wondered if this could be some one of Blanche's relatives. On his arrival he discovered that he was not mistaken in supposing that this man was a relative of Blanche, for he was none other than her uncle, Capt. Morrison, of whom he had heard her speak. He also found that Blanche was visiting at

the home of her uncle at this time. He was very kindly received by all and he was delighted to see Blanche again.

The hunting which he entered into with Capt. Morrison was very splendid indeed. Game abounded everywhere and though Ned did not bring down as many wild turkeys as the Captain when he went back to New York it was with the feeling that his trip had been worth infinitely more to him than he could ever guess for he had been successful in gaining that which he most of all things desired, Blanche Morrison's hand in marriage.

* * * * *

After Mr. and Mrs. Ned Jones had been living in New York some months a strange thing happened and this is how it came about. One evening when Ned came in from the office Blanche met him fairly trembling with excitement. "Oh, Ned," she said, "a detective came in here this afternoon and wanted to see you. He had just been down to see Mr. and Mrs. Powers, your foster parents, and—"

"He is here now to interview you," said the detective, coming from the bay window where he had concealed himself when they heard Ned coming. Ned, who was much surprised, said, "Explain yourself, sir."

The detective began thus: "Thirty years ago the infant son of Lord and Lady Manchester was stolen from his cradle by a nurse maid who had been bribed by a treacherous uncle of the babe. The uncle was a younger brother of Lord Manchester who hoped that if he made way with his brother's infant son, that some day he might come into Lord Manchester's title and also his estate, which was one of the richest in England. Therefore he bribed this maid, offering her one hundred pounds if she would take this child and go to America with it. He also told her that he would pay her a certain amount yearly if she would never disclose what she had done. The maid on arriving in America with the babe was at a loss to know what to do. She wandered about aimlessly from place to place until finally she decided to leave the child at some one's door.

Lord and Lady Manchester, having discovered that the child

and nurse were gone, at once suspected the child's uncle, while the uncle brooding over the great sin he had committed after many years took his own life. No one knew the cause. Meanwhile they put the case in charge of detectives who have labored hard upon it until now, when the mystery is solved. The maid whom I found in New York confessed to me the whole affair just a few weeks ago, since she no longer received a reward for keeping the secret. She gave me the name of the folks where she had left the child and she said she left around its neck a locket containing a picture of its parents, while on the outside of the locket the name 'Manchester' was engraved."

"But what has this story to do with me?" asked Ned Jones, who had been listening attentively to the detective's story. "Wait and you shall see," continued the detective. "To the child she had pinned the name, 'Ned Jones.' I went down to see these folks, who were none other than Mr. and Mrs. Powers, the former the overseer of the Green county paupers. Their story quite agreed with the maid's, and Mrs. Powers brought out the locket, which I now have in my possession. Now, Mr. Jones, there is ample proof that you are this lost son of Lord Manchester and since his death, which occurred recently, you are now the rightful owner of the Manchester estate and title."

Ned and Blanche were completely overcome with surprise, but there was no doubt as to the truth of the detective's story. While they were talking to each other the detective slipped out and came back bringing Lady Manchester, Ned's own mother, who was stopping in New York until her son should be found. And not very long afterwards those three sailed for England, where Herbert Manchester, known a short time before as Ned Jones, entered into the rightful ownership of his rich estate.

A. L. D. '10.

TO MAECENAS.

Horace addressed several Odes to Maecenas and the following is a translation of the thirty-ninth Ode of Book III. in which he invites Maecenas to visit him.

O Maecenas, the offering of Etrurian kings, I have had for a long time at my house for thee a cask of old wine not yet broached, along with a wreath of flowers and perfume pressed from roses for thy hair. Snatch thy self from delay; do not always contemplate the moist Tiber, the declining fields of Aefula and the hills of Telegonus the parricide. Desert the claying wealth and thy palace already too near the lofty clouds; cease to admire the smoke, work, and din of opulent Rome. Often changes are pleasing to the gods; and the simple meals of the poor under a humble roof without vaulted canopy and purple have soothed the troubled brow. Already the famous father of Andromeda has shown his hidden light; already Procyon rages and the stars of wandering Leo and the sun bringing back the hot days; even now the weary shepherd seeks the shade with his languid flock and the thorn hedges of rough Silvanio and the silent banks free from the wandering wind. Thou carest too much what condition becomes the state and in thy anxiety thou fearest for the city what the Seres and Cyrus ruling over Bactra and Tanais, the seat of discord may prepare. God in his wisdom has shrouded in dark night the end of future time and laughs if a mortal is anxious beyond what is right. Remember to use with an equal mind what is present. Everything is borne along after the manner of a river; now in the middle of the stream rolling peacefully into the Etruscan sea, now whirling along with its self the loose stones and the stolen crops, herds and homes, not without the clamor of the mountain and the neighboring forest when the wild flood stirs up the quiet rivers. That one is master of himself and lives happily to whom it is permitted from day to day to say I have lived; tomorrow let the Father fill the earth either with a black cloud or a bright sun: He will not, however, render void what has passed nor will he change

or render ineffective what the fleeing hour once has brought. Fortune, happy in her cruel business and constant to ply her insolent sport, transmits the uncertain honors now kind to me now to another. I will praise her remaining, but if she shakes her swift wings I resign what she has given and wrap myself up in my virtue and seek upright poverty without a dower. It is not my duty, if the mast creaks on account of the south winds to run to miserable prayers and to bargain by votive offerings that the merchandise of Cyprus and Tyre may not be added to the avaricious sea; then the breezes and Pollux' twin stars will bear me by the aid of the two-oared boat safely through the Aegean Sea.

MARY MAFIE LAMBETH.



CHOPIN AND HIS MUSIC.

The little town of Zelazowa-Wola, Poland, may be very insignificant in itself, but to the musical world it has given one of the greatest Polish musicians. Here, on March 1st, 1809, Francois Frederic Chopin was born. His genius showed itself early, his first public performance being given when he was but nine. His first compositions were dances, mazurkas and vales. At nineteen, a finished virtuoso, Chopin started with his two concertos and some minor pieces in his pocket for Paris, where he settled and remained the greater part of his life.

In his early life he was vivacious, ready for fun or frolic, fond of dancing, acting, and practical jokes, though sensitive he was well and strong. He was a capital mimic all his life and a witty companion who pleased by his gentle irony or sarcasm. He was extremely reserved in spite of his sociability. Chopin was exceedingly patriotic; he was always ready to appear in public in behalf of his Polish refugees; he corresponded with his Polish friends and gave many proofs of his devotion to Poland, which he never forgot in spite of years of absence. Chopin's later years were saddened by an unfortunate episode. In 1838, he fell in love with Madame George Sand, who for a time reciprocated his affections. After caring for him a few years, however, she left him. In the last ten years of his life he was a victim of consumption.

With the idea of benefiting his health, Chopin passed the winter of 1838-39 on the island of Majorca. The climate had a bad effect upon him; he could compose but little, and the condition of his lungs compelled him to return to France. He was so ill as to be obliged to spend several months at Marseilles, recuperating. From 1840-1848 he lived in Paris, with occasional visits to Nohant in the summer teaching as much as he could. He seldom played in public and would only play for pupils, or when persuaded by devoted friends to display his extraordinary gift as a pianist. During these years however his health grew worse. Ill as he was, he went to England,

after a farewell concert in Paris, arriving in the spring, 1848. He gave two concerts in London with some success, besides playing at friends' homes. During the entire time he suffered greatly from ill health and exhaustion, and after one more appearance in London, he returned to Paris, exceedingly ill. He was not able to teach and was obliged to depend upon the generosity of his friends. After several months of hopeless struggle to regain health, he died.

It is extremely interesting to note some of the ideas concerning Chopin and his music, of other musicians.

Moschele's studies of Chopin's music led him to make the following observations: "I gladly pass some of my leisure hours of an evening in cultivating an acquaintance with Chopin's studies and his other compositions. I am charmed with his originality and the national coloring of his subjects. However, through all of them my fingers stumble at certain hard, inartistic and to me, inconceivable modulations. On the whole I find his music often too sweet, not manly enough, and hardly the work of a profound musician."

When Chopin's graceful "Scherzo" and "Grand Studies" appeared Moschele said, "I am a sincere admirer of his originality, he has given pianoforte players all that is newest and most attractive. Personally, I dislike his artificial and forced modulation." These remarks were all made before Moschele knew Chopin. His ideas were changed to some degree after he heard and knew Chopin. "Chopin's appearance is completely identified with his music. They are both delicate and sensitive. He played to me in compliance with my request and I now, for the first time understand his music and all the rapture of the lady world became intelligible. Passages I had tried so often with difficulty, he glided over almost imperceptibly with elfish fingers. His soft playing being a mere breath, he required no powerful forte to produce the desired contrasts; the consequence is that one never misses the orchestral effects that the German schools demand of a pianoforte player, but is carried away as by some singer who troubles himself very little about the accompaniment and follows his own impulse."

Chopin in his mazurkas and ballads bewails the annihilation of national freedom. In his best compositions Chopin shows that his best ideas are but isolated, he leaves them fragmentary and fails to produce a work of complete unity. In his Sonata with the violocella, passages are often found which sound like some one preluding on the piano, the player knocking at the door of every key and clef to find if any melodious sounds are at home. His work represents an immense amount of care and labor. They are wonderfully perfect, and have rare musical value and originality. The truest representative of Chopin's works are those in which he adopts no conventional forms, but follows his own instinct entirely. A most extraordinary trait as a composer is that in spite of the limitations imposed by repeating the same form over and over, he is almost inexhaustible in variety of expression. As the poet of lyric mood, he accomplished almost as much as Shumann for the development of the short pieces, while in his longer pieces of dramatic mood and large contours he has shown that the sonata-form is not the only structure by which to convey heroic sentiment. His was the most subtle originality, the most personal style which stamped itself indelibly on nearly every composition. He immeasurably broadened the technical treatment of the piano, not only as a virtuoso, but in the direction of variety of expression, delicate accentuation and exquisite tone. Among romantic composers he has done more for the advancement of piano style than any one except Liszt. In spite of the latter's gigantic achievement, the value of Chopin's contribution is still unimpaired. From the point of view of expression, Chopin is more individual even than Schumann, but the honors as the most important composer for the piano during the Romantic period must be divided between them. Chopin's influence has been immense, not only on the composers and pianists of France and Germany, but also markedly among living composers in Russia. Chopin is the pre-eminent poet of the piano.

GERTRUDE H. SPRAY.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

The celebration of St. Valentine's Day has been observed for ages. During the fifteenth century the young people of England and France made this a time of great festivity. All would collect at some one's home on the eve of St. Valentine's Day, February thirteenth. On entering each one would drop his name into a receptacle where they would all be shaken together. As soon as all the company had arrived the fun began. Excitement and expectancy were apparent everywhere, for this was the time when each one should draw his valentine. The names were drawn, care being taken that each man should draw a lady's name and visa versa. The owner of the name was to be the valentine of the one who drew it. This did not mean that the young man was to be his valentine's attendant for just one evening but the bond was counted good for a whole year. The young man was a sort of medieval knight to the lady who drew him, in most cases leaving his own valentine to the knight of her choice—or better of her chance.

In later years this custom has died out among the better classes in England, and is now observed only by the servant classes and is characterized by comic and satirical pictures with verses, which are sent anonymously. Occasionally a heart with two lovers beneath and cupid showering his darts down upon them can be seen in the collections in shop windows.

In the United States this day affords much amusement to the young people. Valentine parties are common, but these are not like those in England in olden times. The mail boy's bag is always full.

The connection of this custom with St. Valentine's Day is purely accidental. During the reign of Claudius a St. Valentine was martyred but there is no reason to connect him with the fourteenth of February.

There is a tradition that in olden times ladies' names were placed in a box and on this day young men drew them out. To change this to a religious observance the clergy placed the

names of saints in the box. From this is derived the custom of choosing a Valentine saint so common in Catholic countries.

But the more generally accepted idea of the origin of the day is one taken from nature, the religion of primitive man. About this time the wild creatures of the forest mate and whence the reason for choosing special friends or sending messages of love on St. Valentine's Day.

PEARL GORDON.



HALLEY'S COMET.

Halley's comet is the first comet ascertained to move in an elliptical orbit. It has a period of about seventy-six years, its periodicity having been discovered by Edmund Halley in 1682. It has since been observed in 1759, 1835, and is here at the present time, 1910. Since the time of Halley there have been seventy-four other comets discovered that have an elliptic orbit. It is necessary to depend almost entirely upon the elements of its orbit for the identification of a returning comet and this is not always satisfactory.

From time to time bodies very different from the stars and planets appear in the heavens, remain visible for some weeks or months, pursue a longer or shorter path, then vanish in the distance. These are comets, so-called, because when one of them is bright enough to be seen by the naked eye, it looks like a star surrounded by a luminous fog, and usually carries with it a streaming tail of hazy light like unto the one that was seen in the Western sky a few days in January.

In ancient times comets were always regarded with terror as of evil omen, and the notion still surmises in certain quarters, although the most careful research goes to prove that they do not exert upon the earth the slightest perceptible influence of any kind.

The volume or bulk of a comet is often enormous—almost beyond conception if the tail is taken into the estimate. The head is often from 40,000 to 150,000 miles in diameter, one less than 10,000 would stand little chance of discovery. The tail of a comet is by far its most imposing feature. Its length is seldom less than 5,000,000 or 10,000,000 miles.

It has been supposed that a comet might damage the earth, by actually striking us. There is no question that a comet may strike the earth, and it is very probable that one will do so at some time. As to the consequence if a comet striking the earth everything so far as the earth is concerned depends upon the size of the "particles" of which it is composed. If they weigh only ounces or grains they will burn in the air like shooting

stars, and we should simply have a beautiful meteoric shower, this is the most probable hypothesis.

Some of the appearance of Halley's comet are of unique interest. It is supposed to have been the "Star of Bethlehem." On the Bayeux tapestry there is a famous picture of the comet which appeared in 1066, and which William the Conquer regarded as a herald of victory for his arms.

Soon after the death of Henry, King of France, a wonderful star appeared trailing its long tail over the sky. A monk became frightened at its sight and wisely exclaimed, "Thou art come back at last, thou that will cause so many mothers to weep; many years have I seen thee shine, but thou seemest to me more terrible now that thou foreteldest the ruin of my country." In the year 1456 we again find Halley's comet occupying a conspicuous place in European affairs, at the moment of the first appearance the conquering Turks, under Mahomet the second were threatening to lay waste christendom.

Of all the comets that have been discovered Halley's is the most important because it is the most historical. It flashed upon the world when Egypt was young and when Greece was a wilderness inhabited by savages. Perhaps it will continue to return when mankind is old and decrepit, and the earth is entering that last tragic state of its existence when it will be reduced to a cold desolate world. The year 1835 was the beginning of Guilford College. This was when Elihu Coffin bought of Abner Hunt the woods east and north of the pond, and H. M. Macy bought of William Russell the land on which Founders Hall was built. At that time there appeared in the heavens the most wonderful comet of the universe. After it was the wonder of the world for some months it went away into the unknown and is now coming back again at a great speed. It is in the western sky at the present time just north of Saturn, in the constellation of Pisces. It is drawing near the sun's place in the sky.

The return of this comet will be an astronomical event of much pith and moment, because it was the very first body of its kind for which a time table was computed, because an op-

portunity will be presented of revising that time table, and because it will enable the astronomer for the first time to obtain photographs of its striking features for comparison with photographs to be taken by unborn astronomers in 1986 or 1987.

Mr. Crommelin, of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, has announced that it will probably reach its perihelion on the 16th of April. It will pass around the sun, with a speed of about 1,800 miles a minute, and with extremely rapid geocentric motion will approach the earth's orbit within the comfortable distance of about 12,000,000 of miles. If it would deign while passing outwards to give the earth a tilt, doubtless it would settle many international difficulties, and confound our own and other people's politics. It will come nearest to our earth about May 19th or 20th. After this date it will move swiftly away from the earth, becoming daily more faint, till in the early days of 1911 it will disappear into the night, not to emerge again till the year 1986, when most of those who read this article will have ceased to care about comets.

On May the 20th there is a good chance for the earth to go through the tail of the comet. "This does not mean the end of the world, or that we will be smothered by poisonous gases," says Prof. Mitchell, of Columbia University. The earth itself has on more than one occasion flowed through a comet's tail, and no one was the wiser until the astronomer announced the fact, months later, when they had finished their computations. Because comets have whisked us with their tails it must not be inferred that collisions with fiery wanderers are likely to occur. The chances in favor of a collision are roughly one to 281,000,000, and then only once in fifteen million years. A blind sportsman, bent on duck-shooting, stands a better chance of hitting his target than the earth of ramming a comet.

"All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance, Direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal good."

W. H. S.

THE SOUTH; THE LAND OF PROMISE.

All sections of a country do not develop with the same rapidity, nor do all sections offer equally rich inducements and glowing prospects at any one period, especially is this true in the United States. First, New England was the favored spot. Its schools were developed to a remarkable degree of efficiency. Its transportation facilities were among the first to be built in the United States and as a commercial and manufacturing center it has surpassed all other parts of our country. Later the tide of progress turned westward. A great open and unsettled west was the inviting field which held the attention of the country at large and attracted thousands of settlers and investors. What has been the result? A high degree of civilization has planted itself in a rough country in the short period of fifty years. During this period transformations have taken place in the middle and extreme west which startle men by their greatness. The big things are not all done, but so rapid has been the progress that the future will reveal no such development as the last half century has seen.

These sections and also the wealthy north have seen their greatest transformations. Their resources have been discovered and utilized and their tempting places have in a great measure been filled.

Knowing the above-mentioned facts to be true, we ask ourselves, where is the arena of development today? Is there any section of our country which is destined to attract the attention of the country at large? If we should judge by the signs of the times we would most certainly conclude that the Southland has the brightest prospects of any part of our country.

When those who are unacquainted with the South know that our civilization is as old as that of the North and even older than the splendid middle West, they wonder why it is that the South is so far behind the times in many respects, why our land has been so cheap and why our people have been seemingly content with small things.

To Southerners the cause is sadly apparent. It has not been

due to any lethargy of her citizens. They are as intelligent and wide awake as any people. The paramount cause which has hindered our progress has been the battle to recover from a disastrous war which destroyed one-tenth of our population, three and a half billions of our wealth and "the very genius of our life." Could rapid advancement be made in such a poverty-stricken country? The last half century has been a struggle to regain lost ground and the year 1900 had rolled around before the South had regained her per capita wealth of 1860.

Today we may well rejoice that these causes of unprogressiveness are about all removed. The South stands unincumbered and unhindered, wide awake and quivering with life with the realization of her wonderful possibilities.

The educational problem has not been completely mastered but with forty-five per cent of all our public revenues being expended for educational purposes and with an increase in five years of eleven and one-half million dollars for the same purpose it would seem that this great need is rapidly being met. Along with her strides in education the South is setting the North a good example in social and civic righteousness by driving out the liquor traffic.

Of course the South is mainly agricultural and notwithstanding all other marvelous developments, agriculture still remains the pursuit of chief economic interest. With the large plantations of slavery days divided into small farms, with labor saving, modern machinery, more scientific and intensive farming and crowded agricultural schools no fear need arise that the progress of this pursuit will be retarded by the new South of industrialism.

At the present time the most promising and probably the most beneficial and far-reaching advancement which has yet been entered into is the development of electricity and the construction of electric car lines, railroads and good public highways. We are just now crossing the threshold of these incalculable agencies of public welfare.

The South is naturally endowed with water power which will make the generating of electric power very cheap and en-

tirely feasible. Already electric plants are built or in the process of erection, which almost equal the largest electric plants in the world. Already towns are lighted and factories are run by power from electric lines which stretch northward from South Carolina nearly to Virginia, a distance of nearly two hundred miles. When we think of the cheapness and superiority of this power as compared with the present methods of generating power we can readily see the enormous benefit that this will be to industrialism and what a stimulus it will be to the growth of factories all along these power lines. It is no wild prophecy that in less than a quarter of a century people living along the main country roads in the South will be using electricity to light their homes. Not only is this cheap electric power a boon to the manufacturer but of more importance still, it is going to be the means by which the South is soon going to be covered by a network of electric interurban railways. The field for such investment is a new one and capitalists are not blind to its possibilities.

The next few years will find much valuable territory opened up by the building of railways, territory which has been utterly inaccessible. Land values will be enormously increased, which fact has recently been demonstrated in the territory through which the Carolina, Clinchfield and Ohio Railway and the Southbound Railway, passes.

The South has entered into no other movement which so vitally concerns all her interests as does the present rapidly-spreading spirit of good roads. Sections which heretofore have been seriously crippled on account of almost impassible roads are allying themselves with the band of progressives and are building, by either taxation or bond issue, fine permanent macadam roads.

It is very true that the average Southern farmer is a little slow in entering into the many twentieth century improvements and tasks which seem very large. But just as soon as he is intelligently shown their practicability and genuine benefit to him or to his children, he is ready to do his part and yield his influence for better things.

The enticing voice which speaks loudest to the sensible young Southerner is no longer "Go West," but rather, stay in the Sunny South, prepare yourself thoroughly for a progressive and intelligent age and then do a man's part in your homeland, where

The night of desolate ruin having passed away
We behold the dawn of a glorious new day.

LEROY MILLER.

A PEN PICTURE.

"King's mountain is covered with Ivey,"

Said Alice to Bonner one day.

Remarked Bob to Gertrude Frazier:

"Strat-ford is all White with Spray."

The Lamb(eth) and the (P. I. G.) with pleasure

Do stay in their pastures green,

And the song of the busy wood Saw(y)er

Is loud and Sharp(e) and keen.

He takes a Holt upon his saw

With never a thought of shirk;

He fills with noise the village thro,

The streets, the homes, the kirk.

And now one thing completes the scene,

And fills our hearts with joy,

We see the Miller's charming wife

And-er-son whose name's Leroy.

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Editorials.

The Senior class having been requested by THE COLLEGIAN
staff to get on the February issue of the magazine, elected the
following to serve as a staff: Editors, Esther Ivey and E. S.
King; associate editors, A. M. Bonner and J. E. Sawyer; local
and personal editors, Gertrude Frazier and R. E. Dalton; ex-
change editor, D. W. Anderson. The class as a whole has
worked faithfully and we wish to thank every one who con-

tributed or in any way helped to make this issue a success. As to whether or not this issue is a credit to the class it is not for us to say. We leave it to the judgment of our readers.

The Chief Forester. Mr. Pinchot has lost his office as chief forester in the United States, but he has not lost his influence with the American people. Some men are actually talking of him as a candidate for the presidency. This will hardly be, but he will continue to be the leader of the conservation movement and the champion of the public rights against the aggression of private interests. It is due to Mr. Pinchot more than to any other man that public opinion has been aroused to the importance and the scope of the conservation movement. People formerly thought of it as being a movement simply for the protection of forests. He has broadened their conception of it by pointing out the necessity of preventing the valuable water power sites and rich coal fields from passing into the hands of "the interests." The fact that he was discharged from the service because he was over-zealous for the people's rights will only widen his influence. This event has compelled, as nothing else could have done, the attention of the public to the true worth of the man and to the invaluable service he has rendered to the nation. As a result of his labors, although he is no longer a government official, the policies for which he stood and still stands will be enacted into law.

Modern Literature. Modern literature is a much neglected field of study. The reason of this is because critics, failing to find any production equal to those written by Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson or Dickens, cast all aside as trash. 'Tis true that there have been authors of merit and it is equally true that there are meritorious productions from the

pens of modern writers. The author who depicts the characteristics of his age may well be called great, and among the modern authors there are many of this type. The critics who, in the time of great intellectual advancement, regard literature pessimistically, either fail to appreciate the great change which has taken place in style or else in the multiplicity of books they fail to find the works of genuine literature.

Track Work. It is with a great deal of interest and pleasure that we note the space that is being given in our Southern college magazines to the subject of track athletics. Our colleges are far behind the colleges of the North in the interest which they show in this excellent phase of athletics. However, much progress has been made along this line during the last few years. Until a few years ago Guilford never thought of putting out a track team to meet another college in a track contest. Last year an attempt of this kind was made and it was a great pleasure to the friends of the college to know that our team made a very creditable showing. This year our energetic track manager has arranged meets with some of our best State colleges and it is the duty of every man in college to put forth a special effort to make our showing in these meets worthy of our college.

GUILFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY NOTES.

Conscious that every reader of THE COLLEGIAN is interested to know that the students are now in full occupancy of the new library, it seemed fitting to tell you what are our new facilities and also add our further needs.

As the cut shows, the porch in front, with its massive columns, gives quite an imposing appearance to the building. And let me say just here that in reality the building is much prettier than the cut promised. The reading room is an ideal place for work. Ample light, clean, well ventilated, and furnished with good tables and comfortable Austrian chairs. The south section of this room contains all reference works in immediate use, Dictionaries, Encyclopedies, Warner's Library, Moulton's Literary Criticism, Hasting's Dictionary, beside the bound volumes of magazines and some fiction. So that there is little occasion for the student to go to the stack room except in rare instances. Now we need shelving on which to put these books. At present we are using cases which are decidedly out of keeping with the other furniture. Does not some individual or some class want to give us a two unit double shelving. It would cost \$35.00. Of course a brass plate would be put upon it showing the donor. The north end of the reading room is the periodical section. This is duly equipped with a most complete periodical case and file, as well as a newspaper rack, leaving little to be desired there.

A Dictionary and Atlas case is also needed. Such would also provide roller shelving for our fine art books. At present the students can hardly have the benefit of the latter because they are too valuable to handle indiscriminately. This case can be had for \$60.00, and we hope some class has this much to give.

Our stack room will be complete so soon as the lighting is put in. To have plenty of room and to have everything collected in one place is a great satisfaction after two years of cramped quarters and scattered books. There are now in the library 3,365 volumes, which means that in the two years since

the fire there have been added 2,393 (averaging nearly 1,200 per year). The number saved from the fire was 972. In addition to the above figures are perhaps 100 non-catalogued Government books and pamphlets, and another 50 or more from Joshua Bailey waiting to be catalogued.

It is a constant satisfaction to note that the students are more and more enjoying the comfort and convenience which the library affords, while they pore over the wealth of wisdom stored in its books. But utility and comfort are not enough—we must also cultivate the artistic. Our walls and ceiling certainly satisfy the aesthetic, but there would be so much gained by bits of statuary here and there, and I hope the day is not far distant when many distinctly classic pieces shall have a place. There are four niches in the corners of the reading room specially designed for marble busts, and could we dare hope—we might suggest that some of the classes furnish us with these. The reference shelving and the case for displaying our art books are our greatest needs. But we are very much hoping that the library may also give the students a hint at least of real classic art.

J. S. W.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

We were inspired by a visit from the Student Secretary of this territory, Miss Oolooah Burner, on the twelfth and thirteenth of January. She not only gave us encouragement but also brought us new ideas and new life. This was good for much depends on finishing the term's work up well.

Miss Mary George White, Student Volunteer Secretary, has planned to be at this place March 24th and 25th. Arrangements can be made for any one who would like to talk with her on the subject of missions.

On January 29th a birthday party was given to the January girls. A prize was presented to the one making the best frame for a parasol out of tooth-picks and pins. Light refreshments were served and every girl enjoyed the party very much.

A series of meetings are usually held under the auspices of

the Association each spring. Dr. McLarty is going to conduct these services this year. We are hoping and praying for much good from these meetings.

The purpose of our Association is to bring girls to Christ, to bring them up in Christ, and to send them out for Christ and we are striving to accomplish this end.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

We are thankful to say that at last the Y. M. C. A. hall is ready for use again. It has been thoroughly renovated. The old linolium has been taken up, the floor scoured and then stained and Jap-a-laced. A picture moulding has been put up and all the wood work revarnished. The wall has been newly papered with dark green duplex paper. When we get some pictures hung and some window shades the hall will appear real attractive.

The annual business meeting of the Association was held on Thursday night, February the 10th. At this meeting reports of the year's work were made and officers for the ensuing year were elected. Those elected are: President, R. H. Fitzgerald; vice-president, S. J. Kirk; secretary, T. J. Covington; treasurer, W. H. Welch, and Robert Collier marshal. The work for the past year has not been carried on as it should have been, but now that a new cabinet has been chosen we feel it will be pushed forward with renewed zeal.

We have been so fortunate as to secure Rev. E. K. McLarty, pastor of West Market Street Methodist Church, in Greensboro, to conduct the evangelistic campaign. Mr. McLarty is a man who understands student life. We feel sure that he is the right man for this work. The meeting will begin either on the 13th or the 20th and will continue for a week.

On March the 3rd, Rev. J. W. Long, formerly of Concord, now of Greensboro, is to speak to us on home mission work in the South. Mr. Long has made a special study of the welfare work being done in the mill villages in the Carolinas. His address will be both interesting and instructive.

Athletics.

Heretofore it has been our strongest aim to excel in baseball, but more recently the spirit has arisen among our student-body to excel in every line of athletics, as well as in baseball.

We have been justly proud of the records established by our teams in the past years, and their record has made each and every true Guilfordian look up with admiration at the showing we have made with other colleges tripling us in numbers.

We firmly believe that when the spring season reopens we will again be ready to keep up our past records.

It is true we are somewhat handicapped over the loss of seven good men on last year's team, but we do not mean to let this discourage us in the least; these difficulties must and will be met. When we glance over such promising material as we have on our hill we feel confident that we can place a strong nine on the diamond, that will compete favorably with the other leading teams in the State. With such men as Whitaker, Davis, Woosley, Winslow, Benbow, Doak, Nelson, Stuart, Barnes, Johnson, Ferree, Shore, Hodgins, Edwards, Moore and many other promising candidates, we feel sure of putting forth a strong team. Manager Hine has his schedule pretty well under way, and will soon have it ready for publication.

BASKET BALL.

With only one of last year's Varsity men returning, we have practically put forth a new team this season, and they have even surprised themselves at the record they have thus far made, which we are so proud to boast of; and they have made a team second to none, thus far played, in the State. The formidable foes that have thus far gone down before our strong quintette are, Trinity, Elon and Winston-Salem Y. M. C. A.

In the Trinity game, which was far more fiercely contested than the score would indicate, 25-8, our whole team starred from the start to the end of the game.

Our second game was with Elon College, Feb. 2nd, 1910, and

was a rather one-sided affair, but our boys pulled off some beautiful and difficult plays in shooting goals from all positions of the Gym. When the final score was announced, it was an overwhelming one in our favor, 71-2. Prof. Binford, referee; Prof. A. W. Hobbs, umpire, and Prof. Carroll scorer.

Our last game played to present date, was with the strong Winston-Salem Y. M. C. A. team. The score was very much against their representatives, although they fought gamely and the contest was very interesting and exciting at times. The score in detail was as follows:

W.-S. Y. M. C. A.—Gouls from field, Rector 2, Peddycord 2, Shields 1; foul goals, Cofer 7, Peddycord 1. Johnson and Sheetz were the other members of their team.

Guilford—Field gouls, Benbow 6, Hine 6, Winslow 5, Briggs 1. Sharpe other member of team. Mr. Sebrig referee; Mr. Binford umpired, C. H. Cuthrel scorer.

The steady team work of each and every man has placed us where we are in basket-ball this year. Our team at present is composed of the following members: Winslow, C.; Benbow, R. F.; Hine, L. F.; Briggs, L. G.; Doak and Sharpe, R. G. Subs are Sharpe, Pritchett and Sawyer.

Games have been arranged with A. & M., Trinity and Wake Forest on their home grounds for 17th, 18th, 19th of February respectively.

TRACK TEAM AND MEETS.

Before last spring we were hardly known in track team work. We had taken very little interest in this kind of work before, and had never held a meet with another college.

We launched forth into the State meet last spring and won second place over such teams as A. & M., U. N. C. and Davidson.

In the past fall and beginning of our new term there has been a more noticeable interest in this work than ever before. Every evening our track team men are out hard at work, and we are looking forward to brighter results this spring than we did last spring. Our spring field day will be held March 5th and is being looked forward to with considerable interest, as it

is from this meet that our representatives are chosen. Already meets have been arranged with the following colleges: Wake Forest at Greensboro, N. C., March 19, 1910; A. & M. at Raleigh, N. C., March 28, 1910 (Easter Monday); U. N. C. at Guilford April 25, 1910, and with other meets in view. Another interesting feature of the coming meet is the Discus throw, which has never been used in our meets until this spring.

R. E. DALTON, JR.



In Lighter vein

Oh, my arm!!!

Have you had the mumps?

The many friends of Dobson Long were glad to welcome him at the college February 6th.

A negro minstrel will be given at the college on the evening of March 19th for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

Mrs. King spent Saturday, the 29th, with her daughter, Anna Bella.

Miss Blanch Coffin, of Enfield, spent the 29th and 30th with Miss Lura Hendrix.

Miss Berta Lindsay, of G. F. C., recently visited the college as the guest of Miss Annie Riddick.

Miss Winnie McQuirter spent Saturday and Sunday with Miss Lucille Hall.

Miss Ethel Hodgin, '09, visited the college a few days ago.

Prof. Binford (in eloquent Biology lecture)—“Mr. Darwin is a very noted man on account of his discoveries and he is still living—if he isn't dead.”

Prof. White (showing Astronomy class the heavenly bodies)—“How wide is the moon?”

Alice—“A half hour.”

Lucile—“Just look at the sun.”

Annie (looking toward Archdale)—“Isn't it beautiful?”

Senior—“A Halo!! What is a Hala?”

A new way to manicure your nails—Apply to Miss Briggs.

Rebecca (at table)—“Judge Clark, we have all given our toasts now you give one.”

Judge Clark—“Well I heard someone say Anna Benbow was a mighty pretty girl.”

Elva—"This air is very embracing."

Anna Bella—"Annie, where are you going?"

Annie—"To the library to iron some things."

Mr. Bonner is taking de^oportment this term. We hope he will profit by it.

Prof. White (in explaining time)—"If I arrived in St. Louis at seven o'clock by my watch and stayed there ten minutes and left at six ten by St. Louis time, which way would I be going?"

Bonner—"Backwards."

Annabella has to use a microscope to look at a Lima bean.

Girl at Little Store—"Have you any baretts?"

Clerk—"No—not any fresh ones."

Hazel (room full of company)—"Gertrude why don't you stop reading and be 'hostile' to these girls?"

Gurney—"Worth, doesn't b-o-w-e-r spell bier?"

Worth—"I don't know but l-i-a-r spells liar."

William Holt (the milk maid) since studying sociology has instituted a kindred science, namely, Dogology. Der Kleine Wilhelm is the highest authority on this subject.

Professor Hobbs (in Johnson's room)—"There seems to have been some smoking in your room?"

"Beef"—"Yes, they will smoke in here"

Professor Hobbs—"Is that they pipe there in the window?"

Professor Wilson has fitted up the old Physics Laboratory in the basement of Memorial Hall for a Senior and Junior chemical laboratory.

The final interclass debate which is between the Seniors and Sophomores will be held March 12th. The question for debate is: Resolved that the United States should abandon the Monroe doctrine.

Copied from a Junior German "Blue Book":

"Ich bit. wir bitten
du bitter. ihr bitet
er binst. sie bitten."

Mr. Carroll, in Sociology class—"Robert Dalton, what is the best remedy for the blues?"

Rob. Dalton—"Get somebody to kiss you."

Miller to Ed. King—"Old lady, this woman problem is a big problem. I wish I was married."

Red Perkins (speaking of honey bees)—"They are just like women, you have to go at them easy."

Wanted—To know, who goes to Greensboro the most Sunday nights in a month, Henry Sharpe or Prof. Wilson?

The speech which paralyzes the Astronomy class—"Take some paper please."

Wonder why Ed. King always reads from the Book of Esther?

✓ Sarah Hollowell Bayer, one of Guilford's old students, is living in Jacksonville, Florida. We regret to learn of the illness of her little daughter, Elizabeth.

Maggie Davis is spending the winter in Jacksonville, Fla.

✓ Ora Jinnett Swing, class of '98, with her daughters, Edith, Pauline, and Margaret are visiting at Norwood, Mo. In a few days they will go to Springfield, Mo., where Mr. Swing is superintendent of a gas plant.

John Sawyer—"Boys the thing which I am dreading most is that Prof. Wilson may give us some nouns to decline on our French examination."

Prof. White, at Science Club—"Mr. Holt, are not some of the bacteria which you are speaking of really beneficial?"

Der Kleine Wilhelm—"Professor, bacteria are just like people. There are some good ones and some bad ones."

Exchanges.

Upon looking over our list of exchanges for January, we find that magazines from several of the colleges which usually exchange with us, have not arrived. We hope that in the future more attention will be paid the exchange department as this department should be considered one of the most important parts of a college magazine.

From the pile of exchanges, the Davidson College Magazine first attracts our attention. It is one of the strongest exchanges we have received this time. The article on Napoleon shows a thorough knowledge of the man and his life. It is well written and is very instructive. The paragraph structure, however, is a little weak in places. Notwithstanding this, it is one of the best articles found in our exchanges. The article on Dr. Elisha Mitchell is also very interesting as well as instructive. Of the lighter reading, the story entitled Logtown is very entertaining. The writer certainly shows originality. His style also is clear and the action of the story rapid. The story entitled Kenyon's Canon is queer and at the same time very pleasing to read. The way in which the writer introduces his story is admirable. One does not often find a more entertaining short story. The story, namely, "The Abolishing of Time," if original, certainly shows great imaginative power in this writer. It is exceedingly amusing. Of the verse, the Sonnet has a beautiful thought in it. One has to read it two or three times before one can comprehend the poet's deepest meaning. The writer of the poem, My Prayer, deserves to be congratulated. His sincerity cannot be doubted, he expresses his thought in such a beautiful way.

The January number of the Wake Forest Student arrived with its neat cover which always suggests the entertaining and instructive material which it contains. This month however it is a little disappointing. Of the three articles which it carries in this issue, the one entitled, The Function of the School in the Teaching of Patriotism is by far the strongest.

In the first place, it is interesting to one because as one reads it, one feels the ideas are original. In the second place, the style of the writer is very pleasing, because his sentences and paragraphs are so well connected. The subject itself is interesting and one which should claim the attention of all patriotic citizens. The Eulogy on Lee and the article entitled Jean Jacques Rousseau are such as one would expect to find published in any magazine under such titles. In other words there is nothing new brought out in them. Of the lighter reading, Sam Sanders and Four Carpet Tacks and The Right of Way, the latter appearing especially original. The action in the former is a little slow at times although as a whole it is better than the average story published in a college magazine. An Unsanguinary Suicide starts out very well, but falls flat at the last, thus spoiling what might otherwise have been a passable story. The story entitled In the Days of Uncle John becomes a little tiresome to the reader before he finishes it. The poetry of this issue is up to the standard of that of the average magazine. "The Stor of Hope," however, fades at a second reading, and if one should venture to read it a third time, it might fade altogether.

We notice that the College Reflector (Agricultural College, Miss.) is labeled "Short Story Number," and in this issue we find much to entertain us. The story entitled "The One Who Lost" is by no means commonplace. The plot is well laid and the writer shows himself well capable of developing it. But it is a little hard to imagine an honest man deserted entirely by his friends on account of such weak evidence against him, as there is against the ruined doctor in the story. "The Glowing Coal" is certainly different from most short stories. In fact it is entirely different from all those in the other exchanges for January. It is such a surprise to one when Crittendon's wife hugs and kisses Jack ———, that it almost takes one's breath. The way in which the writer lets the glowing coal pop out of the grate is very odd and is certainly very effective. We like the method of having a certain part of the magazine devoted to studies in narration and description. It

is certainly very helpful to the student to write such studies. The stories also give the reader much pleasure. The one on Poaching is especially worth of mention. The local department of this magazine is better than that of any other magazine which we have yet received.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines, many of which contain good material; material which on account of lack of time and space, we are unable to mention: The Criterion (Columbia College, S. C.), The Earlhamite, State Normal Magazine, The Red and White, Tileston Topics, The Ides, The Comedian, The Crescent, Old Penn., Acropolis, The Erskinian, The Lenoirian, The Wilmingtonian, The Radiant, The Criterion (Missouri Wesleyan College).



The Guilford Collegian.

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A STUDY IN SYMBOLS.

From blue to red,
From red to gold,
From gold to gray,

So turns the sky,
So fades the light,
So ends the day.

From ease to strife,
From strife to pain,
From pain to peace.

So life shall wane,
So grief decline,
So toil shall cease.

MABELL CRUTCHFIELD.

THE BRACELET AND THE PROMISE.

As Clinton sat leaning against the trunk of an old pine the last sunbeams of a perfect spring day slipped through the branches and played around him. The delicate tints of the maples in the grove beyond seemed to be a reflection of the brilliant coloring in the west. The balmy breezes carrying the fresh perfume of early spring-time ruffled his thick brown hair and blew his cravat into his face.

Nevertheless, despite all these symbols of awakened life and merriment, Clinton was unhappy. This was not because he was old enough to have grown tired of life, for the youthful lines of his face and brow said he could not have witnessed the passing of more than seventeen years. His delicately chiseled nose and sensitive mouth showed that his nature was not one to be so out of harmony with the blissful influences of the season. And, had not his mind been occupied by what seemed to him a very serious matter this would not have been the case.

To begin at the beginning, Clinton was a genius. His uncle had always filled the place in his life of both father and mother. He could remember no other home than his uncle's and he had no vivid picture of the past. Yet, sometimes in his imaginative way he caught glimpses of a woman with tender brown eyes and a crown of soft brown hair. Sometimes he recalled a charmingly musical voice, but he could not know that this was that of his own mother any more than he could know that it was his sensitive nature in himself which was causing him this, his greatest grief. This talented woman had taught him when a mere child to hold his bow and draw it across the violin in her hands. She had listened with beaming eyes while he drew forth his first faint, unharmonious sounds. And last, but by far the greatest thing, she had taught him to love his little play-mate Fredrica.

She, always Fred to him, lived in a large house separated from his uncle's by only the grove and a flower-garden. Behind the latter the pines grew scatteringly at first but finally formed a thick forest.

This was what Clinton saw as he leaned against the pine. He was thinking of the merry times he had had with Fred when they were tots playing among the trees. In his mind's eye he saw her, still a sunny, laughing little girl carelessly tossing her golden hair. He wished he could see her in person for she knew he was waiting, in fact, it was her own plan.

Clinton liked Fred not because she was pretty and graceful, though sometimes she was both, but because she was lively and natural. She cheered his over-serious nature by pitying him because he was gifted and by drawing his mind from study to the pleasure of life and the beauties of nature. And most of all he liked her because she did not simper but smiled frankly when she wanted to smile and frowned when she wanted to frown. She talked sense like a boy and did not squeal at the sight of a mouse or use affected words.

Now just as their childhood's friendship was growing naturally into a stronger affection he must leave her. His teacher, Herr Sterlrig, said: "My pupil already has more skill than I, no longer must his study in Germany be put off." So everything for departure had been prepared gladly by the old German master because he was glad to return to his own country, but especially for Clinton's sake, as he knew better than any one else what power the boy possessed.

The laborers had followed the well worn paths to their several homes and already little streams of smoke curled from some of the chimneys. The sun was dropping lower and the birds, save for a few wandering swallows, had settled for the night. The air was slightly cooler. Clinton's usually girlish mouth and chin were rapidly becoming firm and he restlessly tapped the tender grass with his foot.

Had Fred forgot that she had told him to be there in his old place? No, she never forgot, but sometimes she deliberately stayed away. Perhaps her pet squirrel was missing or that horrid cat had caught her pigeon; but what were these trifles today? At this point in his reflection Clinton heard her whistle to her dogs. How consoling that she should prefer them to him. But as she was coming it was all right.

At one glance he saw how well her cheeks and soft ruffled hair blended with the rich red and gold of the sun-set. Her very motion corresponded to the evening breeze.

"Hello! Waiting? O you naughty, naughty, Jack!" "Fred, can't you leave those beasts a few minutes for me when I leave in the morning?" "So soon as that, but say, didn't you promise—Clinton they're in the garden; it was only last week they ruined Uncle Jerry's choicest tulips." Immediately Clinton, with an impetuous, almost angry toss of his head walked to the gate and closed it with a bang. She knew him too well to tease when he tossed his head like that, so she said in her frank way, "Who will be my brother when you are gone?" He paid no apparent heed. "Yes, I promised I would wear your ring, but after consideration, I will take it only on condition that you will wear this until you let somebody fill my place; I mean, Fred, for you to send it to me when you give up your idea of boys as brothers and accept one as—" He feared to speak the rest and at once saw that he had already said too much. Fred, though usually careless and gay, could sometimes look very, very sober. Now her blue-grey eyes looked steadily and fearlessly into his brown ones. He held out a small, plain, old-gold bracelet with a motion for her to let him clasp it on, but she said, "If you cannot accept a little token of friendship without being sentimental—well, I thought you were sensible, anyway, I'll keep my ring." "But"—"Yes, I like you, but even you shall not know by a piece of treachery what I alone shall know, if I ever do, which is doubtful." "Not at all—I know you better." "Well, if you persist in being sentimental, 'However it beats 'twill beat sincerely,' and I expect to accept nothing to betray it. See, it is getting dark, we must go." Clinton held his hand for the ring but his companion simply shook her head.

The troubled genius saw the sun had disappeared behind the pines. He noted not the daffodils nodding to him as he slowly followed the path through the garden, but he knew that he was returning with less satisfaction than he had come. Would he ever know this changeable piece of humanity causing him so much trouble and yet more pleasure?

Fred sat in the open window of her own room. She had no desire to cause pain or trample on another's feelings in order to show her power. It was her unrestrained impulse that made her resent Clinton's familiar words, for she as all other sensitive creatures, possessed a soul and, unlike many others, she allowed it to play its part. The cool breeze blew acceptably against her feverish cheeks, it carried to her the fragrance from the first rose-buds in the garden and a thing less comforting, strains of passionate music from Clinton's den.

His last night at home, she reflected, and so unhappy possibly he would forget all in his quest for fame. As fast as these thoughts came she expelled them, for she knew it could not be.

Guided by the music and silvery moonlight she soon found her way to his window. She looked in. There before the embers, which had been kindled for company rather than comfort, swinging his tall slender body as he played, stood Clinton, drawing the very voice of passion from his violin. Moved by some unknown impulse he walked to the window and drew back the curtain. "O, Fred, I knew you would come." Not in the least surprised she held up a warm little hand and made no attempt to loosen it from his firm, impetuous clasp, nor did she struggle when he fervently pressed it with his quivering lips. They agreed that her promise was better than the bracelet's pledge. They said a friendly, frank good night and he knew she would be true.

ANNA DAVIS.

HOW SHE FOUND HIM.

Far up among the rugged mountains of Western North Carolina, and not far from the main pass leading from the flourishing little town of Galax to the city of Mt. Airy, stands a little log cabin whose shattered window-panes and moss-covered roof seem to speak a tale of sorrow to the passer-by.

One day about seventy years ago the widow who dwelt in this humble home, took her baby and went far up the ravine to pick berries. She left the child in the shade of an overhanging rock to coo and play with its toes while she went about her work, returning now and then to see that all was well with him. Finally absorbed with the thought of her widowhood and of how she might earn a living and bring up her son, she wandered farther away than usual, and on her return to where she had left it, the child was nowhere to be found. Suddenly the pangs of remorse shot through her very being when she realized how thoughtless she had been. She could not collect her senses enough to know how to begin a systematic search; however very soon after making an alarm the few neighbors came to her assistance and searched everywhere far and near, but no trace of the child could be found, except one of its little shoes which was near the rock.

A party of pleasure seekers from Maryland, who were spending a few days in the mountains, had chanced, while on a stroll, to come across the helpless baby lying under the rock where they supposed it had been left to perish by some heartless mother. One of the company, a loving wife, being touched by its pathetic cries and helpless condition, tenderly took it up and carried it away with her.

On reaching her home and finding her husband delighted with the new comer, she at once employed a nurse, and with a mind full of interesting pictures of the future, began the task of rearing him.

Days drifted hurriedly into months, months into years, and Willie grew from the soft flannels and long white dresses of the nursery into a brilliant little lad trotting back and forth

to school. Mr. and Mrs. Oaksdale took great pride in their "little man," as they called him, and would always take him along when they went South for the winter.

Finally when Willie was twelve years old, Mr. Oakdale's business called him to Europe. Taking his wife and son with him, he went to Berlin, where Willie was placed under a German tutor. After a delightful stay of three years they returned to their Maryland home and prepared for the proper education of their adopted son.

Two years later when Willie entered the university he, for the first time, realized the wonderful opportunity he had had, and the importance of his travels abroad. Though he was the adopted son of one of the wealthiest men in Maryland, and was blessed with an unusually strong intellect, he was not puffed up as a great many of his associates were, but he was rather, a plain, cool-headed, self-possessed, polite young man of striking appearance. The years passed by and Willie duly took his seat with the graduating class.

Mr. Oaksdale had decided for his son to take a course in law, but during Willie's school life he had been thrown among Friends and had decided to be a Quaker preacher. The parents were naturally somewhat disappointed in the decision their son had made. However, after much consideration of the matter they decided that they were able to support him and that it would be better to encourage him in his chosen work than to try to persuade him to follow a profession that he hated. After being recorded according to the quaint manner of Friends, he entered upon his work with a determination to lift humanity to a higher plane of spiritual life. His determinations and wishes were not in vain; before that annual assembly had met more than three times, William Oaksdale had become one of the great evangelists of the State.

At one time while visiting the various meetings in North Carolina, he felt that he should hold a service at the old Flat Rock church, far up in the mountains. The time was set for the meeting and the announcement sent out over the community that William Oaksdale would preach on First Day morning.

The day was exceedingly warm and the sun poured her scorching rays down upon crowds of barefooted children, boys and girls in their Sunday clothes, and strings of wagons and buggies full of the older men and women, all on their way to hear the great evangelist.

The hour^s had arrived for the service to begin. The aisles were crowded, and many were standing outside about the windows. William was seated in the pulpit. As he watched the congregation assemble, so unlike the one he was accustomed to, he noticed a very feeble old lady, with a gray bonnet, enter the door and come tottering down the aisle and take a seat near the front. The services went on—Oaksdale preached a mighty sermon, on the lost sheep; near the close he told in connection with his sermon the story which his mother had often told him, of how she had found him a helpless baby, lying under a rock in a mountainous country, and how she still kept the one little shoe that he had on when she found him. At these words the aged woman, wearing the gray bonnet, sprang forward, trembling, and fell at the feet of the preacher, crying in tones of mingled joy and grief—"My boy! My boy!"

R. E. B.

A CONTINUOUS GRUMBLER..

Oh, dear! there goes that old bell. I suppose I'll have to go to breakfast whether I want to or not. They never do have anything good for breakfast, here. How I wish I could have some of mother's good hot biscuits and sweet coffee. It seems as if it had been an age since I did have any.—Well, that meal is over, and I certainly am glad. I just couldn't eat hardly a bite for thinking about what the folks at home might be having. I guess I'll have to clean up my room now. If I were at home I wouldn't have to do that as soon as I left the table. No indeed! Mother has good judgment on such subjects. Gracious! I forgot that I hadn't looked at my Latin. Well I'll have to give my room a lick and a promise this time, for I know this is my day to be called on and I just must get my lesson. Oh! there goes that bell again and I haven't read half of the advance and I know I'll be called on for something I don't know. But such is life.—Chapel is over. I think it is awful to have to trapse up to Memorial Hall every morning and sit for fifteen whole minutes by some one you don't like. But, oh, the bliss of going to the Collection Room afterward and enjoying yourself by thinking about the English recitation that comes next. I just can't study my English today for thinking about the reception my Embroidery Club at home is going to give. I wish I could be there. I always do miss all the good times. I don't see why I didn't pass my English last term, for I do try so hard to get my lessons. Oh! That awful clock just scares me to death and I don't know my lesson at all. Well, here I go to another hour of misery.—Thank goodness, that period is over. Now I can have one more hour of bliss in Prep. parlor. I just must study my History this period, but I am so sleepy and I wonder how Agnes will have her new party dress made. I believe I'll go to the Library. No I won't. I've got to study. Oh! is it time for the bell? Why I must have been asleep. Well, I'm glad the morning is over. I'm as hungry as a bear. I do wonder what we will have for dinner.—Now isn't this a nice meal to sit down to. Tough

meat and greasy gravy, potatoes and onions. I suppose we will have burned ginger-bread for dessert. It's enough to take away the little bit of appetite I have.—I didn't enjoy my dinner one bit. They didn't talk about a thing but the good times they had had. I don't see how any one can have a good time at this slow place. Oh, I've got to go and work those awful Algebra problems now. I just had to go to that basket-ball game last night and any one knows I couldn't study before it or after it either. I intended to get up early this morning and work them before breakfast, but I was so tired that I thought I would get more good out of the sleep than those problems. What will I do? I've only got fifteen minutes to work eight problems in. I just can't get them and I know I'll be called on and then I'll have to disgrace myself before the whole class. That teacher has a pick on me, anyway.—Well, that class is over. But it is just like jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, for I have to go to that old Study Room for another tiresome period. And then comes that dry old History recitation. I don't see why I couldn't have had History right after Algebra, and then I could have at least one happy period a day. But instead, I can't even do as I please after school. I just hate to take that walk every evening. Of course it won't do me any good if I don't take it in a happy frame of mind. And then comes supper. It always is such a bore, for there never is anything good to eat. I wish we would have chocolate every night. May be then I could have at least one thing to cheer me up. We never do have any time at all after supper to have any fun. I just know they turn up the clock every night so they can ring the study bell early. By the time it does ring I am so tired and sleepy I just can't study. Isn't it awful to have to work so hard?

ELIZA.

A FRESHMAN'S LAMENT.

O, I am weary, weary, weary
Of rush and toil and books;
And I long for a day in the woods far away,
Where the murmuring little brooks

Sing sweeter songs than man can sing,
Tho' his gift be the charm of the world;
Where the blood-roots grow, till their petals of snow
By the fairy hands are uncurled.

Out there in my kind Mother Nature's arms,
I soon should find balm for my tired, tired brain;
While the pleasant perfume from the wild-flowers in bloom
Would liven my spirits and lessen my pain.

Oh, call me not back from my sweet, sweet peace
By the sound of that harsh, cruel bell,
For its constant relations with dull recitations
Make it fall on my ears like a knell.

But instead let that rich sea of gold in the west,
Which heralds the close of the day,
Send me home from my rest, like the bird to her nest,
With my spirit uplifted and gay.

ANNA DAVIS.

LIFE OF ROBERT E. LEE.

A man whose character presents no blemish to mar its symmetry; whose life leaves no apology to be made to men for any act of his in all its course, and whose example serves to make patriots and soldiers and gentlemen in all future generations is that of our beloved Southern General, Robert Edward Lee.

The Lees came from England and should I trace their paternal ancestry it would be found to be pure Norman and Anglo-Saxon. Robert's father was Light Horse Harry Lee, a famous horse man who helped Washington to fight the British in New Jersey and rode side by side with Sumter and Marion in the Carolinas. When Robert was four years old, the family left the plantation on the Potomac and went to live in the near-by town of Alexandria in order that the children might have better educational advantages. Seven years later the father died leaving Robert, then a boy of eleven, to care for his sick mother.. A man's part in life was given to the lad and most nobly he met every duty as it came. No wonder that friends and enemies, statesmen, soldiers and poets have declared Robert E. Lee the greatest man of our generation, for in his preparatory school life, he was punctual and faithful, quiet and respectful. Out of school the devoted and tender nurse of his invalid mother. At the Military Academy at West Point we find him no less faithful, and on receiving second honors in his class he hastens home to tell his mother of his appointment as second lieutenant of engineers in the United States Army. The mother was able only to smile her congratulations and best wishes for her son before she died. The faithful service rendered in this office, and his bravery and courage exhibited in the Mexican war in which he took an active part, was only the stepping stones to a higher position of Colonel. During the years of service in the United States Army he learned to love the Union and in the spring of '61 the command of the army to be lead against the South was at his refusal. It was a large door of opportunity thrown open to the soldiers. He

was sorry to be separated from his old comrades in the army; but he never waited one moment to think over the answer he should give President Lincoln but sent at once this message: "I cannot take any part in an invasion of the Southern States." Although he loved the Union, yet he loved the South and his own native State of Virginia so much more that he gave up his commission as an officer in the United States Army and went to Richmond and gave his service to Virginia. On accepting the leadership of the soldiers of his native State he said: "Trusting to Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens, I will devote myself to the defense and service of my native State, in whose behalf alone would I have ever drawn my sword." The South was not ready for war, consequently Lee went to work to help President Davis get the Souther soldiers ready to defend their homes, and soon sent into the field the men who gained the first great Confederate victory at Bull Run 1861. In the latter part of this year Lee went into the mountains of Western Virginia, and it was on this campaign that he purchased Traveller, his famous war horse. And now we see this quiet man, with his clear, honest eyes, ready to lead his men through their long course of victory. It would take too much time and space to give an account of his success in defeating McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, and other skillful generals. Lee's invasion of the North was very successful. Lee was so kind-hearted that he told his men not to destroy the houses and fences of the people who lived in the enemy's country. South of Gettysburg Lee fought a hard battle against Meade in which Lee's men had the privilege of crossing the stone wall and in the midst of Mead's army waved their dear old flag. In May, 1864, Grant and Lee started to Richmond, Lee had about half the men Grant did. A fearful battle took place in a thicket in which the woods caught on fire and blinded the men, but they kept on fighting. Part of Grant's army rushed against one end of Lee's, just then the Texas troops came on the field. Lee rode up to them and said "My Texas boys you must charge." Then he waived his old slouch hat and started into the fight with his soldiers. "Go back, General Lee; Marse

Robert, go back," shouted the men. A tall sergeant took Traveller by the bridle and turned his head to the rear. "Lee to the rear," were the words that rang above the roar of the guns. As the brave Confederates rushed forward and drove back the enemy. Another hard fought battle was at Bloody Angle, where Lee and Grant fought twenty hours, over the breast works, the trenches ran with blood, large size trees were cut down by musket balls, the victory was at last with the Confederates. On the morning of April 9th, 1865, Lee and Grant met in a private house at Appomattox Court House, each showed himself truly great in that hour each faced his duty and did it. Lee went back to his men and told them with tears in his eyes that he had surrendered. The Confederates wept bitterly; there was scarcely a man in that little army who did not wish to keep on fighting. Lee's next five years was spent in teaching the young men to become honest, worthy and brave men. Lee helped share the hardships after the war and urged the people to be patient and labor hard to build up the South. His birthday is always remembered all over the South, and is considered most important. It cannot be too strongly pressed upon public observation, and too much cannot be done towards preserving and keeping bright the memory and example of the grand man in whose honor it is celebrated. This day ought not to be a day of sadness, but a day of prosperity. Lee as a boy, and his military greatness, and as a general, and of the moral greatness of the man I need not speak. In view of the conditions with which he has been hampered much must be left to speculation and conjecture. The man who could stamp his impress upon his nation, rendering all other insignificant, such a man, such a soldier, such a heart must have been great; great beyond the power of eulogy. The most stainless of great commanders is that of our beloved Southern General, Robert E. Lee.

MARY KIVETT.

READING.

No one doubts the importance of reading good literature. One's reading is usually a fair index of his character. Observe in almost any house you visit, the books which lie on the center table; or note what are taken by preference from the public library and you may judge, in no small degree, not only the intellectual tastes and general intelligence of the family, but also you may pronounce the moral attainments and the spiritual advancements of most of the household. Even today with oceans of reading matter on every side, how many readers of intelligent literature do you see? The literary world today is far from what it was when Caxton introduced the printing press into England, for then the motive of the press was the enhancement of the country's welfare and enlightenment, but today, it is money-making and speculation, hence the much competition which has developed, and which has resulted in all kinds of literature. There are not only printed journals, magazines and books which inspire the age, but along with these are those which tend to corrupt the morals of the youth of our land.

Let us consider the reading of newspapers and popular magazines. No one can too highly appreciate the magic power of the press, or too deeply deprecate its abuses. Newspapers have become the great highway of that intelligence which exerts a controlling power over our nation. They give us information about the workings of the government and about the life in other parts of the world. Yet the excessive reading of newspapers by the college student tends to mental dissipation instead of mental discipline and development.

Again, think of the great amount of time spent in reading cheap books and novels which while they have some good things about them, have also an admixture of evil. Reading that presents false pictures of human life is decidedly dangerous. A man who gives himself up to indiscriminate reading of novels will be nerveless, inane, and a nuisance. He is fit neither for the store, nor the shop, nor the field. Inferior

books are to be rejected in an age and time when we are counted by whole libraries, and when no man's life is long enough to compass even those which are good and great and famous. Half the reading of most people is snatched up at random. Many stupefy themselves over the dullness of authors who ought never to have escaped oblivion. We are living in a fast age. A noted preacher said, "I work in a hurry, I sleep in a hurry and when I die I expect to die in a hurry." This is the history of much of the present reading.

Over against the evil effects of reading cheap and picked up literature, are the good influences which result from reading standard books and magazines. Good books are invaluable as a moral guide to character; they are our most steadfast friends; they bring the whole world of men and things to our feet. They are the souls of action, and the best society in the world is that which lives in books. You may judge a man more truly by the books and papers which he reads than by the company which he keeps, for his associates are often in a manner imposed upon him; but his reading is the result of choice, and the man who chooses a certain class of books and papers unconsciously becomes more colored in their views, more rooted in their opinions, and the mind becomes filtered to their views. "A reading people will soon become a thinking people, and a thinking people must soon become a great people." In these words are found some idea of the good influences created by reading. Surely reading is a part of one's education, for it develops speech and helps one to command language to express his ideas. Therefore reading makes one intelligent in conversation and public speech, broadens one's understanding and mental capacity, deepens thought and makes higher one's aspirations.

Look one moment at the immense influence a single writer has had upon an age, or upon the world—Shakespeare in creating the drama, or Bacon and Descartes in founding different systems of philosophy. Or who can tell the influence of a MacDonal, or a Beecher, in entering the wide realms of romance and compelling it to serve truth, humanity and religion? Or who knows the influence of Thomas Paine and Jefferson

in strengthening the cause of liberty in our struggle for national independence? The greatness of these men was due largely to their fondness for literature—not the daily news, nor the novel, inciting the passions to unwise and thoughtless actions, but fondness for that literature which tends to inspire, and create a love and desire for greater things. The biographies of all successful men show that it is largely by devotion of leisure hours to useful reading that men outstrip their associates.

Therefore, if we do not at the present enjoy a fondness for reading and literature, let us cultivate a taste for such by beginning now to fill our unoccupied time by reading, making such selection as may be recommended by our teacher or librarian.

J. WILLIAM BROWN.



KATHLEEN'S LOYALTY TO THE SOUTHLAND.

The day was hot and oppressive. A dead silence lay over the land and the usual busy hum of the negro quarters was at last still. The hours hung like days on the shoulders of all those living on the Dently plantation and apparently little stir was being made to lighten the burden. The good-natured old black mammy's face was no longer seen about the stately mansion, but instead a fair young girl glides in and out, with soft footsteps and calm, yet sad expression. No one knew from whence she came, no one asked the question, but with quiet submissiveness and thanks, her service was accepted.

For days the terrible plague of yellow fever had raged in the southern district of Virginia. The old mansion far up on the wooded hill no longer cast a shadow of happiness and pleasure; sorrow had blighted the home and now that death stood with her arms outstretched over the doors of the mansion and cabins, it seemed that the cup of bitterness was drained dry. Two years previous it could have been said that this was the happiest home in the whole wide world. Father, mother, daughter and three sons composed this happy household. The father, Captain Halford Dently was a tall, handsome gentleman with high forehead and stern set mouth. Mrs. Dently was a woman of slight figure, with a cheerful smile for all and an air of grace and refinement that rested one to be in her presence. With their four children life had always been a pleasure until there came a call for troops to fight for the Southland that tore from the home circle its most vital parts. Captain Dently and two of his sons, with brave and willing hearts, marched out to war. The third, being too young to enlist was left in charge of the plantation. For some time news came frequently from the Dently soldiers, but now many months had passed and no more news came. Hourly had Mrs. Dently prayed and hoped that God would spare her husband and sons, but if it was necessary for their lives to be taken she resolved to have a stout heart, and cheer her remaining son and daughter who had not yet learned to bear the

burdens of life. Three years wore away and still no news came. Mrs. Dently had still kept the household going until her remaining hope and joy was threatened by this frightful disease that had come into their home. Her face now was no longer bright and cheerful, but sad and worn. One by one the negroes had been caught in the grasp of the fever and at last Ellen, her daughter and helpmate, was unable to administer her aid. Mrs. Dently fought in this strenuous battle only a few days until she too was overcome.

This was the condition of things that the good fairy found when she entered the house unawares. Moments were precious and no time could be spent in asking questions about her, so she quietly went to work to set things aright and to nourish the patients back into health. As time went on the fairy lost the bloom on her cheeks, and she knew that help must come or she too would soon become a victim. But help was soon to come, and not only help but a surprise which would pay her doubly for all the sacrifice that she had made.

Kathleen Murphy had always lived in the North, but as her mother was a Southern woman Kathleen grew to feel that she was a daughter of the South; and when the war came she devoted her life to the Southern soldiers who were brought into the city for care. She was proud of each man who had done what he could for the cause of his country, but to one, dark, handsome young lieutenant she unconsciously gave more than her praise—her heart. He recovered and went back to duty. His last name she never knew but something told her that she would see him again.

When the soldiers had all gone and the war had slowly moved farther north, Kathleen thought that she would take a rest and get as far away from the din as was possible. After little consideration she decided to go to Virginia to her mother's old home. This she did, but she had not been there long until the yellow fever broke out and Kathleen again went into service for others. Thus she had found her way to the Dently home in which she had so constantly watched over the sick mother and daughter.

One day while by the mother's bedside she was startled to see those same deep, grateful eyes of *her* lieutenant, but she put the thought aside, thinking that this could only be a fancy. As she turned sorrowfully away whom should she see standing by her side, but the lieutenant himself. She started back, then with her same calm air she extended her hand and with brief explanations she went about her work as before, until health was again restored to the Dentlys. Kathleen never went back to her home in the North, but remained at the old Dently homestead as one of the most charming matrons of Virginia.

MARY MENDENHALL, '13.



EDMUND SPENSER.

Chaucer had been in his grave one hundred and fifty years and the unproductive period called the Renaissance had just passed when Edmund Spenser was born. This marks the beginning of the Elizabethan age. The age that produced England's greatest writers, the age in which Spenser himself played an important part. He was born in London about the year 1552, son of John Spenser, who belonged to the gentle Lancashire family of that name. In his *Prothalamion* the poet speaks of:

Merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source,
Though from another place I take my name,
A house of ancient fame.

The poet was educated at the Merchant Taylor's school under the instruction of Richard Mulcaster, an excellent teacher of grammar. He must have been a good student since he received pecuniary help from a wealthy Londoner both while a pupil at school, and as sizar at Pembroke Hall in the University of Cambridge where he went after leaving the grammar school. Here he began a friendship with Gabriel Harvey, a fellow student, who probably afterwards introduced him to Sir Philip Sidney and the Earl of Leicester.

In 1576 he left Cambridge a Master of Arts, and went to North England, where for a while he was lost to the world. As this was the original home of his family it was thought that he was spending his time with his kinsfolk. Here he lost his heart to a certain Rosalind, who appreciated Spenser as a poet but refused him as a husband. Shortly before 1579 he became acquainted with Sir Philip Sidney, the gifted and courtly gentleman of the Elizabethan age. It was probably during a stay at Penthurst, the home of this English gentleman, that Spenser wrote the *Shepherd's Calendar*.

In Elizabeth's time the avenue to success was through royal favor and Spenser tried to push his fortunes at court through his friends, Sidney and the Earl of Leicester, whom he had met. He had hopes of being sent to France, but in this he seems to have been disappointed. Leicester had Spenser appointed as secretary to Lord Grey, the new deputy to Ireland, and in 1580 this promising young poet, the next after Chancer, was sent from sunny England, the brilliant England of Elizabeth with its intellectual awakening, to a barbarous and rebellious colony, banished as he bitterly writes:

Like night forlorn,
Into that waste where I was quite forgot.

Here in this lawless and miserable country he spent the remainder of his life except occasional trips to England. Ireland in its constant state of lawlessness was not the place for such a genius; poor in the first place; not fit for rivalrous contentions as suitor for royal favor because of his gentleness; unable to obtain from his patrons anything but inferior employment; in the end banished into this miserable island. This is the man whom Charles Lambe called the Poet's poet, whom Thomas Nash called "heavenly Spenser," whose Fairie Queen Lowell speaks of as "a dish of nightingale tongues." Yet in the face of all his disappointments, and in the midst of the uproar of this dangerous island he wrote the Faerie Queene, England's first great poem in its greatest age, in which he leads us along the winding paths and by-ways through the fairyland of his dreams. In this poem he portrays Sidney, Raleigh, Lord Grey, and other noblemen in the heroes of the several cantons. He figures forth the person of the queen herself in the character of Gloriana. No poet before Spenser had called out such sweet and stately music from our English speech; and none had so captivated by an appeal to the pure sense of beauty. He is different from other poets in mode of imagination. When he looks at a landscape, after an instant he sees it differently. He carries it into an enchanted land; the trees are blossoming flowers; the rocks are sparkling dia-

monds glistening in the sunlight; the bubbling springs are lily ponds in full bloom; the butterflies flitting about in the meadow are fairies with shining wings dwelling in Fairyland; by him the earth is turned to heaven.

In 1582 Lord Grey was recalled from Ireland to England but Spenser was retained in various positions and in 1588 was settled at Kilcolman Castle in County Cork. It was here in 1589 that he pleasantly renewed his acquaintance with Sir Walter Raleigh, whom he had previously met in London. Raleigh was shown the first three books of the *Fairie Queene* and as the poet says in *Calin Clout*;

He gan to cast great lyking to my lore
And great dislyking to my lucklesse lot.

It may be seen by this quotation that he was discontented with his lot and could be easily persuaded by Raleigh to return with him and present his poem to the queen. Accordingly in October, 1589, Spenser proceeded to London where Raleigh presented him to the queen. He found favor at the court and a publisher for his poem. Owing to the fact that the poem was not only of high merit but was about the first effort on poetry for two centuries, it met with immediate and widespread favor. Spenser was hailed on all sides as the great poet, and the queen granted him an annual pension of fifty pounds.

For a while Spenser enjoyed his success and the society of his friends in London but soon he grew sick of the rivalry in seeking royal favor, and shortly returned to Ireland. Later in the *Mother Hubbard Tales* he expresses himself in regard to his visit to England with these lines:

Discontent with my fruitlesse stay
In Princess court on expectation vaine
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away,
Full little knowest thou that hast not tride
What hell it is in seeing long to bide;
To lose good dayes, that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in passive discontent;

To speed today, to be put back tomorrow
To feed on hope, to pine with tears and sorrow,
To have thy Princess' grace, yet want her peers
To have thy asking, yet waite manie yeeres.

In 1598 a fierce rebellion broke out in Ireland. Kilcolman Castle, the place of the poet's residence, was burned to the ground and the poet and family were compelled to flee for their lives. He was intrusted to deliver an official report of the rebellion to the queen and in December of the same year he arrived at London in profound distress, completely broken down in health and unstrung by the privations that he had undergone. He took to his bed in an inn on King street, Westminster, where he passed away January 16, 1599. He was buried in Westminster Abby, near the grave of Chaucer. His whole life had been a struggle; he had given more to the world than he had received from it; and his great life work had in a degree been unappreciated. In this later day we look back and see what a great man he was. Surely he was the Poet of Poets.

EUGENE MARLEY.

SOME INCIDENTS OF THE REVOLUTION.

It is the purpose of this article to relate a few minor incidents of the Revolution which occurred in Guilford county and which, though, not worthy of a place in history, may be of some interest.

Every one knows about the Battle of Guilford Court House, and that Cornwallis said another such victory would have been his ruin, but it may be that some do not know that Greene sent Cornwallis a banter before he began his retreat. Early in the engagement the British got possession of the American artillery and captured four cannons. Late in the afternoon of the day following the battle, it is said, Greene sent a soldier to Cornwallis with the message, that he would be pleased to give him four more cannons on the same terms, if he would accept them. No definite answer was made; but during the night Cornwallis began his famous retreat, and by morning was several miles distant.

A very interesting though insignificant event was the killing of the bugler boy, Gillies, near Summerfield, N. C. One day, during the time that the British army was in Guilford county, Colonel Lee with nearly sixty men stopped about noon at the home of Mr. Bruce, who lived at Bruce's Cross Roads, now Summerfield. The men had not been to breakfast that day, and, as Bruce was a good Whig, and made them welcome to whatever he had, they were soon pleased by the smell of frying meat and other good things. As they were nearly ready to sit down to dinner, a man named Wright, rode up on a little "flea-bitten" pony, and said that a party of Tarleton's dragoons were but a short distance away. Lee at once ordered a lieutenant to take twenty-five or thirty men and investigate the matter, and commanded Wright to go along as a pilot. To this Wright objected, because his pony was not a match for Tarleton's horses and he feared that he might be captured. It was soon agreed, therefore, that he should exchange horses with the bugler boy, and in this manner away they went. After they had gone some distance without meeting the foe, the

Americans began to conclude that they had been deceived, and refused to go farther. Wright, however, assured them that it was not a false report, and the bugler boy and two others consented to go with him a little farther, leaving the rest behind. Having proceeded about half a mile, they suddenly met the dragoons, and were obliged to retreat. Wright and the others had nothing to fear, but, the poor trumpeter, though using his spurs as hard as he could, soon found himself in a bad flight. When he found that his pursuers were gaining upon him Gillies began to cry, "quarters, quarters;" but the reply was, "We'll quarter you," and soon they were slashing away on him with their swords, and cut him to pieces while begging for his life. The other Americans soon came up and seven of the British fell to atone for this act. The grave of the bugler boy, which is about a mile from the place where he was killed, was cared for by the people of the community for many years. Recently, however, it has been neglected, and now cannot be found. A small granite stone marks the spot where he fell, and a simple monument to his memory stands on the Guilford Battle Ground.

Colonel John Gillespie was the chief actor in a very daring exploit near the beginning of the war. Gillespie was the commander of a small body of Whigs who did great damage to the Tory ranks in this section. Once while out on an expedition against the Tories most of his men became separated from him, and fell into the hands of a large body of their enemies. Gillespie at once began to cast about for some way to rescue his men, and, as the Tories did not know him he decided to go to their camp and see what he could do. He therefore rode his "English filly," a very fleet animal, up to the camp and arrived just in time to hear the Tories tell John Hall, one of his best men, to say his prayers as soon as he could, since he had not long to live. The Tories felt a little disconcerted by the sudden appearance of a stranger among them, but soon asked Hall if he knew John Gillespie. He replied that he did. He was then asked if he knew where he was. He said that if he did he would not tell. He was offered his life if he would give them such information as would enable them to find Gillespie,

but nobly refused. They then ordered him to get on a stump and tell them whether Gillespie was on the ground or not. Keeping his back to his chief he replied, "If he is I don't see him." At this the Tories became angry and told him that he had but three minutes to live. When Gillespie saw that something had to be done he walked over to his horse and, as he vaulted into the saddle, told them that he was John Gillespie, and they might make the best of it. The men flew to their horses, and in their eagerness to get him, let the others escape, but he was as much at their defiance in flight as in battle.

Most farmers kept their pitchforks and other tools in the house to keep them from being stolen, and in the case of John Alexander they served a valuable purpose. This true patriot, an old man, lived with his three daughters, the oldest of whom was about grown. One night, a little after bed time, his house was attacked by three or four Tories, and seizing his gun he told his daughters to make use of the pitchforks. The door soon gave way and Alexander drew his gun, but it missed fire. The daughters instantly charged with the pitchforks, the oldest one wounding one of the men severely and causing him to retreat. Among them they kept the enemy back until the father put a ball through one of them, when the others bore him off to the home of a neighbor. The pitchfork used on this occasion is now in the museum at the Guilford Battle Ground, having been presented to that institution by Hon. John C. Kennett, of Pleasant Garden.

An amusing incident occurred near the home of Dr. David Caldwell, the pioneer minister, teacher and physician. A certain Whig finding himself near a band of British, and fearing that he would fall into their hands, crawled into a large hollow log for refuge. To his utter dismay, however, he discovered that a squad of soldiers were kindling a fire around the log. He soon decided that it was better to surrender than to burn to death; with this idea he tried to escape from his hiding place; but as he had gone in head foremost he was obliged to keep in the same longitudinal position until he got out. The soldiers noticed a rumbling inside the log and soon a mysterious object, covered with rotten wood, became visible through

the smoke, which suggested to them the idea of a certain prince, whose name they were in the habit of using very often, but whom they had never before seen. Much surprise was manifested and there was some thought of retreat, but when they discovered that he was nothing worse than a human being their alarm gave place to boisterous mirth. After keeping him over night, more for sport than anything else, they gave him his liberty.

P. S. K., '13.

FAREWELL TO WINTER.

Farewell, Winter, with all thy folly forevere!
Thy strong arms shall ne'er embrace me more,
Spring and wild flowers call me from thy love
To outdoor sports, and serious endeavor.
The tie that binds us I will now sever,
Thy cold winds that are so keen and sore,
Taught me this year that I long no more
For the lover whose breath doth chill me ever.
Therefore, farewell! go woo colder hearts,
And never show thy face again,
With frivolous maids go play in vain.
Even though their eyes shoot bitter darts;
For hitherto, tho once I loved you,
I'll seek sunnier youths and teach them to woo.

R. E. B.

WHY THE FARMER SHOULD PROTECT THE BOB-WHITE.

The most valuable bird to the American farmer today is the well-known Bob-white. Each year the ranks of this bird are attended with considerable slaughter. Doubtless the greatest factor in this innumerable slaughter is man himself. In the fall of each year man begins his deadly work, and throughout the fall and following winter the shooting and trapping of this game bird is carried on. Probably more men in North Carolina engage in hunting the partridge than are employed in shooting all other kinds of wild birds and animals.

Other enemies of the Bob-white are the cat and the dog. Chiefly in the breeding season, stray cats or those poorly fed, in prowling about, destroy the eggs, devour the young birds, and even catch the mother bird while defending her young. It is estimated that each cat kills annually four birds. Even more destructive than the prowling cat is the roving dog. This animal can cover much territory, and being led by a keen instinct, easily detects and devours yearly a great number of young Bob-whites. Still other destroyers with which the partridge has to contend are the keen-eyed hawk, the stealthy snake, and the destructive weasel.

Yet, in spite of the numerous enemies and the havoc wrought among his ranks, the Bob-white emerges forth in the spring and bravely sets about raising families and increasing his numbers. Here he shows himself a friend and not an enemy to the tillers of the soil: The chinch-bug, which annually levies a tremendous tribute upon the American farmers, invades the wheat-fields in armies. But there also is found the Bob-white family, eagerly feasting upon the ravagers. And the fact that two tablespoonsful of chinch-bugs have been found in the crop of a single bird is evidence enough that the Bob-white is a great destroyer of this bug. And moreover if he had warriors enough he would rid the farmer of this ravaging insect.

These birds also eat grasshoppers, potato-bugs, and other

insects that do much damage to the growing crops. In short the crops and gizzards examined in great numbers in the government laboratories have yielded fifty-seven kinds of beetles, twenty-seven varieties of bugs, nine grasshoppers and locusts, and thirteen different sorts of caterpillars, besides ants, flies, wasps, and spiders.

The good work of the Bob-white does not stop with the eating of the insect. But the seeds of such weeds as the crab-grass, rag-weed and others which strive for the mastery among the farmer's crops, are eagerly sought for and consumed by him. In fact eighty-five different weed-seeds have been found to make up in part his bill of fare. As to the number of seed consumed by one bird, several crops and stomachs have been found containing one thousand crab grass seed, while the crop of one specimen contained ten thousand pig-weed seed.

Besides other values, the pleasure of farm life is greatly increased by the very presence of Bob-white, when either on some sunny May morning his shrill clear whistle may be heard over meadows and fields, or later in the summer he may be seen feeding with his family, or again in brown October he may be heard uttering the peculiar scatter-call, by which he reassembles the scattered covey. Of course the quail eats some of the farmer's grain, but this is for the most part, that which has been wasted upon the field. As to the actual service rendered by the Bob-White in the destruction of weed-seeds, in only two States, the government report says: "It is reasonable to suppose that in the States of North Carolina and Virginia from September 1st to April 30th, there are four Bob-whites to each square mile of land, or 354,820 in the two States. The crop of each bird holds half an ounce of seed, and is filled twice a day. Since at each of the two meals, weed-seeds constitute at least half the contents of the crop or one-fourth an ounce, a half-an-ounce daily is consumed by each bird. On this basis the total consumption of weed-seeds from September 1st to April 30th in Virginia and North Carolina amounts to 1,341 tons."

In view of these facts, how can the farmer afford to permit this valuable ally to become exterminated? But, on the other

hand it is the farmer's duty to shield the Bob-white from his numerous enemies. There are several which would aid in doing this. First, the hunting seasons could be made shorter, and the game laws more rigidly enforced. Secondly, the bird-dogs could be kept up while the parent birds are hatching and rearing their family. Also the prowling cats and the worthless dogs should be killed for several reasons. And thirdly if, when the ground is covered with snow and the chilly north wind is raging without, the farmer would distribute food to the starving birds, he would be well-paid for his trouble.

It must be admitted that when abundant, the quail is a legitimate game bird. But he is worth so much more as a weed and insect destroyer than as an article of diet, that, until they become superfluous, it is not only right, but also is actually necessary for the farmer to protect them in every possible way.

A. G. H.



SECRET OF WASHINGTON'S VICTORY AT YORKTOWN.

In the summer of 1885, my grandmother visited the town of Halifax, N. C., and I have more than once heard her speak of a fine old house that stood in a splendid grove of oaks on the southern edge of the town. This grove gave the name to the fine old building, for it was known far and wide as the Grove House, and with its marks of former beauty and grandeur, well deserved its reputation of having been at one time a very fine specimen of colonial architecture.

Every particle of the building material had been brought from England—even the gravestones in the nearby burying ground were made in the English quarry, though at the time of my grandmother's visit they had unfortunately been so defaced by time and vandalism that it was impossible to decipher any of the inscriptions except the word Johnston on two of the headstones. The steps to the house were three immense semi-circles of stone, placed upon each other bearing the English quarry mark. These steps led up to a large double door with the usual fan-shaped transom above. Upon entering one found oneself in a splendid hall with oak wainscot, panels and ceiling beautifully carved. Especially noticeable was the immense fire-place, with a grand old oaken mantel reaching to the ceiling with its lovely carvings of acorns and leaves. On the right of the fire-place was what looked like a solid wall of panels, but really was a hiding place a secret stairway, utterly unheard of until a few months prior to my grandmother's visit, after the house had fallen into decay and was uninhabited except by vagrants and ne'er-do-wells.

It seems that some boys were idling about this house one Sunday afternoon, and with the thoughtless vandalism of young hoodlums, were beating on the panels to the right of the fire-place, when suddenly the spring door with its secret lock flew open as several panels crashed in and to their surprise disclosed a narrow staircase leading down, they knew not where. Being of an adventurous turn they followed the subterranean passage and came out finally into the open air

about half a mile from the house in a ravine that led to the north.

This discovery of the boys was soon spread abroad and very many went to see if it could be really true. After a few months there was found an old, old couple living a few miles away, who knew of the existence of this secret passageway and told the following remarkable story of the use to which it had once been put.

After the battle of Guilford Court House, Cornwallis marched directly to Wilmington for his army to rest and recuperate. In a short while he resumed his march going northward, intending to reach Petersburg and form a junction with the British troops of the North. When he reached Halifax on his march he halted his staff and attendants at this Grove House, demanding entertainment for his large retinue of officers and servants.

Now the gentleman that owned the house had a very beautiful daughter, who was engaged to be married to a young officer, a lieutenant in Lafayette's army. Hearing of the approach of the British, he felt anxious about the safety of his lady love, so knowing of this secret approach to the house, he rode through the ravine to the mouth of the cave, where concealing his horse in the nearby woods, he made his way up the hidden passage and was actually in the house when the advance guard of Cornwallis's army rode up. His sweetheart simply bade him farewell and shut him up in the secret passage, thinking he would go away as soon as possible.

Just behind the huge fire-place, running parallel with the front wall was a cross hall about five feet wide which could be entered from two doors, one opposite the left hand corner of the fire-place, leading into the grand banquet hall, a room large enough to seat easily a hundred guests, and the other exactly opposite this secret chamber and leading into the wine room, which is characteristic of all old colonial buildings.

While dinner was being prepared, Cornwallis, with his staff sat in this wine room, and while they drank the fine wines and brandies, thinking themselves quite safe from all listeners or spies, they freely discussed all their plans of the coming cam-

paign and when called into the banquet hall they went quite satisfied that everything was settled as they wished. Little did they dream that an ear had been glued, as it were, to the opposite thin wall of panels, hearing every word, storing up every item to be repeated to General Lafayette, as early as possible. When the conference was broken up and Cornwallis and his officers went in to partake of the feast prepared for them, the young officer hurried through the secret passage to the open air, mounted his horse and rode at full speed to the headquarters of the American troops. Here he disclosed to Lafayette all that he had heard from the counsel of war held in the Grove House. Lafayette on receiving this information and seeing its value, immediately sent a courier to General Washington who was encamped with his army on the Hudson river, with this news. Upon receiving this valuable information Washington, leaving a few thousand men near Philadelphia, marched directly south and combined with the forces of the French under General Rochambeau before Yorktown, in which town Cornwallis was stationed with his army. The French fleet blocking the entrance to the Chesapeake Bay cut off the supplies for the British army in the town and the American forces which completely surrounded the town cut off retreat in that direction, so Cornwallis, unable to get assistance from Clinton in Philadelphia and supplies being cut off, was forced to surrender to General Washington, thus ending the long, hard fought Revolutionary war.

H. A. S.

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Editorials.

The Freshman Class of 1910 consider it an honor to have the privilege of getting out this issue of THE COLLEGIAN and we hope that the standard of THE COLLEGIAN will not be lowered. The staff consists of the following: Editors, Geo. C. Dees and Callie Nance; Associate Editors, Hugh Stewart, Hazel Briggs, George T. Perkins and Leora Chappell. Thanks are due to the other members of the class for their hearty co-operation.

The Penalty of Putting Off. So often people do not realize the great importance of doing things at the present time.

This fact is applicable very greatly to students, especially those of colleges and lower schools. It is one that we, the students of Guilford College, should take to heart seriously, for it concerns us in many ways. We have so many opportunities that we do not realize that every time we put off doing a thing until a later time, we are running the risk of never getting it done or of having to pay a big price for our negligence. For instance, suppose we neglect to prepare just one of our lessons. This may put us back just far enough to make us fail to make a passing grade, a circumstance which may throw us back a whole year. After we once do a thing it is much easier to do it again, and so if we fail to get one lesson we may fail to get many more. The result of this is easily seen. We may either have to pay the price of spending another year or so in school, making up for lost time, or we may lose the opportunity of finishing the course, altogether. The policy of doing it now has been presented to us in regard to orations. Then let us accept it, in regard to other things as well as orations and begin to do things now. Then we will not have to say that "troubles never come single" or that "it never rains but it pours."

It is encouraging to note that during the month of February there was a considerable increase in the number of books in English and Biography taken from the library for study, and especially that more reference work was done in the library than during the previous month. The books in the laboratories were also not lacking for use. Perhaps this increase is due to the new study room for the Freshmen and Preparatory students. Now the students are not supposed to go to the library unless they have some reference work to do. Before the study room was established some students spent their time in the library reading newspapers and stories; but now they seem to

have changed and are doing better work than heretofore. It is gratifying to see such improvements. Although the students have done good work in the past, there is always room for improvement until we reach that for which we all ought to strive —“Perfection.”

Why Be a “Joiner” A great many people have an idea that of *Everything on* a college is a place for mere study. They *Entering College?* do not take into consideration that it is here that habits are formed by the students which will go with them all through life. Even some students think that if they obtain good grades in all their studies they are making the most of their college opportunities. This is an entirely wrong conception. However, they do win respect of their teachers by doing excellent work in the class room, but they do not come in contact with their classmates only on recitation. Therefore it is evident that college life of such students will become very narrow and selfish. To make the best of our college days we must be a “joiner” and put our entire mind and soul into everything connected with the college. By this we mean that one should enter into the class affairs, religious associations, society work, and athletics, as well as pursue the regular literary course. Any student thus taking advantage of his college days will be more efficient in any vocation he may choose in after life. According as he has come into contact with student life, will he be able to administer more largely to the world.

STINGS!

The Ides of March have come.

Yip! Yip! hasn't failed yit.

Mike would do it, wouldn't he?

Poins! Hal! Peto! Bardolf!

O! for a cup of Sack!

Big Rich—Just think, I've got two clean shirts, but hang it I can't wear but one tomorrow.

Tea Sea has broken a mirror. Not surprised are you?

Worth—Professor, sing us a solo.

Prof. Hobbs—Ah!

Sandlapper (in Physics)—Prof. Couch, it seems like I never will be able to hypnotize this darn(ing) needle.

Mary—What have you in your wagon?

Uncle Eb.—Fertilizer.

Mary—For the lands sakes!

Uncle Eb.—Yes, mam.

Tommy—I am so hungry I could eat the handles off a wheelbarrow.

Skinny—How would you like a Saucer of Cranberry Tales?

H. Johnson—Prof. Couch, where are the gal(vanic) batteries?

Prof. Couch—On class.

Prof. J.—Tomlinson you had better take Latin.

Tommy—Professor, I am not sick.

Miss B.—George, will you come stand under my window tonight and fiddle?

S.—Look at the Milky Way above.

Z.—Aeronauts will make butter now.

When a girl wears French slippers she has a high heel time.

Lucy—John, I think you have falsified to me. Aren't you afraid to go to bed?

John—Why no, do you think I will drown?

Prof. Carrol (in History)—How long did Napoleon stay at Elba?

J. D.—Not quite a year.

Prof. Carrol—Good for you Jim. How long did he stay at St. Helena?

J. D.—There yet I suppose.

Hendricks—Come and walk to the station with me, Mike, for I dearly like the place.

Mike—I guess so, the lamp post there reminds you so much of home.

Prof. Hobbs—Beef, why didn't you open the door?

Beef—I was afraid, thought it was a ghost.

Prof. Hobbs—Ah! Bosh!

Miss Louise—Girls, by all means do not leave the dining room unless you are sick.

Mike—I feel mean as a snake, goin' to cut classes all day.

Annie—"That *gym* is the worst looking"—

Lucille—"Jim, where is he?"

B. R.—"Has Lura gone to town? Wonder when she will get Bac(k)."

Mr. Carroll—"Wonder what the cake was put on the table for today?"

Mary—"To eat."

First morning in collection. President handing out slips of paper—"Everybody please sign these."

Tecy—"I'm not here this period" (meaning she usually had a class).

President—"Looks to me very much as if you are."

Rebecca—"Annie, what are you taking this term?"

Annie Maud—"O! Biblical Arithmetic and such stuff."

The morning after members of the Freshman class were requested to write some poetry.

Prof. Hodgkin—"You'll have to excuse me, I'm writing poetry."

Bess L.—"Certainly, we know just how it is?"

Annie Riddick—"O, me, I do feel so Ed(ified).

Annabella—"I can't even eat with peace."

Gertrude—"Try a fork then."

Mr. Carroll—"I cut my finger last night sawing the legs off of my chair."

Skinny—"What's the matter? Won't your feet touch the floor?"

President (on the 22nd looking at the flag)—"Gertrude, they didn't forget George, did they?"

Gertrude—"George who?"

Hazel (seeing the mail boy who had a big package)—"I bet that's mine."

Gertrude (looking towards Skinny's window)—"I bet it's mine."

Annie Benbow, looking toward Archdale early one morning was seen by Miss Craig, who asked: "Annie, what are you looking at?"

Annie—"Only the sun (son).

Evening before A. & M. basket-ball game Callie was driving a little gray mule from the station. A visitor with her asked:

"What building is that?" (pointing to Y. M. C. A.)

Callie—"Oh! that's the A. & M.

A. B. B.—(On the roof leaning over the edge of the wall at Founders)—"Oh! I am afraid to lean over here because my hair will touch the ground."

PICK UPS.

The recitation of Shakespeare's Henry IV. by Mr. Hannibal Williams on the 26th of February was enjoyed by every one who attended.

Among the visitors of the College for the last few days was Dr. Archer, of Montreat, N. C., who visited his son Vincent.

We are very glad to have with us Mr. G. Aldrich, travelling secretary of the Y. M. C. A., who remained here a few days.

Miss Betty Hughes, of Greensboro, a former student of Guilford, was a visitor of Miss Verda Leake at the College.

Mr. LeRoy Briggs, '09, of High Point, showed his loyalty to his Alma Mater by a visit to the College on February 18.

Mr. Ovid Jones, '08, of Winston, was a visitor of the college February 12.

✓ Miss Ollie Leak, a former student of Guilford, was married to Mr. Roy Hammond, of Laurinburg, at her home in Kernersville, February 15, 1910.

Mr. Gordon Brown recently visited his granddaughter, Miss Mary A. White.

Miss Lena Allen, of Troy, N. C., was at the College last week as a guest of Miss Callie Nance.

We were pleased very much to have Miss Carolina Wood as a visitor at the College last Sunday.

Manager Hine's baseball schedule for the Guilford College team is as follows, with a few additional games to be arranged later:

March 22—Atlantic Christian College at Guilford.

March 26—Either, Elon College or Greensboro League at Greensboro.

March 28 (Easter Monday)—Davidson College, at Greensboro.

- March 31—Lafayette College at Greensboro.
April 4—Bingham School at Guilford.
April 6—A. & M. College at Raleigh.
April 7—Wake Forest College at Wake Forest.
April 11—Elon College at Guilford.
April 14—University of South Carolina at Greensboro.
April 15—University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.
April 16—University of North Carolina at Durham.
April 19—Wake Forest at Guilford.
April 28—Eastern College at Guilford.



Exchanges.

Realizing the vast importance of just criticism, we adopt the golden rule as our motto, "Do unto others as we would have them do unto us." Therefore we have criticised a part of the exchanges that come to us during the month of February as we thought best. Our criticisms may seem to be of a harsh nature; if so, please hold in mind that they are given purely with the idea of helpfulness. We have read each and every magazine that came to us appreciably, and found that they contained many productions worthy of much mention. On the other hand we found productions that were hardly worth reading, but since this is always expected, especially in college magazines, grumbling is out of order now.

The Acorn sprouted this month in due time and we must say this magazine ranked high among the exchanges that come to us last month. The editors are to be congratulated upon the interest they are taking in literary work. "My Real Valentine" is a very good little poem, at least it is appropriate to the occasion; "Retribution" is good for a story of its kind, but it would have been much better had it been only half so long. "Stevenson's Theory of Description" is an excellent article and we encourage every one (who is not thoroughly familiar with Stevenson's beautiful manner of description) to read this article. It is elevating. The Acorn contains other worthy productions, but for the lack of space we shall not mention them now.

We gladly receive "The College Reflector" to our table as being one of the best and largest college magazines that has come to our notice this month. It possesses a good variety of stories and solid reading; but another poem or two would add greatly to it. "The Beginnings of the English Drama" shows careful study and is instructive. "A Lucky Find" is the story of a boy who, as his parents were very poor, did not have many advantages. His father was a drunkard, and it was more than his mother could do to make a living on their poor mountain

farm. As a last resort their home was to be sold. The next day the boy chanced to be wandering along the river side, when he discovered a pearl of great value. This he sold, obtained an education and made a home for his mother. The story emphasizes the fact that we should make the most of our opportunities. The other stories are good and hold the attention of the reader, and a good collection of jokes helps to make the magazine spicy.

"The Criterion" is a neat college paper that has many pleasing qualities. Its short stories are original and well written, but many of the articles are so near the same length that the general effect is choppy. "After Rochester—What?" is an interesting account of the Rochester convention. "Richard Watson Gilder—An Appreciation," and "The Value of Scientific Study," are both worthy of our careful attention and reading. "The Destiny of the South" is also good.

We have seen much better numbers of the Earlhamite. The absence of stories is very noticable. These play an important part in a college magazine.

It gives us pleasure to acknowledge the following exchanges: The Oricle, The College Message, The Trinity Archive, The Red and White, University of North Carolina Magazine, The Mercury, The St. Mary's Muse, The Sage, The Penn Chronicle, The Erskinian, The Dalonega Collegian, The Buff and Blue, The Earlhamite, The Lenoirian, The Ivey, The Wilmingtonian, The Acorn, The Haverfordian, The Chronicle, The College Reflector, The Criterion, The Ides, The High School Enterprise, The Piedmontonian, The Courenian.

The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XXII.

APRIL and MAY, 1910.

NO. 7

TOAST TO THE SENIORS.

Here's to the Seniors, the noble sixteen,
With souls full of visions and intellects keen,
Whose duties at college will end in May;
Here's to '10, the class of today.

Here's to the president, tall and lean,
A scientist surely in act and dream;
To the secretary by his side,
Here's to these two, the satisfied.

Here's to the team that's been hard up,
But now from Sophies and Juniors they've taken the cup,
To Miller and Sawyer and King, all fun;
Here's to their tongues, they've run and they've run.

Here's to the Ivey, dainty and green,
To Dixon, graceful, slender, serene,
And their next door neighbor, a Y. W. tool;
Here's to these three, the bells of the school.

Here's to the Greensboro man, so gray,
At Guilford now for a brief little stay,
And der Kleine Wilhelm, the milk maid tall,
Here's to his talents, dogology and all.

Here's to the Mary's, true as their names,
Quaint little Quakers, fair little dames;
Here's to the Gertrudes of poetical strain,
Here's to their music, their love, and their fame.

Here's to Lexy, a volume of law,
With flippant tongue and massive jaw;
Here's to D. Worth—a worthless D.
In recitals a *star*, but a son at tea.

We'll drink to the health of the Seniors, strong
In wisdom, in valor, in love, and song,
The fairest of maidens, the bravest of men;
We'll drink to the class of 1910.

JENNIE BULLA.



TWO GREAT EMANCIPATORS.

The spirit of the Anglo-Saxon race has ever been one of freedom. Century by century this spirit has been unfolding itself in the strong and vigorous lives of free and forcible men. Men who have been willing to work and to work hard: To face difficulties with a single-handed courage. And today our race holds the leadership of the modern world.

It has been said that "the prime object in life is to bring the individual to the highest point of efficiency." Such has been the task of the Anglo-Saxon race. The faithful fulfilling of this task has given to us a Shakespeare and a Newton. Is it not significant too, that our race has mothered the majority of the fifty-four illustrious men and women born in 1809? The world has never before witnessed such efficiency as is manifested in the lives of two of these—born on the same day of that year—the foremost Briton and the foremost American of the nineteenth century, Charles Robert Darwin and Abraham Lincoln. In their lives the most characteristic qualities of a great race are convincingly brought before us. To them we are more deeply indebted for the political, the intellectual and the moral atmosphere of the twentieth century, than to any other two men.

The Anglo-Saxon spirit of government was planted in the Witenagemot; at Runnymede it grew into a Magna Charter; at Philadelphia it blossomed into a democracy, which Lincoln, in the face of civil strife, led into a democracy of honorable compromise and great souled toleration. The three generations of pioneer forefathers had given him fiber, force, and originality. Then schooled for twenty-five years in a country where everybody was poor, where everybody had equal rights, and where men helped each other, Lincoln could but bring that neighborliness into his greater dealing with men. Such a spirit made it possible for him to strike the very keynote of the Anglo-Saxon political belief, when he said, in reply to Douglas, "Let North and South, let all Americans, let all lovers of freedom everywhere, join in this great and good work. If we do

this we shall not only have saved the Union, but we shall have so saved it that the succeeding millions of free, happy people, the world over, shall rise up and call us blessed." Nothing could destroy Lincoln's implicit faith in the law as the means of equal and impartial distribution of justice. And we believe that Abraham Lincoln "to a greater degree than any other ruler in history, kept steadily before him the realization that the interests of all the people were his sacred charge." In his life both British and Americans have an eternal pattern of the political ideals of the Anglo-Saxon race.

During the years Lincoln was struggling into the knowledge of his countrymen, Charles Darwin, in quiet retirement across the sea was beginning his work that so completely changed the world of thought. Party leaders, during this most fertile era of scientific progress, were scarcely aware of the significance of such a revolution. Little did they dream that the art of government would be so changed by the conceptions scientists have worked out from the theory of Charles Darwin, that the spirit of the "greater protection" would come to mean, "Not the *cult* of the *unfit* nor the *extinction* of the unfit, but the *increase* of *fitness* by the improvement of the *environment*. It is this one theory of the last century which more than any other has moved the world.

That man who by his unaided mental vision is able to see into problems which to other men are insolvable, is truly intellectual. Such men were Lincoln and Darwin. Though born in an era of mental bondage when originality of thought was practically a crime, they were destined to achieve results among the greatest bequeathed to us of the twentieth century.

Three hundred and fifty-six years ago Copernicus published his "Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies," which began the three hundred years' war for freedom to observe nature. Sixty-eight years later Galileo's telescope demonstrated the truth of the Copernican law, that the earth moves around the sun. But to Charles Darwin two hundred years after, there still remained the task for the final emancipation of the mind.

The Origin of Species published in 1859 with its theory of

natural selection, backed by the fact that "growth is the law of all life"—for a second time in the world's history has revolutionized our conception of the universe. Through it the realm of thought has been opened to knowledge and conquered for intellectual freedom. For twenty-five years Darwin tested his theory. Then he gave it to the world in the spirit of serene confidence that the truth could take care of itself; and that faith has fully justified itself. Not only Biology but all the sciences including Theology have been revolutionized. Traditionalism no longer dominates the thought of the church. Idolatry for all educated people is forever destroyed.

The new conception of life which Darwin gave to the world through a reverent study of nature, surely has not led man astray. Because of it "the world has ceased to be a natural thing in which the Divine Being is occasionally seen," but instead it has become a perpetual and continuous expression of His presence; a blossoming flower still unfolding before our eyes; "A wonderful poem with fresh beauty in every word."

As a creator of new ideas Darwin stands next to Aristotle. Yet Lincoln lacking in all intellectual advantages none the less embodies many of the greater mental achievements. It is a remarkable fact that with scarce ten months schooling he has added to literature some of its finest utterances; that he was able, in his Cooper Institute address, to carry by storm an audience in which were the famous editor, Horace Greeley, the great lawyer David Dudley Field, and the poet, William Cullen Bryant. Such power lies in the heart of the Anglo-Saxon people. This great heart of sympathy carried Lincoln far beyond the reaches of statesmanship, and gave his words that finality of expression which carks the noblest art "Like Burns he held the key to the lives of his people and through him as through Burns, that life found a voice vibrating, pathetic, and beautiful beyond most voices of his time."

To Charles Robert Darwin and Abraham Lincoln we owe much for what they have done, but more do we owe them for the inspiration their lives have furnished and for the moral atmosphere they have created for us of the twentieth century.

Born in a world of humane bondage, of enslaved intellect, Darwin is the leading light of thought—Lincoln a shepherd to mankind. Greater than his teachings is the beauty of Darwin's character. A man who earned his place among the foremost men of his age by sheer native power in the teeth of a gale of popular prejudice. A man who kept himself clear of all envy, hatred and malice, never dealing otherwise than justly and fairly, alike with facts, friends, and enemies. A man who through the years of final battle, through the storm of harsh criticism, stood with true Anglo-Saxon self-reliance, a noble illustration of the powerful simplicity, the unbounded patience and magnificent intellect of a great race.

Equally as admirable is Lincoln's fairness to every man and opinion. He has freed men's souls from spiritual bondage, he led them into a mutual helpfulness. He has extended the boundaries of freedom which has everywhere given the spirit of liberty a wider influence and re-established the dignity of man as man. "Wherever men would learn the type of citizen and ruler, of law giver and law abider which Anglo-Saxon democracy reveres they may turn to Abraham Lincoln." Neither the abuse of enemies or the harsh criticism of friends could turn or embitter him. His large tolerance had a charity for all.

By the act that freed America of her slaves, Lincoln said to the civilized and to the uncivilized world, that man everywhere must be free. By the "Origin of Species" Darwin stands as the great "prototype of modern truth speakers, truth seekers, and truth reverers," now in every land trade and calling. This spirit of truth and freedom can never cease to grow in power until throughout the world, "All men shall know the truth and the truth shall make them free."

Then as we revere the almost divine patience with which Lincoln went through the days of storm and stress. As we revere the long years of suffering and toil which Darwin so cheerfully underwent; as we are touched by Lincoln's tireless sympathy and by the gentleness of Darwin, let us not forget that in the final test the success of the Anglo-Saxon race will

be in proportion to the service it renders the world. Let us remember too that the best way to honor our two greatest emancipators will be in striving to imitate them in their greatness of deed and thought, and in the words of America's greatest hero, "Let us have faith that right makes might and in that faith let us to the end, dare to do our duty."

FLORA WHITE.



THE DIFFERENT CLASSES OF COLLEGE STUDENTS.

Our colleges and universities are producing at least three distinct classes of students, the first two of which are not educated.⁸⁵ It is difficult to give an exact definition of an educated man, but it is safe to say that before a man becomes highly educated he must have learned something, reflected on what he has learned, verified his knowledge, and firmly fixed its acquisition by repetition. The attainment of a part of these requisites to an education may produce what is generally termed an educated man, although in reality such a student is only cultured.

The first class is composed of those students who have an apprehensive knowledge of different branches of learning. This class sees things as a whole and is able to comprehend on the surface some of the different branches of study. The students composing this class only survey the field and grasp in its entirety the thing to be known. They are able to understand surface discussions, but whenever analysis comes in they are not prepared to go to the depths of the discussion and see the real significance of the question in hand. The student who has a surface knowledge of chemistry knows hydrogen peroxide when he hears it mentioned because he has seen it in his study of chemistry; but if that student has never performed an experiment to find out how hydrogen peroxide is made, he cannot discuss it intelligently. Such an education is entirely perceptive. Those who have such an education can lay the fault to no one but themselves, because the field is open ready to be plotted out, analyzed and comprehended. Their mind is not very hungry for mental food. Consequently it is left shallow and undeveloped and they never make a success in life.

The second class is composed of those who have a comprehensive knowledge of things. This class is not content with mere apprehension, but seeks to dive a little deeper in the great sea of knowledge. The students composing this class take the percepts already apprehended, and proceed by way of analysis to separate them into their elements and to mate their rela-

tions. We might illustrate this class also by taking the illustration used in the first class. The students in this class not only knows what hydrogen peroxide is and what H_2O_2 means in scientific symbols, but he knows that BaO_2 treated with $2HCl$ will give hydrogen peroxide and barium chloride because he has performed the experiment for himself and knows just what relation hydrogen peroxide bears to the other two chemicals used. This class has a larger, better, and richer store of related truth and is therefore clear, definite, accurate, and detailed in its knowledge. However it accepts the cultural view of knowledge. It regards knowledge as an end and not as a means. It has its profound learning only for the pleasure there is in it and ends its investigations with the stage of comprehension.

The third and by far the best and most desirable class is composed of those students who have a combination of the qualities of the other two classes and who puts this combination into practice. This class seeks to apply its acquisitions to the problems of life. It is not content with the cultural view of knowledge, but seeks the practical view. To use the same illustration again, the student in this class not only has an apprehensive and comprehensive knowledge of hydrogen peroxide, but he uses this knowledge as an instrument by which he may use hydrogen peroxide and tell others to use it as an oxidizing agent to oxidize dead and decomposing matter without the fear of irritation or poisoning, and as a disinfectant with which to wash sores and wounds. Such a student is the one whom the world most desires—the educated, practical man. He is the one who has learned something, reflected on it, verified what he has learned, repeated it in practice, and is therefore valuable, helpful, and useful to his fellows. T. J. C.

A MESSAGE.

I.

I stood in the stilly twilight
Of the pine trees darkling shade,
Where the tall straight trunks arounds me
A lofty vault had made.
They rose in majestic splendor
With their regal crowns of green,
Breathing a low, soft longing,
A song—with sweetest theme.
It soothed my heart so weary,
My very breath stood still,
For the Creator of all seemed speaking
My yearning soul to heal.

II.

I stood in the solemn stillness
Of a day just gone to rest,
And gazed with passionate pleading
At the stars—in their silent quest.
I thought of the many ages
Those stars had shown for man,
Thought of the thousands of watchers
Looking with me at them then.
Like blooms in the angel's garden,
These spring flowers of the night
Danced in solitary-splendor
In clusters, of hazy light.
They gleamed as a symbol from Heaven
Of love with its infinite care
And I rest in peaceful gladness
For the precious promise held there.

III.

Then my heart seemed to burst in its passion
As the meaning swept over me,
The song of the whispering pine boughs—
The stars—a message from Thee.

FLORA WHITE.

MR. EBERS ON HIS TRAVELS.

(Translated from German.)

Mr. Claus Ebers was a landowner in Mecklenburg. He had taken care of his money and had worked much in his life, and had become a well-to-do man. But of the world he had hitherto not seen much. Once he had been a day in Rostock and once in Hamburg, but the rest of Germany was to him a closed book. One day he decided to travel. He said to his superintendent, "Farewell, George, the coachman must bring the great trunk to the depot." He bought a third class railroad ticket and departed. We shall let him travel calmly, but will just once cast a glance at him.

We see him again in Wiesbaden. Here he wished to take the waters for his rheumatism. He drove in an omnibus from the depot to the hotel Monopol. There he secured a room in the second story and wrote his name and so forth in the register. A door-keeper took his traveling-bag very courteously and conducted him to the elevator. The thing went suddenly upwards, and without even budging a foot, the astonished Mr. Ebers arrived above. A servant opened room No. 108, lay down his traveling-bag, coughed once or twice and said: "Has Mr. Landowner any other wish?"

"No," answered Ebers, "not for the time being." But the servant remained quietly standing. The Mecklenburger finally became impatient: "What on earth are you standing there for? Do I look so remarkable?"

"No, Mr. Landowner, only on account of the traveling-bag—and then I have opened the door."

The man was evidently out of his senses! Ebers stared at him, went a few steps back and then said: "Well, this is of course very kind of you. I thank you indeed very heartily." Finally the uncanny man went out and murmured to himself along something like "he'll learn soon."

Scarcely had Mr. Ebers recovered from his fright, when there was another knock. He opened the door, and outside stood a porter with the great trunk. This one entered, placed

his burden on the floor, fetched three deep breaths because of the great effort, and finally murmured: "There is the trunk, Mr. Landowner!"

"Yes," answered Ebers, "there it is."

"I say, Mr. Landowner, there is the trunk now. It weighed I should say at least a hundred and twenty pounds."

"Yes, I can readily believe it."

"And today it is terribly hot."

"Horribly hot," answered Ebers and looked at the second madman from head to foot. What on earth then has the warm weather to do with the trunk? Remarkable man, this Wiesbadener! The porter stood for some little time there as rooted to the spot, coughed a couple of times, rolled his eyes, and then finally went out to Eber's greatest relief. "He'll soon learn, this Mr. Landowner," he mumbled in his beard.

In the meantime it gradually became dark. Ebers drew a match box out of his pocket, in order to make a light. But with it he had no result. Suddenly his eyes fell on a little sign on the wall, with the inscription "Electric Light," but to press on the button under the sign seemed to him to be dangerous, and to call a third madman to his help, still more dangerous.

What was to be done? The safest thing under the circumstances is to go to bed, he thought to himself, and with that he began to undress. He placed his boots in accordance with his usual custom before the door outside in the hallway.

On the next day he sat in the great dining-hall of the hotel. Round about him stood and walked waiters and waiter's assistants and in the long hall between the rows of tables strutted majestically the headwaiter. At the most extreme end of the hall a band played "On the Beautiful Blue Danube." The cold sweat fairly streamed from the brow of our good Ebers. Among this well dressed company it didn't please him at all. Now the dinner to begin with. He'd much rather be sitting in his comfortable Mecklenburg home by pea-soup with pig's ears, and flour-dumplings with applesauce. To make a long story short, he determined at once to depart again. He im-

parted this decision to the headwaiter and within five minutes he received from the latter the bill. With pounding heart he read as follows:

Room	Mark	8 Pfennigs	—
Breakfast	Mark	5 Pfennigs	50
Dinner	Mark	7 Pfennigs	—
Omnibus	Mark	— Pfennigs	75
Luggage	Mark	— Pfennigs	75
Service	Mark	1 Pfennigs	50
Music	Mark	— Pfennigs	40

Total Mark 23 Pfennigs 290

"I must get right out of this den of thieves," he groaned, payed, had his trunk taken to the railway, took his valise and went.

At the exit of the hotel stood in a line the headwaiter, three other waiters, one waiter's assistant, two doorkeepers, one boot-black, one chambermaid, and the luggage carrier. "Service," cried one after the other; and Ebers tore by these uncanny people as pursued by evil spirits, out of the house and to the depot.

On the next day he sat again within his four walls. Incessantly he smoked one of those porcelain pipes which every time if the owner takes a strong pull, gurgles and bubbles up. Of the rheumatism he was not cured, but of traveling thoroughly.

L. S.

MY QUEEN.

I.

All the gleams of all the sunbeams,
All the lustre of blue skies,
All the softness of the moonbeams,
Are clustered in her eyes.

II.

All the graces of an angel
Of that far Celestial Isle,
All the brightness of the springtime
Are present in her smile.

III.

All the breath and bloom of April,
All the wealth of shade and shine—
Nothing on the earth can equal
This dainty queen of mine.

THE SENIOR-SOPHOMORE DEBATE.

The last of a series of inter-class debates came off on the evening of March 12th between the representatives of the Senior and Sophomore classes. The Senior team, consisting of E. S. King, J. E. Sawyer and Leroy Miller, defended the affirmative side of the following question, Resolved, That the policy of the Monroe Doctrine should be abandoned. J. B. Woosley, H. S. Sawyer and Miss Ella D. Young for the Sophomores upheld the negative.

The first speaker on the affirmative, E. S. King, opened the debate by tracing the growth of the Monroe doctrine from its beginning to the present time and stating its real meaning, the substance of which he said was included in their three statements. First, the United States does not interfere with the political affairs of Europe, neither shall Europe interfere with the political affairs of the American Republic. Second, Europe shall establish no more colonies on the hemisphere nor enlarge the boundaries of those already established. Third, Europe shall not aid in extending a monarchical system to this hemisphere.

"Underlying this declaration," he said, "there are three principles for which the policy has stood, self-defense, protection of our own interests, and protection of the weak against the aggressive of the strong." Then he gave the outline of the affirmative which is as follows: First, the Monroe Doctrine is no longer needed for self-defense; second, the United States has no right to set up a protectorate over South America; third, the Monroe Doctrine has been a bar to civilization; fourth, it is a menace to world peace.

Mr. King then proceeded to prove his point by contrasting Monroe's time with the present day. He pointed out that the United States was then a weak, secluded nation, and that it was then necessary for her to keep the foreigner from encroaching on her and to stay out of world politics; but that now we are no longer a weak, secluded nation, but the leading world power; that in 1823 Europe was ruled by despots who

proposed to extend their systems to the new world; but that now the same powers have become democratic and should they extend their system it would be far superior to that of a Castro or any other South American tyrant.

He concluded his argument by saying: "In the past all the powers desired territory in the new world, but that now all of them but Germany have eaten and are full and she is too wise to govern a people without their consent." He then went on to say that "should any part of South America pass into German control it could not danger the safety of the United States, the Panama canal, or our interests.

Mr. Woosley opened the debate for the negative by showing that the policy of the Monroe Doctrine is the policy by which America has attained world prominence and that this policy existed before the administration of James Monroe. He claimed the Holy Alliance was not the cause, but merely the occasion for its official acknowledgment. Following this he showed that the negative were advocating the policy of the Monroe Doctrine with all its changes and additions and not the original document. He then showed that the Roosevelt corollary strengthened this policy as it had never been strengthened before. Then he proved that the basic principles of this policy are just and right. Finally he showed as another reason for the maintenance of this policy that it is supported by all the parties and people of liberty-loving America.

Mr. Miller, the second speaker on the affirmative, proved one main point which he contended was sufficient ground for abandoning the Monroe Doctrine, namely, that the United States has no right to exercise a protectorate over South America. He proved this by showing that Europe has not only equal but even superior rights to South America and that the United States is acting selfish and unfair toward Europe in her present policy of protection. These European claims on South America consist in part in the fact that Europe controls the trade with South America and her ships carrying practically all the goods she exports and imports and, too, there are vastly more Europeans in South America than there are natives of

the United States and from the standpoint of proximity South America is practically as near Europe as she is to the United States. He showed, too, that nearly all the banking, manufacturing and agricultural interests in South America, which are not in the hands of natives are in the hands of Italians, Germans, and Englishmen. Therefore the unfairness of the United States in dictating to Europe what she may or may not do in this her own field of interest.

Mr. H. S. Sawyer, the second speaker on the negative, gave a few examples of the past workings of the policy of the Monroe Doctrine, and showed that in every case it has resulted to the best interests of the nations concerned, and has made for the peace of the world. He showed that the steps taken by this government in preserving the sovereignty of the weaker republics of the western, have been taken gratuitously and that the American people have just cause to uphold this policy in its entirety. Then he showed that although the policy of the Monroe Doctrine is not international law, considered and agreed upon, but is equivalent to international law, because it is recognized by the whole civilized world and the world concedes to it a measure of validity in the resolutions which were unanimously adopted at the Hague tribunal of 1899. He also gave conclusive evidence that England is standing for this policy, based on the authority of such men as Sidney Brooks, Alex E. Miller and Admiral Lord Charles Beresford. Finally he showed a few of the occasions in the past history of our nation, when the workings of this policy has benefited our own country, both in a material way and also in giving us the position that we hold today among the leading nations of the world.

Mr. J. E. Sawyer, third speaker on the affirmative, came forward and without any formal introductory remarks proceeded at once to his argument. In the first place he proved that the Monroe Doctrine is a bar to civilization. In doing this he showed the rotten conditions of South America both politically and socially. He showed how corrupt the governments were by giving direct statements to the effect that they

never have any regular elections, but usually the offices are changed by revolutions. He also showed the corruption of society by statements from Robert E. Speer. He showed that although Europeans are going there now in great numbers, yet they are able to do nothing in the way of betterment because our Monroe Doctrine does not allow them any protection from their home governments.

In the second place he proved that the Monroe Doctrine is a menace to world peace, first because it denies equal rights to all nations; this is laying aside the great Jeffersonian principles of our government: "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none." Second, because it necessitates our maintaining a large navy. In conclusion he briefly summed up the argument produced by the affirmative.

Mr. Smith, the third speaker on the negative, was unable to speak because of the serious illness and death of his brother. His place, however, was excellently filled by Miss Ella D. Young, who reflected credit not only upon herself but also upon the fairer sex of her class. She showed that there is no demand for the abandonment of the policy since the basic principles are more vital today than ever before in our history. She then showed that our commercial interests demand the maintenance of this policy and as Europe has taken Asia and Africa for the furtherance of her commercial interests, so the United States have taken and justly so, South America. Following this she showed the probable results of the abandonment of this policy. She pointed out that if it were abandoned any strong nation after establishing a coaling station nearby would have easy work in capturing the Panama canal, and thereby divide our naval forces and throw us at their mercy. Finally she showed that from James Monroe to the present time this policy has ever had in view peace and arbitration. She showed that in accordance with this policy the United States has never established commercial relations by means of arms and that this is our policy toward South America. She showed that peacefully and quietly under the policy of the Monroe Doctrine, we are by means of missionaries and schools

instilling into the South Americans those basic principles of enlightenment and progress.

Mr. King gave the rebuttal for the affirmative, and Mr. Woosley gave the rebuttal for the negative.

The judges, Mr. Coletrane, Mr. Lewis and Rev. Dawson, decided two in favor of the affirmative.

The debating cup of 1910 therefore belongs to the class of 1910.

R. H. FITZGERALD.



The Guilford Collegian

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NO. 7

Editorials.

According to custom heretofore established by the various classes it falls to the lot of the Junior class to get out the April and May issue of the COLLEGIAN. On account of crowded work most of the members of the class have had little time to work on this number, but we hope it will meet the approval of our readers and come up to the standard of former issues. The staff is composed of the following persons: Editors, Janie

Brown and T. F. Bulla; local and personal editors, Lucile Hall and Gurney Briggs; exchange editor, Rufus Fitzgerald. We wish to thank those who have contributed in any way to this issue.

Chapel Exercises. The chapel exercises which every institution of learning has in some form at some time of day in which the whole student body meets on common ground serves to unify the school more than any other one thing. Attendance upon these exercises is, in the case of large universities, generally voluntary and we believe it should be so in a small college, for as a rule nobody gets much good out of what he is forced to do. One meaning of chapel is a place for worship, and we believe that the greater part of the time spent there each day should be given up to the development and encouragement of the spiritual life of the college community since all the rest of the day and part of the night is consumed in classical, scientific and literary pursuits. Prayer should always constitute a part and a prominent part of the program. It is the duty of the speaker to be so permeated with his subject that whether he speaks or reads his audience can but feel his interest in what he is saying. It is the duty of the student to pay strict attention to what is being said and leave text-books alone for awhile. If he has not studied his lesson before coming to chapel he will probably not learn much by studying them. If he does not want to listen himself he should at least keep quiet so the fellow next to him who wants to, can have a fair chance. Remember that a certain amount of attention is always due a public speaker no matter how boring or uninteresting the subject in hand may be to you, try to show a decent amount of interest. Then too a student can't afford to be letting things go on about him without being a part of them and to be engrossed with something else and not to be giving close attention to what is being said in an audience room is at least debilitating in an intellectual way. One of

the requisites of good citizenship is promptness and the boy or girl who always comes sauntering into chapel several minutes late is forming a bad habit which may cause trouble in after life.

Perhaps never before in the history of the college has there been such a widespread and enthusiastic interest in athletics as there has the past year. Almost every branch of college sport has received a greater or less amount of attention. Basketball has been given an equal place with tennis and baseball. Under the proficient coaching of Professor Binford we have put out one of the strongest if not the strongest team in the State. Our record has been more than gratifying, the Guilford quintet scoring 224 points against her opponents only 74, thus winning the unchallenged claim to the State championship. Those who neither play basket ball or tennis have been devoting their energies to running, jumping, hurdling and other phases of track work. Although our success on the track has not been as successful as we wished we feel that the effort and time expended in developing this department of our athletics has not been in vain.

With the coming of spring baseball came to the front, and every afternoon a goodly number of players came out to try for a place on the team. From this number we hoped to pick a nine that would uphold the past record of the college. In this we have not been disappointed. True we have been defeated in a few games, but they were lost more from accidents than from the superior playing of our opponents, and when the season closes we are expecting to see Guilford College's name somewhere near the head of the list of winning teams, if indeed not at the head.

Joseph Cannon. It has been several years since any act of Congress has caused so much discussion or comment among the American people as the removal of Joseph

Cannon from the chairmanship of the Rules committee. The cry came from almost everybody's lips, "I am glad Uncle Joe has been ousted." Some knew what they were talking about and many didn't, but the people as a whole approve of the change that has come about. We feel as though we were living under a more democratic government by having ten men perform the work that one man has done heretofore. During his term as speaker of the House it seems that he has used that office for his own glory and for the benefit of the few. Many important bills have been blocked by his wonderful influence and manipulations. Such as the water-ways improvement measure. We, the people of the South, are especially inclined to criticise Mr. Cannon for knifing the Appalachian forest proposition and we do it sincerely. He has domineered, ruled and used his powers more freely than any of his predecessors. It is due mainly to this oppression and ruling spirit that has brought about his removal from one of the most important committees in Congress. He has failed to see the progress of the times and to keep pace with the progressive element of his party. While his conduct has been somewhat offensive to the people and while he has practiced some things that were not in keeping with a true statesman, there is another side to be considered about Mr. Cannon. Considering the expense of running this nation he has been one of the most economical speakers it has ever had. Many appropriation bills introduced by one-horse politicians have been nipped in the bud and rightly so. So far as any one knows he has acted honestly and never was bribed with money. Let us not forget that while he has not acted altogether democratic, at times he has filled the bill as speaker with as much prudence as any man has done for several years.

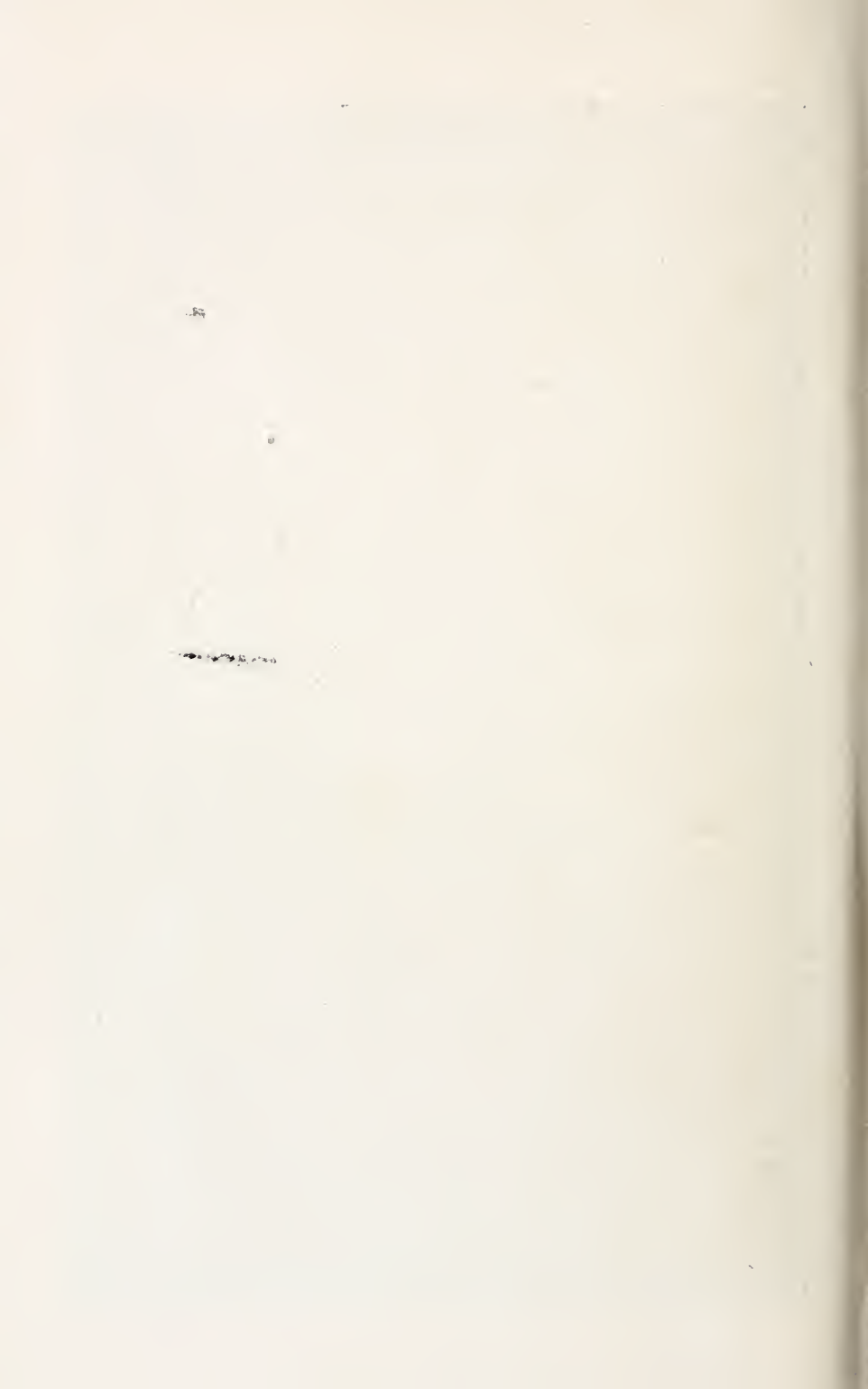
Summer School. Why should not Guilford College conduct a summer school? comes the question from many students. We see no reason why. Nearly every college of good standing in North Carolina carries on at least a six

weeks' summer session for the benefit of its students. These summer sessions are not run in order to make money, for there is little money made in running schools; nor are they conducted in order to give people a good time or a place to spend vacation. They are managed for the purpose of giving those students who have back work or those who have failed for some reason to pass, a chance to get grades on their work. It is not only a session for students but it gives public school teachers an opportunity to review some studies and render them more efficient for teaching. So far as anyone knows the school conducted here last year was a success and several persons were benefitted by it. We feel somewhat embarrassed at the attitude the college has taken towards the summer school proposition. We do not see any valid reason why we should not have it again this year. We hope the trustees will reconsider the matter and give Guilford College a permanent summer school.





THE CHAMPION BASKET-BALL TEAM, CLASS 1911



PHILOMATHIAN-WEBSTERIAN RECEPTION.

The inter-society receptions at Guilford have always been considered to be occasions of splendid entertainment and keen enjoyment to those who were privileged to attend and this one in particular which we attended was certainly no exception to the rule.

After going to Founders we were ushered into the Philomathian hall, which had just been completed. Everything was decorated so prettily that we felt like we had entered pretty dreamland with its fairies so fair. Then the regular literary program took place. The debate was both interesting and instructive and showed that the Philomathians have been up and doing. It was a marked improvement over the one we listened to a year ago.

The question was, Resolved, that secret societies are not to the best interests of the people. Affirmative, Misses Mary Mendenhall and Annie Pershaw; negative, Misses Gertrude Farlow and Mary White. The debate was followed by a recitation and song which we enjoyed very much indeed. The President, Miss Janie Brown, then made some fitting remarks. It was a time when everybody present felt glad they were living in a world of warm hearted fellowship. After adjournment refreshments were served in such a nice way. It was simply good to be there. It is of no use to try to tell you how much we enjoyed it you can't understand unless you were there.

R. H. F.

JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION.

During their college life at Guilford the members of the Senior class have enjoyed many social functions, among which there is one which will be remembered above all others; the reception which the Juniors gave us during this, our last term at Guilford.

On the evening of March 15th we were received in the par-

lors at Founders Hall, after which the Juniors proceeded with their regular order of exercise, with T. F. Bulla presiding and Miss Lucille Hall acting as secretary. President Bulla then gave us a cordial welcome and made us feel that the Junior class deemed it a privilege to cater to our happiness during the evening. Following this the meeting adjourned and we were invited to the dining room. Here the color scheme was admirably carried out in the Senior colors, garnet and white. After a blessing had been asked by President Hobbs we began to enjoy the good things which were served. It is needless to say that the Seniors did justice to the elegant four course banquet. Following the last course, with Rufus H. Fitzgerald as toastmaster, toasts were responded to by President Hobbs, Robert Dalton, Gertrude Frazier, Lucille Hall, Jennie Bulla, Janie Brown and E. S. King.

The entire reception was evidently very carefully planned and beautifully carried out, and doubtless no other class in the history of Guilford College has so successfully and royally entertained a sister class.

The Senior class is deeply grateful to the Junior class for this delightful reception and we are proud that Guilford College will have in the Junior class probably the largest class which has ever gone out from here.

L. M. '10.

THE ZATASIAN-CLAY RECEPTION.

Much credit is due the Zatasians for their splendid reception given to the Clays on the evening of March 18th. It was entertaining in every sense of the word. We have often heard it said that girls cannot debate, but any one who listened attentively to the programme rendered cannot say it and be sincere in his remarks. The question, Resolved, That Women Clubs are Beneficial, was ably discussed on the affirmative by Miss Leoro Chappell, and the negative by Miss Tecy Beaman. We heard it remarked by several that the discussion was equal if not excelled by any the Clays had ever given. After the debate

a recitation was elegantly rendered by Miss Flora White. Following the literary exercises came the social part, along with refreshments, which were enjoyed by every one present. We wish to congratulate the Zatasians on their well and neatly furnished hall which would be a credit to any society. The Clays only wish we had as well equipped hall for our exercises.

BASKET-BALL RECEPTION.

One of the most enjoyable features of the past year's basketball "schedule" was the evening spent with our coach, Prof. Binford. It was his careful coaching to a large extent that made it possible for us to carry off the State championship this year. We all met at the "Jay's Nest" on the appointed evening. After we layed off our o'coats and hats we were ushered into the dining room. The table was beautifully decorated with evergreens, a bunch of violets were scattered here and there and candles gave a soft light which made everything that much prettier. The place cards were cut out and made like small basket balls. After Prof. Binford had offered thanks we began to eat and you never heard of fellows enjoying good things more than we did. The first course consisted of sandwiches, pickles and chicken; the second, salad and cheese straws; the third, ice cream and cake. After we had all done justice to what had been so beautifully served by the young ladies, Prof. Wilson, presiding as toast master, called on the following men who gave responses: D. D. Carroll, "Basket Ball's Place as a College Game;" Capt. Benbow, "The Season of 1909 and '10"; A. G. Otwell, "The Glory of a Sub;" J. E. Winslow, "What We Will Do for Them Next Year." It was a most enjoyable occasion and we return thanks again to our coach for making the best play of the season. There wasn't a man present who didn't enjoy himself to the fullest and carry away a heart full of fire for the next season.

R. H. F.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The new officers for 1910-11 were elected at the regular business meeting of the Association on March 5th as follows: President, Margaret Rutledge; vice-president, Lillie Maie Raiford; secretary, Tecie Beaman; treasurer, Mary I. White. The chairmen of the various committees were appointed a few days later and the committees were chosen. The new cabinet has met once a week and are getting the work well in hand.

Mrs. Burton St. John visited the Association from March 30th to April 1st in the interest of the Student Volunteer Movement. Her presence and the inspiring descriptions of her work in Northern China aroused much interest and gave the girls a better understanding of what the every day life of a missionary is like.

Our new Y. W. C. A. room is now undergoing repairs and we hope to have it ready for use very soon. The room will be nicely furnished with the chairs and tables formerly belonging to the Philagorean Literary Society and recently presented to the Y. W. C. A. We hope that this permanent room will aid in making the attendance more regular at the mid-week prayer meetings.

On the evening of April 16th a lawn social was enjoyed by the student body. A Japanese lantern drill was given by sixteen of the girls on the hillside in front of New Garden Hall. The boys' quartette sang in their usual finished manner, and a quartette of girls sang for the first time. Refreshments were sold for the benefit of the Asheville Conference Fund. Although the clouds threatened to drown the merriment and finally followed their threats by a steady downpour we were not conquered. The lawn social simply became a porch party and continued as happily as before.

Considered as a whole the work is progressing though there is much to be accomplished before the close of the school year and the aid of every student is needed for its fullest accomplishment.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The new officers of the Association found the work in good shape. Under the careful direction of Ex-president King and his cabinet the Y. M. C. A. has made steady progress in the college. It has been thoroughly organized and has done a great amount of good.

One of the most important events of the past year was the State Bible conference held here in the early part of the fall term. It meant a great deal to the college as well as the Y. M. C. A. and it would be unjust to the ex-president not to speak a word of commendation for the successful way in which he arranged and made it possible for the conference to be held here.

The Bible-study department has done excellent work and the report given in by Mr. Miller, the chairman, showed more enrolled and a better attendance than any previous year.

The religious-meetings committee have had good speakers for the Thursday evening meetings. A very interesting series of life work addresses were given last spring. The average attendance has been better than ever before. Each of the other departments have done good work. The value of the Y. M. C. A. to our college the past year is immeasurable.

The men chosen for the cabinet of 1910 were as follows: R. H. Fitzgerald, president; S. J. Kirk, vice-president; T. J. Covington, secretary, and P. Collier, marshal; chairman of Bible-study committee, J. B. Woosley; Religious-meetings, E. L. Hudson; Mission study, Dennis Gray; membership, C. C. Smithdeal; finance, W. H. Welch; social, H. S. Sawyer. Each chairman has selected a committee of five men and the work is in shape to move forward. If we will all put our shoulders to the wheel and trust in God we will turn a notch further than ever before.

We are hoping to send every man who is expecting to lead a class in Bible or Mission study next year, to the Asheville conference this summer. Any one who has been there cannot

help but feel that it is the opportunity of a student's life that he cannot afford to let go by.

But in all we do let us remember that the success of the Y. M. C. A. for the coming year will depend upon the obeying of our Heavenly Father, for this is the only strength of a Christian organization.



Locals and Personals.

EDITORS: GURNEY BRIGGS AND LUCILE HALL.

April Fool!!!

Who went out through the kitchen?

Who locked the dining-room door?

Any information will be appreciated.

A. M. B.—“I haven’t eaten but six sandwiches. I’m not a pig, am I, Hazel?”

H. H.—“No, you’re a hog.”

“Ed, I’m going to sue you.”

E. B.—“Alright, just so you don’t Fannie Sue me.”

Miss Edith Sharpless visited her many friends at the college in March.

Prof. of Biology—“Miss Brown, what is the most important thing in making pictures?”

Janie—“To look pretty, I should think.”

Mary—Will Gertrude ever see the point?

Misses Ethel Hodgkin, Anna Mendenhall, Amanda Richardson, of the class of ’09, and Linnie Shamburger, ’07, visited friends at the college recently.

Prof. Jay—“Mr. Moore, can you explain why people don’t say ‘Goodnight’ without shaking hands?”

Annie (in collection hall)—“Prof. Couch, may I go to the boook to get a library?”

Prof. Couch—“Yes, but you may have some trouble getting it in here.”

Miss Annie Moring, from the Normal College, spent Saturday and Sunday with Miss Lura Hendricks.

Mr. Rush Hodgkin, ’09, was one of the visitors here the night of the minstrel.

Lucille—"They wont' even allow the boys to keep dogs."

Hazel (gazing at Archdale)—"I didn't know they used dogs on the track."

Miss Julia (in Bible class)—"Gertrude, I believe thee was to tell us about James and John."

Gertrude—"No'm, I had about the sons of Zebedee."

Prof. Binford—"Do you see the two cotyledons and the plumule?"

Janie—"No, sir, I don't see the two mules."

Mr. Percy and Miss Jessie Gainey visited their sister, March 19th.

We all greatly enjoyed a short lecture given by Dr. Woods Hutchinson, March 17th.

Elva—"We are going to have lightbread for supper."

Mary—"How do you know?"

Elva—"I see the steam laundryman out here."

Hazel (seeing Margaret with some blossoms)—"What did you pull those for? They would have made apples."

Margaret—"No, they wouldn't either, because they are peach blossoms."

In Junior German—"She struck up a smile with the point of her toe."

Annie Riddick (naming the twelve apostles)—"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John."

Miss Allen, of High Point, spent Sunday with Miss Mary Barker.

Miss Eula Hayes' sister was a visitor at the college April 9th and 10th.

Miss H.—"Why don't you catch the fish with a seine?"

Prof. W.—"I don't want any crazy fish."

"I don't see why they would be crazy."

"If I caught them in-sane (seine) they would be."

Gertrude (listening to the frogs)—“Don’t the birds sing pretty!”

Mary—“What is the subject for debate tonight?”

Rebecca—“It’s something about Astronomy and Geology.”

Mary—“Geology is about the heavenly bodies, isn’t it?”

Mr. James Anderson, ’09, of Charlotte, was a visitor at the college during the Easter holidays.

Mr. Chas. D. Benbow, ’09, of Moline, Ill., visited friends here April 10th.

Hazel—“Had you noticed what a peculiar light there is in here?”

Annabelle—“Yes, but I didn’t say anything, ’cause I thought maybe it was me.”

Prof. B.—“In the moss, the sporophyte is green before it gets ripe.”

“Why is Tocy’s hair so red?”

“It’s he-red-itary.”

Mr. Carroll Rabb, a former Guilford student, was the guest of Prof. Carroll, April 10th and 11th.

Mr. Robert Hanes, of Winston-Salem, visited Mr. Jno. Whitaker last week.

Prof. Hodgin—“What was Wordsworth’s attitude toward nature?”

A. B.—“Wordsworth had a great attitude toward nature.”

Big Rich—“I don’t ever get my hair cut out here.”

Skinny—“Why?”

Big Rich.—“Because there’s a man in Greensboro who always cuts my hair and he sure can do a fine job on certain kind of heads.”

Skinny—“Maybe his specialty is blockheads.”

Fitz—"Say, Miller, where can I find a file?"

Miller—"I don't know, but I think there is one in Arthur Moore's throat."

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Penn Henley, Miss Sarah Henley and Miss Lillian Righter, of Carthage, Ind., were visitors at the college on April 16th.

For a lesson in perseverance apply to Welch, who has good "staying powers."

Prof. White—"What makes a ball fall to the earth?"

Bonner—"Pacific gravity."



A POEM?

To our Junior class meeting we are glad to go,
Since when we get there we are sure of a-show,
For Smithdeal gets mad as we all know,
When Lillie May by a devious plan
Gets to talk to Hell-See-Van.
Otwell arises and boisterously pipes,
"I'll talk to none if it can't be Snipes."
When John Whitaker announces his call
It is quickly responded to by Lucile Hall.
Miss Rutledge sits down paired with Fitz,
But in comes Flo White and between them sits,
And our mirth increases from full to fuller,
When Willie Welch takes a seat by the elder Miss Bulla.
At this Miss Winslow shows her displeasure,
And calmly announces that the class is no treasure,
Even with Bac Palmer throwed in for good measure.
Billy Graves is there with his row to hoe
And proceeds with his work by talking to Benbow.
Smiling Zack, just for a show,
Arises and says, "I'll sport Miss Farlow."
Janie Brown and G. Briggs so prim,
Attempt the same stunt but the talking is slim.
Then arises Van Hudson and walking like a ruler
Places his chair by the other Miss Bulla.
In speaking of J. Winslow and A. Moore, we refrain from being so mean,
For they for some time have not been here to witness this
Grand glorious scene.
Then here's to the three who look like they are glad,
The three Junior stags who compose the "Triad."
No girls for me each shouts in glee,
For Bulla is Pres. and Covington Treas. with Howard for
Secretarie.
This "Triad" is forsaken, forgotten, despised,
And its sadness is in this poem disguised.

Athletics.

The colleges of the South are coming more and more to recognize the evils which arise from the participation of professional athletes in the intercollegiate contests and steps are being taken by some of the colleges to eliminate these evils. The remedy lies almost entirely with the student bodies of the different colleges and the sooner they realize the sense of their responsibility and exclude professional athletes from these intercollegiate contests the sooner will athletics become the moral force which they should be in the college communities. As long as the student bodies subscribe money to hire professional men for the football and baseball teams just so long will professionalism be found in college athletics.

It has been said that most virtues can be exaggerated until they become a vice. Thrift carried to excess is miserliness; valor may be exalted to fool hardiness; and liberty sometimes degenerates into licentiousness. In the same way the desire to excel in athletics may be carried to such an excess that it becomes injurious. When a student becomes so absorbed in athletics that he must play the whole afternoon, talk athletics all night and think about them on class the next day then he has carried athletics to an extreme which is positively injurious. The training of the body is very essential to well-being, but it should never be placed above the training of the mind.

Just where the professional is divided from the amateur is hard to tell accurately. It might be stated roughly that a man who plays a game for the pleasure he gets out of it and for the physical benefit he receives, without regard for profit, is an amateur, while the man who plays a game for his living or wholly for the money he receives is a professional. The professional brings with him an atmosphere which is fatal to the best interest and to the real purpose of college athletics. He goes into the game with a vengeance and with scientific caution which is just the opposite of the brilliant dash and healthy competition which should characterize all college

games. New men are often kept from trying for a place on a team because they see it is useless to try to compete with professionals.

Pastimes are rapidly being reduced to a profession and it is the work of the college communities, who wish to promote healthy athletics, to eliminate as much as possible this evil from their midst.

BASKET BALL.

The basket ball season of 1909-1910 was perhaps the most successful season which Guilford has had for several years. The following games were played each resulting in a victory for Guilford: Guilford, 25; Trinity, 8; Guilford, 43; Winston Y. M. C. A., 17; Guilford 71, Elon 2; Guilford 42, A. & M. College 16; Guilford 33, Wake Forest 31. Several other games were arranged but for various reasons were cancelled.

Much interest was manifested throughout the entire season and the gymnasium was always well filled with spectators.

Not having played the strongest Y. M. C. A. teams in the State Guilford cannot claim the State championship, but there is no question but that Guilford has the strongest college team in the State and that the college championship very rightly belongs to her.

TRACK.

So far we have had only one intercollegiate meet, this being with the A. & M. College at Raleigh on Easter Monday. The final score showed a total of 91 points for A. & M. to 35 points for Guilford. As the score would indicate Guilford was clearly outclassed in this meet, but there are certain things in an athletic event of this kind which any sane person with an ordinary knowledge of track athletics will be forced to admit would influence the results of a meet of this kind. Guilford was laboring under several disadvantages, the worst of which, perhaps, was the fact that on account of some of the track men being on the ball team there was only twelve men with the team and this made it necessary for one man to enter several

events, some entering as high as four and five. Our opponent had a new man for almost every event. In addition to this our men had practiced on an eighth of a mile track which was free from dust and very hard. When they were put upon a track which was a half a mile around and was several inches deep in loose dirt it was calculated to make a difference. We are not trying to make excuses for our defeat because we are free to admit that our opponents showed harder training and that we were beaten fairly and squarely, but we simply state these facts which will appeal, we think, to those who are acquainted with track athletics.

The track has been sadly neglected by the Southern colleges until within the last few years, but from present indications it is destined to take a high place among the intercollegiate contests.

The future of track athletics at Guilford is very bright indeed. There is each an increase in interest as well as an increase in the number of men trying for the team. A new quarter-mile cinder track is now almost an assured thing, for about seventy-five dollars has been subscribed by the students and this, with some additional help which it is hoped can be obtained, will make the construction of the track a certainty.

As the track will be a permanent fixture and will contribute much for years to come towards the physical development of the students and will be a valuable addition to the athletics of the college! It has been suggested that perhaps the trustees would be willing to contribute something toward the erecting of such a permanent and beneficial fixture. This is not in the form of a request but is merely a suggestion from an entirely unauthoritative source.

BASE BALL.

The base ball team has begun the season with a series of victories of which every Guilfordian is justly proud. Notwithstanding the fact that last year's graduating class contained five of the first team men and that when the season opened this spring only two of last year's men were on the field, Guilford

has this year put out a team which bids fair to make somebody hustle for the State championship. This is an honor to the college and to the men who have worked to make the team what it is. The fact that every man on the team has been in school since last fall and that practically all of them are here for study and not for base ball primarily, makes us all the more proud of the good record they have made since we feel that they are a part of the student body.

Among the victories of this year's team might be mentioned the defeat of the strong aggregation from Davidson on Easter Monday. The Easter Monday game is always the game of the season with us and if that is won we feel that we have great cause to rejoice. The defeat of other such teams as Elon, Bingham and Lafayette means a good start for the State championship.

GURNEY BRIGGS.



Exchanges.

We are glad to find such a large number of magazines on the table this month, although we were late receiving some of them. On a whole the March numbers have been above the standard. They have proved interesting and profitable to their readers.

We note the criticism of our magazine in many of them and appreciate the help which has come from such. Our intention in criticism is that we shall prove as great a help to others as they have proved to us. Writing is somewhat like speaking. We learn to speak by closely observing good speakers and by being criticised. We learn to write by reading good literature and by seeing our own writing as others see it.

There is a general criticism which we offer on the collection as a whole. Only a few of the magazines have a complete directory in them. Very often a student in one college wants to know the leader of a certain organization in another. He naturally goes to the magazine of that college, if he doesn't find it there he is somewhat at a loss.

The first magazine we pick up is "The Haverfordian." We are glad to see the vim with which the new editor takes hold of the work. We think his plan of making a college magazine more interesting to the alumni is a good one. What is the matter with the Haverford poets? They don't seem to be up and doing as they should. We should all give more attention to development of the poetic spirit. The story, "You Never Can Tell" is interesting, but is most too sentimental and overdrawn. We enjoyed to some extent "Monkton Ridge;" but we fail to catch the significance of the "Watchmaker."

The next magazine we pick up is "The Earlhamite." We want to congratulate the class of 1913 for their interest in athletics and debating. The March number could have been improved though by at least one or two poems. A magazine without poetry is somewhat like a rose-bush with its dark green foliage, which gives it a wholesome appearance, but bearing no roses. "The College Man on the Farm" was well written

and good to read. We give credit to the author of "Do Animals Reason?" It showed that the author had thought it out well. Another story would have added to the number.

One of the best magazines to come to our table this month was "The Trinity Archive." It shows that the students of Trinity College are alive to the fact that the literary side is well worth cultivating. We enjoy such a magazine. Its poetry was good.

"The Wake Forest Student" is very good this month also. We appreciate her valued criticism of the Guilford Collegian.

Exchanges received were: The Trinity Archive, Wake Forest Student, College Message, Chronicle, Criterion, Comenian, Haverfordian, College Reflector, State Normal Magazine, Wilmingtonian, Buff and Blue, Park School Gazette, Tilston Topics, Ides, Dahlonga Collegian, Sage, Mercury, Earlhamite, Lenorian, Crescent, Radiant, St. Mary's Muse, Oakwood Index, and The Oracle.

Please send exchanges promptly.

R. H. FITZGERALD.



Alumni Notes

CLASS OF '89.

✓ Guilford is proud to have a warm-hearted representative at the National Capital in the person of Hon. Jos. Moore Dixon, Senator from the State of Montana. He occupies a position on several important Senatorial committees.

CLASS OF '91.

✓ Alzanon Alexander has for the past two years occupied a position on the school board of the High Point Graded Schools and shows an active, aggressive interest in educational matters in his home town.

✓ Arthur Lyon is handling the receivership for High Point Building and Loan Association. Mr. Lyon is considered an expert accountant.

CLASS OF '92.

✓ Miss Virginia Ragsdale spent her Easter vacation with her mother at Jamestown, N. C. On the 8nd inst. she returned to her work at Bryn Mawr College, Pa.

CLASS OF '93.

✓ James P. Parker is engaged in extensive farming, stock raising and fruit culture near Black Mountain, N. C., which locality is fast growing in popularity as a summer resort.

CLASS OF '94.

✓ Miss Annie F. Petty, who was elected as Recorder at our last year's Alumni meeting, has secured a card index outfit for gathering statistics concerning each graduate of Guilford College. Cards will soon be sent out for each member to fill in and prompt response is requested.

CLASS OF '95.

✓ It is gratifying to know that so many Guilford graduates enter the banking business of our State. The class of 1895 has three star representatives in this field. ✓ Chas. M. Hauser, of

Commercial National Bank of High Point, N. C.; J. O'Neal Ragsdale, Bank of Madison, Madison, N. C.; Walter H. Mendenhall, Bank of Lexington, Lexington, N. C.

CLASS OF '96.

✓ Edgar E. Farlow has been appointed one of the census enumerators for High Point township. During the past winter Mr. Farlow has been principal of the Springfield Graded School. This institution with its large and commodious brick building is one of the latest evidence of the great rural educational awakenings of our State.

CLASS OF '97.

✓ T. Gilbert Pearson has for two or three years been secretary of the National Audubon Society.

CLASS OF '98.

✓ Several Guilfordians who visited the Seattle Exposition last year were pleased to meet up with Miss Ada M. Field. She finished her special course in chemistry at Washington University last year.

CLASS OF '99.

✓ The class of '99 has the distinction of being the smallest class that has graduated at Guilford College, there being only three members of this class. Jno. W. Lewis and Elizabeth Coffin Lewis were, soon after graduation, united in marriage and are living in Greensboro, N. C., where Mr. Lewis is engaged in vehicle manufacture.

Wm. W. Allen, Jr., the other member of this class has a position in the Philadelphia National Bank, Philadelphia, Pa.

CLASS OF '01.

✓ J. Carson Hill was married to Miss Lelia Denny las November and is living in his new colonial residence on Hamilton street, High Point, N. C. Mr. Hill is the successful manager of Hill Veneer Company.

CLASS OF '02.

✓ The class of '02 has two representatives in the banking interests of our State, W. Chase Idol, Cashier of High Point branch of Wachovia Loan and Trust Company, and A. Homer Ragan, Cashier First National Bank of Thomasville, N. C.

CLASS OF '03.

✓ Maria Edgeworth Bristow is about to complete her first year of teaching in High Point Graded School, where she is giving excellent satisfaction.

CLASS OF '04.

✓ Born to James and M. Alice Lewis on March 21st, a son, James Edwin Lewis.

✓ Wm. Penn Henley is taking a special course this year at the State University.

✓ The Board of Trustees of Guilford College have shown their interest in the Alumni Association by the election to its membership three alumni, David White, '90, Chas. F. Tomlinson, '93, Henry A. White, '94. They have also shown their interest in the Old Students' Association by the election of Wm. T. Parker, President of the Association, to occupy a place on their board.



The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XXIII.

JUNE, 1910.

NO. 1

THE MOCKING BIRD.

A tender green bedecked the trees,
The month was merry May,
The birds sang blithely to the blooms,
Inspired by the warm spring day.

The clever songsters chirped their best,
But the majestic mocker all surpassed;
That bird endowed with a luscious throat,
With whom Jove's own can not be classed.

The eagle reigns by his savage beak,
By his pinion brisk and strong,
But the mocking bird has won his place,
By a nobler thing, his song.

In his notes so sweet, sublime and true,
He returns through nature what God has given;
By flooding the world with his sheer delight,
He makes life bliss, and earth a heaven.

He sings to the grey of the early dawn,
When the earth's with sparkling splendor drest;
He sings to the evening's burnished gold,
Till the rosy light has left the west.

But his music flows clearest and sweetest, I ween,
Under the pale moon's light;
O rapture passing bounds to hear
The mocking bird at night!

ANNA DAVIS.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

Sunday, May the twenty-ninth dawned as beautiful as one could wish. Long before the hour appointed for service, the large auditorium in Memorial Hall was well filled. The exercises were begun with prayer by Mrs. Mary C. Woody, thanking our Heavenly Father for His divine guidance and asking His especial blessing upon the class which will not return again.

President Hobbs then with a few appropriate sentences introduced Rev. A. A. McGeachy, of Charlotte, N. C., who delivered the baccalaureate sermon. He took as his central thought the twenty-second verse of St. Matthew twenty-seven, "What then shall I do with Jesus which is called the Christ?" This he said "was not only Pilate's question but it is a question of supreme importance to us today and one which is particularly suited to press home to a class of young people just leaving college." He spoke of the incongruity of the fate which made Pilate a judge of the Son of God. He said that Christ was not the Christ which the Jews looked for and not the mythological Christ, but he was the Christ of our salvation.

He closed with a strong appeal to the young men and women of the graduating class to accept the salvation offered by the lowly Nazarine and to spend their lives in his service.

At eight p. m. the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. held their joint meeting in the auditorium. John Waldo Woody spoke from Isaiah 22:22—"And the key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder; so he shall open and none shall shut, and he shall shut and none shall open." The entire address was lofty in tone and spiritually uplifting. After showing that a world wide opportunity is open to the young people of today, the speaker emphasized earnestly the necessity for a thorough preparation to fill that place more competently—however humble—willing to even the "chink" and always a "free will offering."

On Monday night of commencement week—May 30th—occurred the Zatasian oratorical contest. An account of the

ably rendered program—which was quite a credit to the contestants, the society, and the college—appears elsewhere in this magazine.

Tuesday, May the thirty-first, was alumni day, and such an interesting day it was! The first feature of the afternoon was the baseball game between the college team and a picked team from the alumni. It was a joyous occasion, where the students and members of the alumni were drawn into closer fellowship by friendly competition. The score standing seven to one in favor of the students bears testimony to the improvement that has been made in the athletic department. And no one who listened to the stirring speech made in behalf of athletics by Eugene Coltrane, '07, can doubt the part the alumni have played in making possible this improvement. To the alumni we are primarily indebted for the new quarter mile track made this year, and entirely for the interest they create by giving each year to the best all around athlete a prize. This year the prize was awarded to Charles Doak, Guilford College, N. C.

Another matter the alumni manifest their interest in, is the improvement of the college grounds. Mr. Coltrane called our attention to the efficient work being done by the campus committee and the great need for more funds to lay out much-needed walks.

The annual meeting of the Alumni Association was held in Memorial Hall at eight p. m. After the roll call by classes, President Woosley opened the meeting by calling attention to the fact that the Alumni Association was that night twenty-one years old and had increased in membership from eight to more than two hundred.

The speaker for the evening being absent, J. Waldo Woody gave the address. Mr. Woody spoke on "The Function of the Denominational Colleges," calling especial attention to the fact that the denominational college places stress upon the spiritual development as well as the mental and physical development. He then showed how these colleges prepare its students for Christian service, and develops Christian character. This well conceived address was closed with an appeal

to the Alumni Association to back up the spiritual development of our college as well as the athletic and literary.

After the address a brief business session was held. In this occurred, perhaps, the most interesting feature of the evening. The Alumni Association by unanimous vote elected President and Mrs. Hobbs honorary members of the Alumni Association. Immediately following this surprise Mr. Henry White, of High Point, presented them with a beautiful colonial mantle to be placed in their new home now being built. This was the loving gift of both the Old Students' Association and the Alumni Association. President and Mrs. Hobbs responded very feelingly for the kindness shown them.

The music for the evening was furnished by this year's graduates in that department—Misses Hall and Spray—assisted by the male quartet.

The meeting adjourned to receive the class of '10 in the beautiful reading room of the new library. The occasion was a most enjoyable one.

The last day of commencement, Wednesday, June first, was unusually fair. Crowds of old students and friends, with little knots of reunited classmates, thronged the campus from the arrival of the early train until sundown.

At ten a. m. the commencement exercises began with a devotional service conducted by Mary C. Woody. The following program was then rendered:

1. Anthem: Sing of the Mercies of the Lord.....*Williams*
The Choir.

2. Orations:

The Duty of the Church to the Masses—John Ephraim Sawyer.

The Influence of Greek Literature—Alice Louise Dixon.
Conservation and Regulation of Water Power in the
United States—Edward Scull King.

3. Conferring of Degrees.

4. Duet: The Crimson Glow of Sunset Fades.....*Root*
Misses Hall and Harmon,
Accompanied by Misses Raiford and Butler.
5. Baccalaureate Address—Dr. Andrew Sledd, Jacksonville,
Florida.

The members of the graduating class receiving the B. S. degree were: Robert E. Dalton, Jr., Gertrude Frazier, Pearl Gordon, Wm. P. Holt, Esther Ivery, Leroy Miller and Henry Sharpe.

Those receiving the A. B. degree were J. E. Sawyer, Alice Dixon, Edward King, Worth Anderson, Alexander Bonner, Mary Lambeth, Gertrude Spray and Mary White.

After the conferring of degrees President Hobbs announced the winners of the college honors. They were as follows: The Marvin Hardin Memorial scholarship given by class '04, was awarded to J. B. Woosley, Ramseur, N. C.; the Bryn Mawr scholarship was won by Alice Dixon, and the Haverford scholarship by Edward S. King. The prize for the best poem written for the Collegian was awarded to Anna Davis; for the best story to Edward S. King. President Hobbs then introduced the speaker of the day, Dr. Andrew Sledd, and never has Guilford had the privilege of hearing a more forceful and eloquent address. The theme was "Liberty and Letters." Dr. Sledd began: "The only sure foundation of a free republic is the right education of its citizens. This sentiment is traditional in our country, it is imbedded in the constitution of our States and repeatedly expressed in the public and private utterances of the Fathers." After following up this introductory sentence with many telling instances he states his central theme, "If this republic is to endure, education—in whose lap our destiny is cradled—must root in patriotism and fruit in patriots." In his definition of a true patriot he practically outlines his address. "Your true patriot is a collectivist rather than an individualist, an idealist rather than a materialist," and the education of these future patriots must take account of these fundamental facts." After showing the peril of individualism

and materialism and how the colleges foster the growth of these he states a few corrections: First, the right valuation of individual efficiency, and second the law of obedience—for the materialistic tendency he argues against practical education in excess and declares the supreme test and final task of education is to make a high thinking citizen and intelligent patriot. Closing he plead for a higher type of patriotism in our colleges and ended with this impressive statement—"If our colleges are to be nurseries of patriotism they must themselves be patriotic. So only can they deserve well of the republic and fully discharge their duties alike to this generation and to posterity."

In the afternoon short business meetings were held both by the Alumni Association and the Athletic Association—and then the twenty-second annual commencement of Guilford College was over.

F. W.



JOHN CHARLES McNEIL.

The twentieth century has brought to North Carolina a remarkable resurgence of literature which promises to give her in the near future a prominence of national moment. Throughout the State young men and women inflamed with the spirit of scholarship have risen up in our midst. The younger generation is beginning to become possessed with the spirit of the times by shaking off the stifling incubus of materialism, and by giving voice at last to the sentiment and passion that is in their hearts.

On the 26th of July, 1874, up in the hills of what is now Scotland, John Charles McNeil was born. Thirty-three years later the same life passed away. It was thirty-three years of untiring devotion to home; thirty-three years of unquestioned loyalty and cheerful service to State. If we would understand the man and the causes for his greatness we must look to his home life. For there in that country home away from the hurry and bustle of the world, he received impressions which clung to him through life.

Spring Hill, the name of a community in the heart of a Scotch settlement in North Carolina, was the home of McNeil. It was a home full of light, rich in books, in periodicals, and music; given to hospitality and generous of comfort; a fireside of sweet living and high thinking. The chief task of John Charles was to mind the cows. He also knew how to plow and hoe, but he lost many a furrow because he tried to plow and read at the same time. To bring the cows home at evening; to do the chores of the household; to attend school in the hours; to fish and hunt and roam the woods and swim the rivers and explore the swamps, these were the other elements of his making.

Having grown to young manhood McNeil went to Wake Forest College where he entered the Freshman class in the fall of 1893, graduating five years later at the head of his class. From Wake Forest he went to Macon, Georgia, where he was elected professor of English literature in Mercer University.

After one year, however, he returned to his own State, and, at Laurinburg, near his old home, practiced law. But the law did not appeal to him. Its drudgeries were very tiresome. He saw the ridiculous in every thing, and even when pressing the interests of his clients before the bar of justice he could not refrain from noting the eccentricities of those about him. After one year he gave it up. In the meantime he was sent as a representative to the legislature from his county. But he had no political ambition. His mind was on literature. He liked to write verses about things away down home. When tired or bored he closed the door to his office and took himself down home where:

"They hear
The bullbat on the hill,
And in the valley through the dusk
The pastoral whippoorwill."

McNeil's greatest work was in connection with the Charlotte Observer. There he wrote most of his poems; there too he was the first to be awarded the Patterson loving cup, which is given for the best addition to literature in our State.

If you would know the heart of McNeil, and it is worth knowing, read his songs. In them you will find much that is commonplace. In them you will find, occasionally, the record of a man who was driving a talent. But among them you will find much that is golden, much that is fixed with the transient quality of genius, much to make the heart to beat and to cause the soul to wonder. He was a poet because he looked life straight in the eye, felt the virgin wonder and glory of it all and knew how to body forth his feeling in lines of exquisite art and compelling appeal. What could apply better than the words written of another:

Touched by his hand the wayside weed
Becomes a flower; the lowliest reed
Beside the stream
Is clothed with beauty; gorse and grass
And heather where his footsteps pass
The brighter seem.

It cannot be said that the attainments and accomplishments of McNeil were due to surroundings. Had he been born in the desert it would have blossomed. What came from him could not have been impeded by environment. His style, clear, fresh and easy, coupled with his complete originality of conception was one of the most marked characteristics of his verse. And this was but a reflection upon the man himself. The beauty of his character was its perfect naturalness. He did not desire to live for self, but to live for humanity, for he realized that only thus could life be experienced in its fullness. He loved simple things. The pine rosin which a tiny girl gathered and sent him all the way to Charlotte to chew; a homely and human story about some old darkey; a superstition about planting something or other in the dark of the moon; a folk lore lost to the tumultuous world of street cars, but still very vital to people who live close to the heart of nature. McNeil in all he said and did was racy of the soil. As a lover of nature he was without an equal in sincerity and faith. He knew nature not as a botanist, but as a poet; not as a scientific naturalist, but as a nature lover. He was essentially an observer, not an interpreter of nature's woods. Instead of explaining he recreated nature and was strong enough to hold his tongue and let nature speak for herself. What need for words in the face of the eloquence of such a picture:

A soaking sedge,
A faded field, a leafless hill and hedge,

Low clouds and rain
And loneliness and languor worse than fain.

Mottled with moss
Each gravestone holds to heaven a patient cross.

Humor was another pervading quality in the verse of McNeil, and it was this sense of humor that saved him from many bad hours when adverse criticism of his verse reached him. His mood was never distorted by hopeless regret or futile

despair. His sentiment rang out clear, and true, free from all taint of modern morbidity. Sentimentality had no place in his make up. Harshness or bitterness seemed never to have touched him. Always with a sympathy and open heartedness he possessed a child-like faith in people and things. For men he was not ashamed to express affection; for life he was not afraid to admit his passion. Well has he expressed that passion :

A flight of doves with wanton wings,
Flash white against the sky.
In the leafy cope an oriole sings,
And a robin sings hard by.
Sun and shadow are out on the hills;
The sawllow has followed the daffodils;
In leaf and blade life throbs and thrills
Through the wild warm heart of May.

A thousand roses will blossom red
A thousand hearts be gay,
For the summer lingers just ahead
And June is on her way;
The bee must bestir him to fill his cells,
The moon and the stars will weave new spells,
Of love and the music of marriage bells,
And, oh, to be dead in May.

McNeil was the Robert Burns of the South in that his poems were not labored productions, but spontaneous creations. They were mere outbursts of his overflowing nature and of his keen appreciation and accurate knowledge of natural things. How worshipful in its submissive calm is that brief poem "Sundawn," which required but a few hours thought:

Hills, wrapped in gray, standing along the West;
Clouds, dimly lighted, gathering slowly;
The star of peace at watch above the crest,
O, holy, holy, holy.

We know, O Lord, so little what is best,
Wingless we move so lowly;
But in thy calm all knowledge let us rest,
O, holy, holy, holy.

He was free, in so far as it is possible for any one to be, from all conceit or false pride. He never had a great opinion of his poems. If a poem returned from the big magazines he made no outcry nor did he clasp the poem to his breast as the greatest thing since Shakespeare. North Carolina weighed him at his worth. For this he was ever grateful, saying always that he was overestimated and appraised for more than he was. Still he gave more promise in three years of work than the literature of our State has evidenced in three generations. As the first winner of the Patterson cup he becomes in a very real sense our first poet laureate. Life, poems, leadership in literature, conservative thinking in politics and religion, all these, or most of them, were within his reach had he lived twenty, or even ten years more. But most of these things he cared not at all for. His real ambition? Not to write poetry; not to have fame and power; but to live the normal life of a true man of his time, among his kith and kin and in those haunts he loved, home and the homely nature of field, and stream and wood. But this was denied him. There is a very singular fact about his death. He died in the autumn time, the season he loved, and in the month to which he had penned one of his beautiful poems, "October":

The thought of old, dear things is in thine eyes,
O month of memories.
Musing on days thine heart hath sorrow of,
Old joy, dead hope, dear love.

Would, in thy beauty, we might all forget
Dead days and old regret,
And through thy realm might pare us forth to roam
Having no thought for home.

And yet I feel beneath thy queen's attire,
Woven of blood and fire,
Beneath the golden glory of thy charm
Thy mother heart beats warm.

And so he is dead, the big-hearted, human, lovable, North Carolina country-bred boy; gifted as few in our generation have been, he who knew the common things of our farms and fields and forests and sang about them; he whose sensitive nature could divine the tenderest feelings of "the little white bride;" could laugh with barefoot boys on Lumber river; could tune loves sweetest dreams in such poems as "O Ask Me Not;" could look straight to God in Christmas and Easter hymns; could feel the tragic barrenness in the life of the drudge; who lived so near to nature that the mood of every season found magical expression in his fancy, and who also felt as we feel now the hopeless mystery of untimely death and expressed it in words of matchless beauty.

S. J. KIRK.



THE UNOFFICIAL MESSENGER.

BY WADE CALDWELL.

When Gen. Hull's army lay at Detroit a half-scalped settler staggered into camp one morning and related the harrowing tale of how a party of refugees en route from Fort Dearborn (now Chicago) to the latter place had been ambushed in the Magnagua forest by a band of Pottawattamie Indians under Chief Red Wolf, and that he himself alone had escaped. Gen. Hull dispatched a detachment of soldiers under Lieut. Ben Cavelar, a young frontier scout who had but recently joined the army, to wreak summary vengeance on the savages. They encountered the Indians in their village, Wiammosa, on the banks of the Huron some ten miles to the west of Detroit. And, so well did they execute their orders that not only was the village laid waste and a great number of the warriors slain but Red Wolf himself was taken prisoner. The captured Sagamore would have been immediately killed by the maddened soldiers if it had not been for his young daughter, Wassawamie, who prostrated herself at the feet of Lieut. Cavelar and prayed the life of her father. Though inured to a life in which the emotion of pity played but little part, yet the young officer was so affected by the strange, wild anguish of the Indian maiden that he rescinded his first intention of putting the old chief to death; but he told the girl he was duty bound to take him to the commanding general.

Wassawamie mounted her pony and followed the detachment to Detroit. Here, she went down on her knees to Gen. Hull and begged for the life of her father. But that obdurate old commander turned a deaf ear to all her entreaties, and said for Red Wolf to be immediately executed. The distracted girl again turned to Lieut. Cavelar for help. The lieutenant, perhaps already laboring under an influence more potent and subtle than mere human pity, began an earnest plea with Hull in behalf of the sachem. But the irate general, already smarting sore over the misfortunes that had beset his ill-starred campaign, sharply told Cavelar he would tolerate no interference

with his orders. The high-tempered young scout threw discipline to the wind and began severely upbraiding his commander for the latter's too hasty action. Whereupon the enraged general struck the lieutenant with the flat of his sword, and was in turn knocked down by the impassioned lieutenant.

Taking advantage of the delay consequent on the encounter between Hull and Cavelar, Red Wolf broke loose from his consternated guards and succeeded in making good his escape into the neighboring forest.

Of course, such a grave offence as that of Lieut. Cavelar's, as adjudged military-law, admitted of but one amendment—death. And, within an hour he was led out and shot down by the same party of men detailed to execute the self-liberated Red Wolf.

Wassawamie, who had watched the execution from a distance, approached the firing squad and asked for the body of the young officer, that she might take it to her people and there bury it. Having no orders to the contrary the corporal in charge granted her request, and helped her to get the body on her pony. And thus with her sadful burden Wassawamie betook her way slowly back to the ruined abode of her tribe, where her father, who had traveled with the fleetness of a deer, had anticipated her for some time, and was already rallying his scattered people and arranging them in tribal order.

And when the body of Lieut. Cavelar was taken from Wassawamie's pony it was discovered that one of the steel threads of which his tenacious life was woven still held true. He was placed in a tent adjoining that of Red Wolf. And, by the aid of all the medicinal and surgical skill known to the wily arts of the red man, his discovered woof of life began to knit up rapidly. Nor did the flickering flame within his bosom owe its accruing strength in any small degree to the gentle and tender care of Wassawamie. Like some ministering spirit from out her people's fancied realm of bliss, her shadowy form moved noiselessly and swiftly about his stricken presence, waiting on his every want and need; or, stood watching his reviviscent countenance, her dark, lustrous eyes beaming with a love and

fondness as pure and unbeguilde as her savage heart was capable of pulsating.

From his long auburn hair, which fell in fitful folds about his shoulders, Wassawamie called the lieutenant, in the poetical assonance of her native tongue, "Ottahwaka," or the autumn.

When Cavelar was able to be up and about Wassawamie resorted to many diversions to aid his waxing strength and to render his life more pleasant and happy. These pastimes consisted in most part of roaming through the encompassing woodlands and canoeing upon the Huron. Late one evening when they were out upon the river, Wassawamie, who had been for some time relating a story about the abode of the Great Spirit among the oriola crested hills so vividly mirrored in the clear calm depths of the water over which they were gliding homeward, suddenly reached up and caught a bough of an overhanging willow and stopped the canoe in the shadow of the tree. She sat very still for a bit with a strange, serious expression in her sharp dark eyes as she cast them through and over all the ways about, then arose, glided up to Cavelar, seated herself upon his knees, letting her auric arms steal around through his curly hair by either side of his neck and, in a low velvety voice, said: "If Ottahwaka was to leave, would he come back again to Wassawamie?"

"Surely as the stars come back at night and the leaves of the willow in spring-time would Ottahwaka come back to Wassawamie. But why does Wassawamie ask such a question?" Cavelar replied, drawing her sylphian form to his bosom till he felt the agitated beating of her heart.

"Hush, the forest is full of ears, and what I have to say none must hear but you!" And putting her lips so close that his pale cheek blanched with her warm breath, she said: "Has Ottahwaka any friends in the pale-face camp?"

"Why yes, I have a number of friends there, but why does Wassawamie talk so strangely?"

"Hush, listen, Ottahwaka. Last dark the great prophet, Elskatawa, twin brother to the great chief, Tecumseh, came to

our tepee, and he and father held a counsel of many pipes. I did not hear all they said, nor did I understand all I heard, for their counsel was in the signs of the braves. But these, Ottahwaka (holding up the fingers of her right hand) are our people. And these (holding up the fingers of her left hand) are the pale face braves coming from the winter. Look (she encircled the fingers of both hands around her left thumb). This in the middle is the camp of your friends. Not one can get away!"

The officer's face was a perplexed study. "When will that come to pass, Wassawamie?" he inquired after a few moments meditation.

"I can't say. Maybe one dark, maybe five darks. But trust to Wassawamie. She will help you save your friends," the maiden replied as she moved back to her seat, took up an oar and with rapid strokes sent the canoe swiftly down to the village landing.

When they reached his tepee Wassawamie done up the lieutenant's long hair on top of his head and pulled his hat down over it. She then took her departure, commanding him as she did so to lie down and rest and not to stir from the wigwam till she returned.

When the sun had gone down and darkness was rising up over the village, Cavelar began to observe swarthy forms hastening hither and thither past the partly opened lapel of his tepee. This unnatural commotion among the Indians rather filled him with alarm. That if Wassawamie's plan, if she really had one, had been frustrated and the attack on Hull was to be made that very night? In sooth, his alarm became more acute as he began to think of the dreadful aftermaths of Indian massacres which had characterized British victories of late! But after a while his strenuous feelings were somewhat relieved when the curtains of his wigwam parted and Wassawamie stood in the opening. She beckoned him to follow her and turned back into the edge of the forest. She moved so swiftly and silently that it was with difficulty he kept her course. A short ways out they came to a pony tethered to a

bush. Here the girl turned to Cavelar and, catching his thin temples between her hands, said: "Will Ottahwaka come back to Wassawamie?"

"Surely as life is spared me will I come back to Wassawamie," replied the lieutenant as he bent over and fervently kissed her upturned lips.

"Then mount," she commanded. And when he had done so, added: "Our warriors are holding a powwow down on the river for victory in the coming fight. None of them will be out this way. Keep to the winter of the Ashen Path and to the summer of the Home Star, and Kippaha will carry you with the speed of the caribou straight to the pale face camp. And when you return to this place repeat very lowly, 'Pewaha, pewaha, pewaha.' It is the call of the dark-dog. It is a signal not used by our people, so they will not understand, but I will. Now go. And may the Great Spirit love the dark where the pale face rides!" and like a sylvanus man and horse vanished through the shadows.

It was near the ghost-riding hour of midnight. Gen. Hull, who had recently moved his army across the Detroit River and into his insecure quarters at Sandwich, was just in the act of retiring when, of a sudden, his ten-flaps parted and there appeared before him the form of a man. Hull stood as if stricken with rigor mortis; for the long auburn hair of the visitor, which had come down and now lay about his neck and shoulders, instantly betrayed to the general the identity of one whom he had full reason in thinking was six weeks in the grave. Nor did Cavelar's shredded uniform, bloodshot eyes and pale thin visage, scratched and bleeding, anywhere tend to tone down the strenuous feelings of his old commander.

For a few moments Cavelar stood with his eyes fixed upon the general, then spoke. And, when he did so, the portent of his message and the manner of his voice was, to Hull, only to put a fiery tongue in the mouth of an awful silence. He said: "Gen. Hull, the British with a host of savage allies will soon be upon you! Retreat at once or you and your army are lost!" then turned back out of the tent and vanished as mysteriously as he had come.

Of Gen. Hull's precipitate retreat to Detroit, his over-hasty surrender of the latter place to the English in the face of his protesting officers, his court-martial and sentence to death for doing so, and his pardon by the president, most any school-boy can tell you; so we will omit it here.

As for Lieut. Cavelar, he returned in safety to the Pottawatamie village, where, true to promise, he found Wassawamie waiting for him. But as the war-cloud thickened he began to realize the impossibility of keeping a white-heart masked in an Indian bosom without its pulsations being revealed on the exterior. So he persuaded Wassawamie to leave the country with him, and together they fled to the southward. After a weary time they arrived at last in the sparsely settled hammock lands lying among the upper tributaries of the Pee Dee River in what is now Robeson county, N. C. Here they took up their abode, and here their descendants form a considerable, and not uncreditable, population at this day, and are locally known as Creotans.



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Editorials.

The former staffs of the GUILFORD COLLEGIAN have given evidence of thorough, conscientious work in the character of the magazines which they have put forth from time to time. We realize our youth and inexperience but we enter upon the duties of this office with the determination to leave no stone unturned that the COLLEGIAN for 1910-11 shall not fall below its usual standard. The college magazine is regarded as an index to the intellectual life of the college, hence the highest

literary excellence is sought after, that the COLLEGIAN may continue to hold an honorable place in the college literary world. As yet, no change of policy or of the system of administration seems necessary. The COLLEGIAN proposes to remain as heretofore, a medium for the literary publications of the students, alumni and friends of the institution who have a genuine interest in literary composition and a genuine interest in the best thing for the college. Primarily we believe that the material for this magazine should be supplied by the students, but we are always glad to give space to these others. The best efforts of the staff alone can not make the COLLEGIAN a success unless we have the support of the student body, both as contributors and subscribers, hence we ask your hearty co-operation in the attempt to make our college paper worth while.

Personal Influence. In college life—as in every phase of human activity—there are duties and responsibilities devolving upon those to whom the moral interests are entrusted in special manner. In our towns and cities the people look to their pastors for spiritual guidance and that pastor dare not deviate from the straight and narrow way—lest he not only be ridiculed by scores of fault-finders, but also lose his influence for good with the people he serves. In our colleges the leaders of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations are watched on every hand by those who do not have a sympathetic interest in their work. It is therefore a matter of vital importance that these leaders should so govern themselves in word and deed—should show forth in their lives such kindness and truth that even the critic must admit their influence is good and not detrimental to the college, the Associations, and above all their fellow students.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

In looking over the spring term we are convinced that one of the strongest influences for good on the campus has been the Young Men's Christian Association.

In the Bible Study department the interest was good until the busy month of May. Then it is hard to get the men as interested as they should be in the one thing that means more to them than any other.

While Mission Study has been somewhat stronger this spring than before it has also become less attractive with the onswEEP of athletics. Still the outlook for next year is good. Professor Binford has been training the next year's leaders in a normal class.

The religious meetings on Thursday evenings have been well attended. At some of our meetings we were successful in getting some men from outside to address us. The last meeting was held May 29 out on the lawn. At this meeting we had a report of Y. M. C. A. conference at Montreat. This year we hope to have seven or eight delegates at the Conference. We realize more and more that the strength of our Association depends upon the number of fellows who attend these summer conferences.

To the alumni we are very grateful for their interest and help. In the future, with their aid, we look forward to the accomplishment of greater things.

Thus we have closed a year's work for our Father. In the future we desire to accomplish greater things—to come back next fall with a stronger determination than ever to make next year's work surpass in every way the old.

LIBRARY NOTES.

It is a pleasure to state that since the Library appeal which appeared in the March COLLEGIAN the class of '89 the first class of the College has responded to that appeal in presenting us with the desired reference shelving—the same duly labelled to be in place at commencement as an object lesson to other classes to go and do likewise. And we are expecting largely from the Alumni Association in this particular, especially in the presentation of busts and friezes. There are now in the Library 3,614 catalogued books, beside a good supply of periodicals on file which are so much used in reference work both for debate and orations. We have recently purchased the Harvard classics and thirty volumes have been delivered but not yet accessioned.

The average loan of books per day for the year just ending has been 20.82 which as every student knows represents little more than their fragmentary reading. The great bulk of work is now done in the Library where they have such a fine place for quiet research. Indeed our delightful new building has proved an incentive to both teachers and pupils and never before in the last nine years has there been so much collateral reading required of the students, neither have the students been more careful in the doing of the same. One of the most pleasing contributions to our periodical section for the past two years has been the gift of the American Journal of History by Joseph Elkinton. All who know this quarterly can appreciate what such an addition means to us. E. M. Wistar, of La Mott, Pa., also frequently adds the "The Annuals," and occasionally very useful books on sociological or popular subjects.

The most extensive gift to the Library during the year has been 124 books from the Joseph Potts library given by his sister. About twenty-five of these were rare editions of Friends books, Fox and Penn and Barclay. There is also a 1674 edition of Bacon's Advancement of Learning and a most interesting geography of very early date (the title page is gone). With

our 3,600 volumes we have a good working set of books and with our Library building all that could be desired in comfort, convenience, lighting and heating—the great need now is the development of the artistic and we shall hope soon to see the Alumni and old students of Guilford College supplying this need with hearty enthusiasm and right good will. The class of '89 has set the example. Who will be the first to follow the example of our eldest Alumni?

J. S. W.

FRESHMAN ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The third annual Freshman oratorical contest took place in Memorial Hall on Tuesday evening, May the 24th. This contest is the result of an effort on the part of the class of 1905 to encourage good reading and good speaking. This class set aside an amount of money, the revenue from which makes possible the funds each year necessary to purchase a gold medal, to be given to a member of each year's Freshman class who excelled in these lines. The whole performance is entirely optional, Prof. Hodgins devoting extra time in conducting an expression class, which is composed of such Freshmen as wish to attend. Through the year these are drilled in articulation, pronunciation and expression. It is a very valuable supplement to the required curriculum for few young people now days enter college well trained in these particulars. The good old-fashioned methods of elementary exercises must have passed in the primary and secondary schools, for distinct articulation and enunciation are the exceptions in speechification. "Exploding the vowels" was once a favorite method in training the vocal organs to use their sounds correctly, and one who has thus been trained is constantly pained to hear *many* pronounced *minny*, and men pronounced *min*, and gentlemen *gin-tlemin*, by persons who are totally unconscious of the fact. More time should somewhere be devoted to inducing pupils to spak their mother tongue correctly, and this expression class deserves great commendation, and the class of '05 and Prof.

Hodgin the appreciation and thanks of all who delight in pure English.

The young people this year deserve high praise for their diligence and for the degree of success they attained both in the preparation and the delivery of their orations. Mr. R. D. Douglas, who was one of the judges, remarked that he had never heard the equal in either respect from Freshmen.

The following program was given without one of those painful pauses occasioned by a slip of memory, each one going through the production without a halt, which is in itself a matter for high commendation:

1. The Seekers of the North.....William J. Brown
2. Sir Philip Sidney.....Bessie Maie Branon
3. A Public Benefactor.....John T. Chappell
4. The South and Her People.....Eugene H. Marley
5. The Power and Influence of Woman....Leora A. Chappell
6. Grover Cleveland.....Emmett C. Pritchett
7. Vocal SoloHazel Harmon
8. Awarding of Medal.....R. D. Douglas, Greensboro
Marshals—Hugh Stewart, Mary Mendenhall, Hazel Briggs,
Idyl Free.

Judges—Mary M. Hobbs, Guilford College; R. D. Douglas, Greensboro, S. Addison Hodgin, Greensboro.

The judges decided in favor of Mr. John T. Chappell and Mr. R. D. Douglas presented the prize in a very pleasing and appropriate manner, complimenting the whole class upon its success.

Miss Harmon's solo was greatly enjoyed as all of her singing is at Guilford.

THE WEBSTERIAN ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The Websterian Literary Society held its twenty-fourth annual oratorical contest on Saturday evening, April 23. Mr. Wm. P. Holt, who acted as president for the evening, after welcoming the audience in behalf of the society, introduced the first speaker, S. J. Kirk. Mr. Kirk had chosen for his subject, "John Charles McNeil," one of North Carolina's prominent literary men. His oration appears in this number of the COLLEGIAN.

The second oration, subject "The North Carolinian at the Battle's Front," was given by J. B. Woosley. He showed, in beautiful language, how the North Carolinian has always been in the front rank. "First to the wall at Gettysburg, last to surrender at Appomatox." He also showed that our people have been found and are found at the battle's front, not only on the bloody field of war, but also in the battle against ignorance, sin and disease.

The next oration was delivered by E. L. Hudson on "The Soaring Cost of Living." Mr. Hudson gave a short sketch showing how rapidly the cost of the commodities of life has advanced within the past few years. He then presented some reasons for such high prices, one of which was the increase in the amount of gold. He dealt briefly with the probable result of such conditions, if some change is not made.

Next on the program was a solo given by D. Worth Anderson. Then an oration, "A Crisis in England," was delivered by J. G. Briggs. Mr. Briggs gave a very concise account of the recent change in the British government; the conditions which led up to this warless revolution, and its probable results.

The fifth oration was given by R. H. Fitzgerald, whose subject was "North Carolina's Demand Upon Her Student Life." He handled the subject well, first showing the great natural resources of our State, and the need of men who have been thoroughly prepared for life's work to develop these resources; then the demand for both men and women in the further development of education in North Carolina.

Mr. A. K. Moore delivered the last oration of the evening, "The Call of the West." Mr. Moore brought forth in a very interesting manner the great possibilities of the West; the opportunities there for good men who will go and take up life's work. He compared the West and its need of skilful and well-prepared men to the East crowded with professional men of every type.

The last number of the program was a song given by the Websterian Quartette, which was composed of D. Worth Anderson, Leroy Miller, Gurney Briggs and R. H. Fitzgerald.

At the close of the last oration, various opinions prevailed as to who should have the prize. The judges, Hon. O. B. Eaton, Prof. W. S. Snipes and Prof. L. L. White, retired and after a long absence, Hon. O. B. Eaton returned to announce the successful speaker. After some interesting remarks he awarded the prize, a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary and holder, to J. B. Woosley.

The orations were good. They indicated much work in preparation, and all were delivered well. Many think it was the best contest the Websterian Society has ever produced.

HENRY CLAY CONTEST.

The annual Henry Clay oratorical contest held on the evening of May the twenty-first was well up to its usual standard of excellence in the forensic art. The contestants, Messrs. Herbert Howard, Bascom Palmer, Probert Collier, Hugh Stewart and Thomas Covington showed by their well prepared and well delivered orations that the society had made no mistake in choosing them as its representatives. The judges, Messrs. Parham, Sams and Benbow, after much discussion among themselves decided that the medal belonged to Mr. Thomas J. Covington. It was delivered by Mr. Sams with a few appropriate remarks. The Improvement Prize was also delivered on this occasion to Mr. Ulysses G. White by Mr. Benbow.

Miss Lucile Hall furnished the music for the evening.

PHILOMATHEAN CONTEST.

The second annual oratorical contest of the Philomathean Literary Society was given on Saturday evening, May the 7th. The six contestants, most of whom delivered on that occasion their first productions in oratory, displayed such ability in the art as is rarely found in young women. Miss Lillie Bulla, the first speaker, delivered very impressively "The Background of Our Nation." She was followed by Miss Hazel Harmon, whose subject was "The City Beautiful." The third oration was given by Miss Mary I. White on "William Alexander Graham." "Slavery in San Thome" was Miss Hazel Briggs' subject. The last two orations were "Beautify the Country Home" by Elva Strickland and "A Plea for Public School Children" by Lillie Maie Raiford.

The prize, a beautiful gold locket with the society emblem upon it, was awarded to Hazel Harmon by Mr. Edgar Broadhurst, of Greensboro.

ZATASIAN CONTEST.

On Monday night, May 30th, the last oratorical contest of the year was given by the Zatasian Literary Society. The president, Miss Gordon, after a few fitting words of welcome, introduced the six young lady contestants. If there was any one feature more noteworthy than another in the interesting program it was the charming variety of subjects—subjects rich in the individuality and personal interest of the speaker; carefully chosen and thoughtfully developed. In both subject matter and delivery the young ladies were so very nearly equal in excellency that the judges found it very difficult to render their decision. We print the splendidly arranged program:

1. Piano Solo—March Grotesque.....*Sinding*
Verda Leake.
2. The Passing of the Old Time Negro.....Ella D. Young

3. Peace: In the Teaching of History....Cassie Mendenhall
4. College WomenMary Belle Kivett
5. Solo: For All Eternity.....*Mascheroni*
Lucille B. Hall.
6. John Milton Tegy Beaman
7. Social Responsibility of the College Student
Jennie P. Bulla
8. The Influence of Paintings.....Margaret V. Rutledge
9. Trio: Les Sylphes.....*Bachmann*
Misses Hall, Mendenhall, Rutledge.
10. Awarding of Prize by Mrs. Lindsay Patterson.

The prize was delivered by Mrs. Lindsay Patterson, who in a short and appropriate speech delivered a set of Shakepeare's works to Miss Bulla, with an honorable mention to Miss Beaman. Mrs. Patterson then delivered the improvement prize to Miss May Bunting. This prize is three volumes of poems and is given to the girl who makes the most improvement in debate during the year.

STUDENTS' MUSIC RECITAL.

The annual commencement recital was given in Memorial Hall Saturday, May 20th, 8 p. m. The splendidly rendered programme was the crowning testimony of the efficient instruction of Miss Bernice V. Craig, director of the musical department of the college. We print the program:

1. March Militaire *Schubert*
Misses Charles, Benbow, Young and White.
2. Sonata in G (last movement).....*Mozart-Grieg*
Mattie Doughton (second piano).
3. Song of the Brook.....*Lack*
Annie Maude Benbow.

4. Sonata Pathetique (first movement).....*Beethoven*
Leora Chappelle.
5. Polonaise Brilliante *Dietrich*
Misses Bertha Fox, Gracette Frazier and Gertrude Hobbs.
6. La Castagnetta *Ketten*
Hazel Briggs.
7. Homage to Haendel Op. 92.....*Moscheles*
Bertha Fox (second piano).
8. Waltz in A Flat.....*Chopin*
Edmonia Butler.
9. Valse in E Flat.....*Durand*
Rebecca Phoenix (second piano).
10. Calirrhoe *Chaminade*
Verda Leake.
11. Autumn *Moszkowski*
Lillie Maie Raiford.
12. Fantasie *Mozart*
Worth Anderson (second piano).
13. "Go, Pretty Rose"*Morziels*
Misses Briggs and Hayes.
14. La Fileuse *Raff*
Hazel Harmon.
15. Polka de Concert*Bartlett*
Mary Taylor.
16. Les Preludes (by request).....*Liszt*
Lucille Hall (second piano).

MISS GERTRUDE SPRAY'S GRADUATING RECITAL.

Seldom have the lovers of classical music had a rarer treat than when on the evening of May 27, 1910, Miss Gertrude Henryanna Spray, assisted by Miss Eula Hayes, soprano, and Mr. George Perkins, violinist, gave her graduating recital. The following program was most skillfully rendered:

Sonata, Op. 10, No. 1 (First movement).....	<i>Beethoven</i>
By the Frog Pond.....	<i>Seeboeck</i>
Octave Study No. 2.....	<i>Kullak</i>
Vocal Solo: On the Adrain Sea.....	<i>Gordon Temple</i>
Houmoreske	<i>Doorak</i>
Idylle in G.....	<i>MacDowell</i>

In the wood, at eve, I wandered,
Through the sunset's crimson light,
There sat Damon playing softly,
On the flute for my delight.

Ah, he swore he loved me truly,
Begged me would I love him too,
And bewitched me with his music,
As it thrilled the forest through.

Now my heart ne'er ceases longing
For a lover proven false,
And that cruel, haunting music,
Still my restless soul enthralls.

—Goethe.

Etude Op. 10, No. 12.....	<i>Chopin</i>
Concerto in G Minor.....	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
(Second and third movements)	
(Second Piano, Miss Craig)	

EXCHANGES.

JOHN B. WOOLSEY.

The University of North Carolina Magazine is especially strong in good essays this month. The author of the "College Days of a President" is to be congratulated in the exposition of the character and deeds of Polk while at the University. This article evidently called for diligent research and careful investigation, and the author has not failed in either. Another feature of this essay is the interest which the author has succeeded in putting into it. The article "The Democratic Party in National Politics" is handled in a way which would do credit to a skilled politician. Expressed with the best of diction, well thought out and sound, it is an extraordinary article for a college magazine. "The United States and Japan" is also a strong essay emphasizing what seems to us to be the duty of all civilized nations. The one story of this issue entitled, "The Little Muffled Lady" is peculiar in plot and rather indistinct in meaning, but possesses a considerable degree of interest. "Katherine" and "Pox Vobiscum," the poems of this issue, partake to a certain degree the nature of true poetry, which is the overflow of powerful feeling. The other departments of this magazine are hardly up to the standard.

Although *The College Message* is not as bulky as some of the magazines which have come to our table it is, however, a well arranged and creditable magazine. The poem, "Deep," is above the average found in college magazines. It is characteristically an original production. While the two orations contained in this issue, namely, "The Swamp Fox" and "Universal Peace" are not deeply wrought out, they certainly contain certain qualities characteristic of oratorical productions. The story, "The Call of the Violin," is good; swift in movement; happy in style and well expressed. The heads of the various other departments seem to have their work well in hand. Quality rather than quantity is evidently aimed at by the editors.

This number of *The Erskinian* abounds in good, interesting stories. "The Lost Picture" is a peculiar story, resembling in a small degree a detective story, but on the other hand possessing none of those thrilling and degrading characteristics of that class of stories. "The Ghost With a Voice" is nothing new in the way of a ghost story. The "Call" is a fairly good story, but the point of the story is not as clear as it might have been. In the story of "A Mother's Part" we have the best story of this issue. Although the plot is similar to the plots of a good many like stories found in college magazines, it nevertheless possesses deep feeling. The two essays of this number, the one portraying the days of Queen Elizabeth, the other giving us the ethical value of history are both deep in thought and expressed in good English. The various other departments are well worked up, especially the editorial. The magazine as a whole is good, but we believe that more solid material would have greatly increased its value for the story outnumber by a large margin the essays.

We acknowledge the receipt of *The Comenian*, *Orange and Black*, *The Acorn*, *The Wake Forest Student*, *The Haverfordian*, *The Trinity Archive*, *The Earlhamite*, *The Red and White*, *The Penn Chronicle*, *State Normal Magazine*, *The Mercury*, *Park School Gazette*, and *The Ides*.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

Editors: HUGH STEWART, ELLA YOUNG.

Miss Ethel Nance spent a few days with her sister, Miss Calie.

Miss Violet Carpenter, of Greensboro, was the guest of Mrs. Lucy Dick.

Miss Gertrude Wilson, of Canton, is visiting her sister, Inez, at Guilford.

Mrs. Ivey and daughter, Rachel, were the guests of Miss Esther Ivey.

Mr. G. L. Beaman and daughter spent Monday with Miss Tecie Beaman.

Mr. Bishop Nichols, a former student of Guilford, was with us on Wednesday.

Mr. C. D. Benbow, Jr., '09, was a visitor of Mr. J. C. Whitaker at the college.

Miss Irene Bowman, of Oak Ridge, was the guest of Miss Ella Young, Wednesday.

Mr. Eugene Coletrane and Mr. Alva Lindley were visitors at the college on Wednesday.

We were very glad to see Mr. Ovid Jones, '08, pay a visit to Guilford at commencement.

Miss Treva Jones, of Winston-Salem, spent two days at the college during commencement.

Mr. E. A. Fogle, of Winston-Salem, was a visitor of Mr. E. L. Hine during commencement.

Mr. Wm. Penn Henley, '04, and Mr. Ernest Perkins, a former student, was with us commencement.

Misses Ethel Hodgkin, Annie Holland and Anna Mendenhall, of the class of '09, are at the college again. Also Messrs. Rush Hodgkin and James Anderson.

Miss Edna Hill, of High Point, was the guest of Miss Margaret Rutledge during commencement.

Dr. Frank Perkins and Mr. Chas. Idol, of High Point, were the guests of Prof. Wilson on Sunday.

Mrs. E. U. Benbow and daughter, Bessie, of Oak Ridge, are visiting Annie Maud Benbow at the college.

Mr. J. T. Benbow, a former student of Guilford, who is practicing law at Wiston, was a visitor at the college.

Mr. E. W. Carrigan, of Society Hill, S. C., was a visitor of Mr. A. M. Bonner, '10, at the college during commencement.

Miss Mildred Harmon and mother, of High Point, spent commencement at Guilford College with Miss Hazel Harmon.

Professor and Mrs. Spray attended the graduating recital of their daughter, Gertrude, and remained throughout commencement.

Professor and Mrs. Dixon, of Yadkinville, spent commencement at the college, guests of their daughter, Miss Alice, and sister, Mrs. W. A. White.

Manuel, on his way from the office with his "Blue Books," asked if he was ready for his exams.

"Yes," he answered, "I've got my flunking books."

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. D. Cox, of High Point, attended commencement exercises. Also Miss Clara Cox, the editor of "Friends Messenger," in company with her father J. Elwood Cox.

Martha Lane—O, come quick and see the falling stars. Come Geno, let's go tell Miss Louise.

Miss L.—"Get on the roof girls and see the meteor shower."

They all went—and saw *lightening bugs*.

Janie Brown and Anna Perisho were reading a catalog from Horner's Military School and Janie read: "Cadet Banner with Miss ——— went out such and such a place," when Anna said "Cadet? What a funny name."

A very beautiful marriage ceremony was performed in room No. 18 on Monday night, June 30, 1910. The bride was dressed in a lovely gown of black and white lawn, trimmed in red velvet, and the groom was dressed in the conventional white of Guilford. The bride was given away by her sister, amid a profusion of tears. The decorations were white daises and red clover, the favorite flowers of the groom. They repaired to their new home in room No. 19 amid a shower of old shoes, rice, rat-traps, tooth brushes and side combs. The "wedding march," "Three Blind Mice," was beautifully rendered by one of the interested friends of the bride.

The old COLLEGIAN staff was "at home" to the new on Monday evening, June 6th, 1910. We left Founders' Hall for the pond at 4.15. Our guides led the way and finally called a halt in an arena of twisted grape vines. The leafy boughs met over our heads and formed a beautiful green roof to shelter us from the hot rays of "Old Sol," slowly creeping across toward the west. We rested awhile from our walk while Messrs. Miller and Sawyer built a camp-fire and put on the coffee. Then we went across a rustic foot-log made for the occasion and ate supper, which had been temptingly spread on a large stump. As the shadows began to lengthen we went back across the fields with our empty baskets and buckets. All voted unanimously "a good time."

CLIPPINGS.

JUST AS GOOD, ONLY DIFFERENT.

Henry Ward Beecher was a great admirer of P. T. Barnum, and always took a front seat when he attended Barnum's circus. Then it happened one day that Mr. Beecher saw Mr. Barnum enter his church and take a back seat. Immediately Mr. Beecher sought him out. "You must come right up here in front, Mr. Barnum. I always take a front seat when I come to your circus, and I want you to do the same when you come to mine."

THAT WAS EASY.

"My dear," said a wife to her husband, "do you realize that you have broken a promise you made me?"

"Have I?" said the absent-minded husband. "Well, don't worry about that, dear. I'll fix that all right; I'll make you another one."

"Do you ever drink anything?" asked a somewhat bashful young man of his adored one, as they passed near a soda fountain.

"Um!" responded Miss Bright, "is that an inquiry or an invitation?"

"And did you have Christmas music at the church?" asked the brother just returned for the holidays.

"Wall, no," said the squire, "can't say we did—jest singin' by the choir."

"So you once lived in Africa, Sam?" was asked of the applicant for position of cook.

"Yes, sah."

"Ever do any missionary work out there, Sam?"

"Oh, yes, sah; I was cook for a cannibal chief, sah."









